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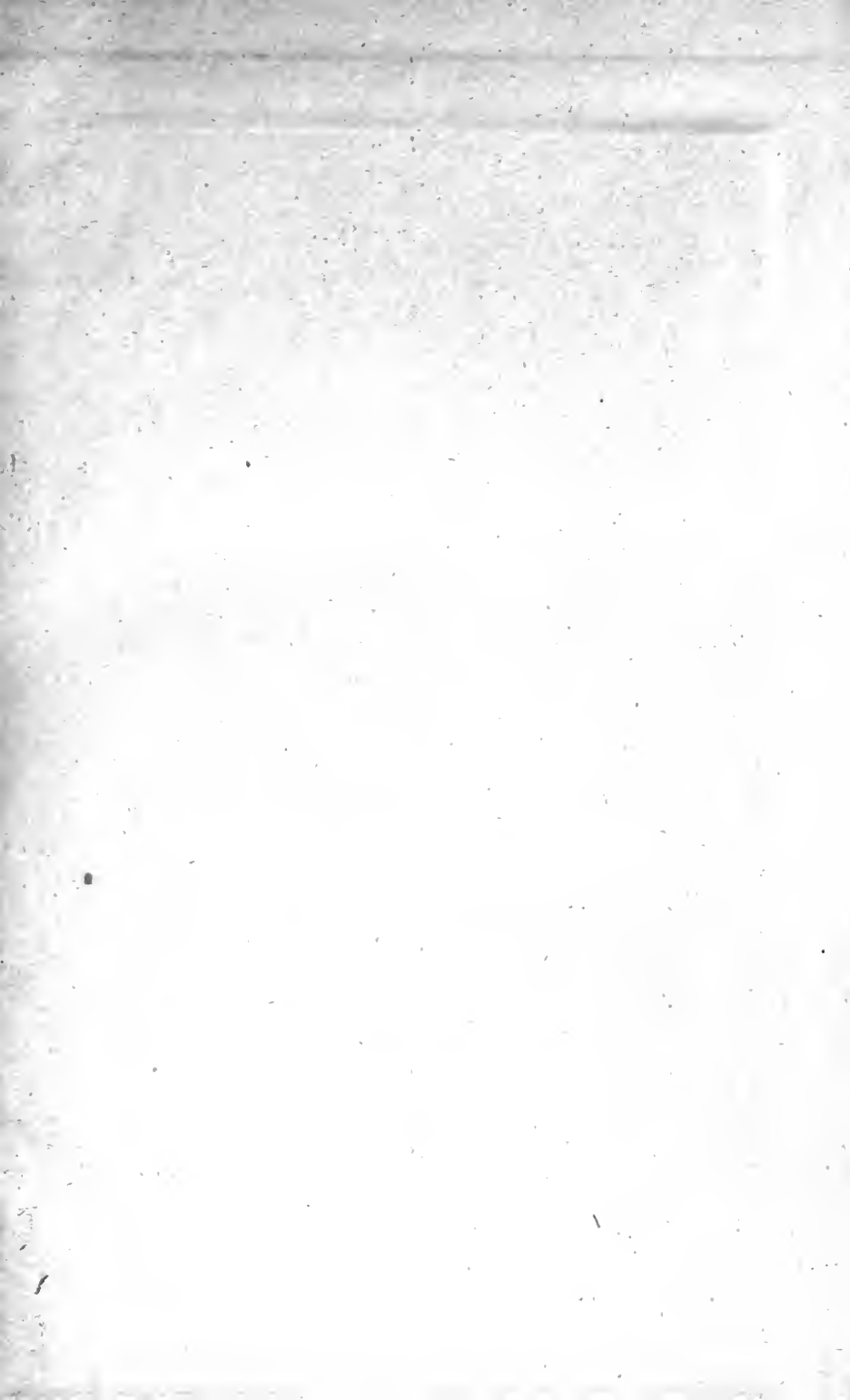


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## **SOME HAWARDEN LETTERS**







*Mary, daughter of Mr Gladstone*  
*Drawn by Edward Burne Jones*

# SOME HAWARDEN LETTERS

1878-1913

WRITTEN TO  
MRS. DREW  
(MISS MARY GLADSTONE)  
BEFORE AND AFTER HER MARRIAGE

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED BY  
LISLE MARCH-PHILLIPPS  
AND  
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## NOTE

**I**N the selection of this correspondence Mr. March-Phillipps received and desired warmly to acknowledge assistance from two sources. First there was that of his sister, who made the preliminary examination of the papers, and in whose judgment he had the greatest confidence. He also had the kind help and recollections of the receiver of the letters to rely upon, and these have been accorded no less readily to the successor who, when his untimely death cut short Mr. March-Phillipps' work, took up the nearly completed, but still unfinished, task.

B. C.

## PREFACE

**I**N 1839 the sisters Mary and Catherine Glynne were married, the former to Lord Lyttelton, the latter to William Ewart Gladstone. The two families of cousins grew up at Hagley and Hawarden. Their mere numbers were impressive. "On entering a room at Hagley or Hawarden during one of those great confluences of families which occur amongst the Glynnes, and finding seventeen children upon the floor, etc." The quotation is from the "Glynnes Glossary," a journal written in the Glynnes language by Lord Lyttelton, Glynnes being a kind of impromptu shorthand or system of literary short cuts, the object of which was to substitute a series of leaps from one salient characteristic to another for the beaten track of ordinary expression. It seems to have originated in a certain faculty of swift immediate apprehension, which sees the end before the means, and was the Glynne contribution to the output of the two families. In the character of Catherine Gladstone the

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inspiration was at its purest, and no thought of Hawarden would come anywhere near the truth which did not allow for the quality of her spiritual influence. Her trust in the guidance of instinct and impulse was absolute. Already, while others argued the way, she had reached the goal. "She was impatient of routine ; she loved adventure ; she rose to the call whatever it might be ; she lived in every fibre of her being."<sup>1</sup> " Her presence brought an atmosphere, a climate with it, all brightness, freshness, like sunshine and sea air."<sup>2</sup> She set things going ; she made things happen ; she got things done. Her influence, the influence of colour and light, her " splendid intuition, her swift motions, the magic of her elusive phrases,"<sup>3</sup> still endure and hang like a fragrance round the very name of Hawarden.

Indeed, the unusually complete, all-round happiness of the Gladstone marriage was no doubt due to this, that husband and wife each freely contributed, she the feminine intuition, he the masculine intellect, which are necessary to completeness, without either in the slightest degree oppressing the other. " She contrived," Lady Lovelace says of her, " to combine the

<sup>1</sup> Written by Mrs. Drew.

<sup>2</sup> Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. H. S. Holland.

keenest interest and quick apprehension of all that concerned her husband's career with the most unashamed boredom with politics in general." And in something the same vein Lady Ribblesdale writes of her "sitting with us round the tea-table, enjoying, not adding to, the talk. She listened in her own fugitive, happy way ; whatever the topic, she appeared to master all she needed with three seconds' airy inattention."

Some of that careless precision is traceable still in scraps of her talk, as when she said of a good-hearted hustling lady, "in she walked with her *Here-I-Am* hat"; or described the unloverlike relations of a newly engaged couple who sat side by side, "looking just like a coachman and footman on the box. *You could always see the light between.*"

To these few personal touches the following recollections of the Gladstone and Lyttelton families, related by Mrs. Drew, may be added : "Both at Hawarden and Hagley there was a note of simplicity, almost of austerity, in the way we were all brought up. The chief differences between the two families, though we lived so much as one, were especially brought out one winter when the Lytteltons came and lived at Hawarden while their father was in

New Zealand. On Sunday evenings we used to assemble in the Temple of Peace,<sup>1</sup> for what was called a Free Conference, when my father invited us to lay before him any puzzle or difficulty that bothered us. The Lytteltons simply bubbled and bristled with questions. They were all quick and eager and vital, questioning everything. You can imagine how bursting they were with every kind of problem. We, on the other hand, were developing slowly, shy, diffident, accepting authority; any goods we had might have been shut away in locked-up drawers while the Lytteltons kept all theirs in the shop-window. All of us were musical and most of us literary (to a certain extent—some markedly so). We had all the necessities of life, few of its luxuries. On clothes, for instance, very little was spent. Money was looked upon as a trust to be spent as much as possible on others. How well I remember my first waterproof cloak, provided for me when I was seventeen. It was a lovely day in summer when I first wore it and the sky was blue and cloudless. I can see myself now, walking along the Mall in St. James's Park (we lived in Carlton House

<sup>1</sup> The Library at Hawarden was known in the family by this name.



Terrace) with our housekeeper. In the distance I saw approaching the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, and as we met and they took off their hats I turned to my companion : ‘ Isn’t it *lucky* I had on my waterproof cloak ? ’ ”

The Miss Mary Gladstone whose cloak had this success in London many years ago, was Mr. Gladstone’s third daughter and fifth child. Both before and after her marriage to Mr. Drew in 1886, and until the death of her parents, she was pre-eminently the daughter who “ stayed at home.” Among her relations she was the one who, as Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has written recently, “ always received the confidences of the whole family ”—of her cousins as well as of her brothers and sisters—and she took a very full and leading part in the life and thought that centred in Hawarden. Her father’s influence, drawing many famous people to the house, provided exceptional opportunities for the making of more than usually interesting friendships, and of those who came (though, as a rule, they were considerably Miss Gladstone’s seniors) there were but few who did not add to their admiration of the father a real friendship with the daughter. The correspondence given in the pages which follow is almost wholly from the pens of those

among these friends who have passed away and covers the years from 1878 to 1913.

The arrangement of the letters requires a brief explanation. It has been thought best to arrange them, not in groups according to authorship, but chronologically, so as to avoid the confusion and distraction which would otherwise arise from the constant jumping backwards and forwards. As it is, the historical background to the letters will develop in proper sequence. There are, however, one or two instances in which for the sake of grouping letters on the same subject, the chronological order has been slightly interrupted. A few of the Acton letters here used have appeared in print already, but the light they throw on topics discussed by other correspondents seemed to justify their inclusion, and grateful acknowledgment is made to the owner as well as the publishers of the "Letters of Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone" for permission to insert them. This is also due to the representatives of other writers whose letters are contained in this volume.

# SOME HAWARDEN LETTERS

## CHAPTER I

1878

Ruskin and Carlyle—Ruskin's first visit to Hawarden—His friendship with Gladstone—Conversation reported—The diary of a neighbour—Ruskin's moral influence.

THE letters which follow are, almost without exception, purely spontaneous and unpremeditated in character, and were certainly written without the least idea of future publication. They are careless, affectionate, amusing—rather the casual records of intimate friendship than deliberate or formal. Their subject is usually the chance topic of the moment; their style conversational—even talkative. And this is as it should be. Their writers are among those who have made elsewhere their definite contribution to the work of their generation. In these pages we meet them, as in every collection of letters worth preserving, in undress, and derive from them a picture less of the particular niche they filled in the thought or art or politics of their day

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than of their day as a whole, and of the men and women who made it.

There are degrees in this undress, and in a certain measure the more completely without ceremony we see these writers, the more nearly do we catch the note and flavour of their time. But this again is qualified by temperament. Lord Acton's bow, for instance, was seldom wholly unbent; his very wit was thoughtful, and had not that surprisingly rapid play with which Burne Jones gives an unfailing air of lightness to his gravest enthusiasms or most practical speculations. Such a variety is refreshing and it extends to the circumstances under which the letters themselves were written. Some are mere notes sent from one corner of London to another, part of the small change of close personal relationship; others from distant correspondents are a more carefully measured record of strange scenes sent across "the weary world of waters," which Elia says depresses the imagination, but hardly affected the spirits of a writer like Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, or his zest to keep and be kept in touch with the thought of those from whom he was temporarily separated. Some are leisured and ample, others scant and hurried; but all alike reflect something of the personality of their writers and collectively not a little of that of the lady to whom they were addressed. Two qualities

above all others they have in common—a high level of sincerity, from which there is no departure, and a lively interest in the purpose of life, very characteristic of the best Victorians.

Mr. Gladstone himself well defined this latter quality, which he did so much to arouse and sustain, when he told the Hawarden schoolboys to be “inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can.”

He was himself a great example of the doctrine he advocated; for genial and sympathetic as he was, no one could come in contact with him without feeling what depth and earnestness of purpose were rather expressed than veiled by his benignity. As it happens, the year 1878, the year of the opening of these letters, saw an instance of this benignity too characteristic to be ignored. In that summer Mr. Gladstone received a letter from a young man entirely unknown to him, seeking “some advice or guidance in the conduct of life.” His answer to this correspondent, who has kindly allowed the letter to be printed, but wishes to remain anonymous, was as follows :—

73, HARLEY STREET, W.

*Jul. 13, '78.*

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter, which it is very difficult for me,

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even after this delay, to answer, but which I am unwilling wholly to pass by. On the other side are a few notes from your sincere well-wisher

W. E. GLADSTONE.

1. Rely on it that every mind has a work and every life a purpose, which earnest humble pains will not fail to discover;
2. Prefer reality to show;
3. The future to the present;
4. Manly assiduity and application to supposed, or even real, brilliancy of natural gifts;
5. Concentrated to diffused attention;
6. To know, and do, a little well rather than much superficially;
7. To cherish reverence not less than freedom;
8. In doubtful matters to give the doubt against yourself;
9. In all matters, to take for guide such answer as you can best give to the question: "How would Christ have acted?"

W. E. G., *Jul.* 13, '78.

Hawarden, where most of the friendships recorded in these letters were made and many of the incidents described in them occurred, had caught, as was natural, the spirit of this atmosphere. The members of this family

group at Hawarden were inspired by a genuine desire to get out of life the best that life had to offer. The house was no centre of what is ordinarily called society. When Mr. Gladstone returned to it after strenuous months in London he looked for rest and quiet, for time to read and reflect. Those who came fell in with the ways of the household, and the evening was apt to find the whole party absorbed in books. Now and again it happened that a stray guest would wander in somewhat disconsolately, feeling lost outside the groove of his accustomed pleasure ; but those who met together habitually were generally friends of long standing or newcomers eager for experience and with some sense of taking part in history.

Such was the house to which Ruskin paid his first visit in 1878. He had written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* which had greatly excited Mr. Gladstone's interest and was made the occasion of an invitation. The invitation was accepted but not without trepidation. From his "Master," as he was fond of calling Carlyle, Ruskin had imbibed terrible ideas of the great Liberal statesman, and a fellow-guest travelling down with him to Hawarden discovered that he had actually armed himself with a telegram of recall which he carried in his pocket, and with the help of which he

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promised himself he could escape at any moment if he found the situation unendurable. His precautions, as it turned out, were needless. Indeed, his going was in curious contrast to his coming. He came as suspiciously as a wild animal approaching a trap. He left a warm and almost intimate friend of the family.

“Mr. Ruskin came,” is an entry in Mr. Gladstone’s diary on January 12th, 1878. “We had much conversation, interesting of course as it must always be with him.” And three days later comes the entry. “Mr. Ruskin went at 10.45. In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too.”

From a rough diary kept by Dr. Holland we get a glimpse or two of an event which was evidently felt to have a flavour of its own :—

“The amusement of the meeting between the two lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing all things, came clashing up at every turn against the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing else on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit.

“They might talk on the safest of topics and still the contrast was inevitable. We



heard Gladstone get on Homer's *Iliad*, with a sense that there at least all would be well; what was our despair when we realised that in the poetic record of some prehistoric exchange Mr. Gladstone was showing how thoroughly Homer had entered into those principles of barter which modern economic science could justify. As he paused in an eloquent exposition for a response from his listeners, Mr. Ruskin said in a tone of bitter regret, 'And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then.' At another time Walter Scott was uppermost. Here, indeed, we thought was common ground; but Mr. Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that 'Sir Walter had made Scotland,' and on Mr. Ruskin's inquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, Mr. Gladstone began telling us of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day. He poured out stores of most interesting characteristic memories of his days, when one coach a week ran between this town and that, and of the strange isolation of the human life hidden away in the Highlands, and with this triumphantly compared the number of coaches and *char-à-bancs*, etc., that were conveying masses of happy trippers up and down the Trossachs. Mr. Ruskin's face had been deepening with horror, and at last he could bear it no longer. 'But, my dear Sir,' he broke out, 'that is not *making* Scotland, that is *un-making* it.' "

Differences like these, the same observer adds, were bound to occur when one of the controversialists "trusted to the democratic movement, however chaotic and vulgar might be some of its manifestations," whereas the other had learnt from his master "that the only hope for the great mass of mankind lay in obedience to the strong will of the strong man."

A few passages from the diary of Canon E. B. Ottley, who was then working under the Rector of Hawarden, and has kindly allowed quotations to be made from it, will cast a ray or two of light on this memorable visit.

"Jan. 12 (Sat.), 1878.—I had the joyous honour of dining at the Castle with Ruskin and Holland of Christ Church. I asked how the Hinksey work<sup>1</sup> progressed. After shaking both my hands, as those of one of his 'diggers,' he mournfully admitted its failure, owing to the want of an earnest spirit in the undergrads. They played at it. 'It is only one of the many signs of the diabolical condition of Oxford.' His talk at dinner was altogether delightful. Nevertheless there was an utter hopelessness; a real, pure despair beneath the sunlight of his smile, and ringing through all he said. Why it does not wholly paralyse him I cannot make out. He pitched into Museums, and Natural Science in general, as tending to fix attention

<sup>1</sup> The road near Oxford which Ruskin and a band of undergraduates set out to make.

upon all Nature's mistakes and failures—every vile, and ugly, and monstrous, and odious specimen of Nature's doings. He insisted that we were never to look at, to think of, anything unlovely, impure, horrible ; we were to remedy evils by bringing up the good against them—to scathe and annihilate them. This was true of *social* reforms also. In reply to Holland, he urged that for practical purposes we knew right and wrong sufficiently ; or, rather, we had enough knowledge of what beauty, truth, and goodness were, to work and live in. There was no need to learn negatively ; simply go forward, look forward ; never look backward. 'He that putteth his hand . . . and *looketh back*,' etc. Holland spoke of a rabbit, one of whose lower teeth had grown round the skull, and killed it by entering the back of the head ! 'An entirely fit specimen—being a monstrous and hideous thing—for the Oxford Museum,' said Ruskin, hearing that it was there to be seen—its skull at least. 'In Museums we ought to have specimens—the loveliest, most perfect that are to be found—of Nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't ever desire to see a Dodo in its skeleton state ; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without ?' Again, in reply to Mr. Gladstone, Ruskin said : 'For at least twenty years past I have made it a rule to know nothing about doubtful and controverted facts—nothing but what is absolutely

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true—absolutely certain. I do not care for opinions, views, speculations, whose truth is doubtful. I wish to know only true things; and there are enough of them to take a full lifetime to learn. . . .

“Why is there not an absolutely truthful newspaper in the world? . . .

“Then after some talk with Mr. Gladstone he expounded some notions of domestic virtue. Mothers ought not to expend their love upon their own children; but, while making that love their central care, should love all other children too; especially the poor and suffering. They should not spend so much care and money in dressing out their little ones gorgeously and at such cost, but should clothe the naked and feed the hungry children around them. ‘To be a father to the fatherless is the peculiar glory of a Christian’—not to be exclusive, but all-embracing in every kind of love.”

Following this we have an account, not without elements of the comic, of an experiment in philanthropy of Ruskin’s own. He had adopted, it seems, a child and supervised her bringing up, and his vexation at the results obtained is expressed with true pre-Raphaelite simplicity. “For three years,” like Wordsworth’s child of nature, “she was on trial at the best of homes, among helpful and pure surroundings,” yet insisted on turning out “a

grievous failure " after all. The effect of her obduracy on Ruskin's philosophy is decisive and somewhat startling. "The adoption of children," he said, "is a noble and Christian work," but "choose out good and promising children. If you really find wicked tendencies in a child, give him up ; don't hope to reform the bad ones."

There was a side of Ruskin's character which never got into his books. His purely personal influence, especially his influence over very young men whose idealism had not been rubbed off by contact with the world, was almost disconcerting. He made people do the most extraordinary things. How many writers have there been who could have persuaded troops of undergraduates to fall to and mend roads and clean out ditches for their soul's health ? Such an influence supposes a moral ascendancy rare in itself, and of which the adequate record, seeing that it depends on the pupils, not on the masters, is rarer still. "When you speak of spiritual things," said Joubert, "see that you speak with power." Unfortunately it is not given to everyone to speak with power on these high topics. But such testimony as we are quoting witnesses to the fact that a great spiritual power has passed that way. Canon Ottley's diary describes the close of the scene :

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“That evening after Ruskin’s retirement a quick tangle of remarks followed on his manifold pleasant ways ; his graceful and delightful manner—bright, gentle, delicately courteous ; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subduedly passionate, more thrilling than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul’s sunlight over them ; original in his dazzling idealism. For ever thinking on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report, *annihilating*, in the intense white heat of his passionate contempt and hatred, all vile, dark, hateful things. They are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, nonentities. God is—and there *is none else* beside Him.

“So I wend my way home by a circuit through the Park, dreaming of nothing but Ruskin and the glory of his soul, and the lovely visions he creates for us, and the ideals he would have us worship. . . .”

“Alfred Lyttelton told me, by the by, that Ruskin had preached him and Miss G. a long sermonie talk—nearly an hour—last night, chiefly on marriage ; how the woman should not venture to hope for or think for perfectness in him she would love, but *he* should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection, absolute and unqualified ; perfectly faultless, entirely lovely. ‘Women are, in general, far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than

men, because they come less in contact with evil ! ' ”

In return for all the kindness he was receiving, Ruskin, while at Hawarden, wrote a letter of introduction to Carlyle on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's nephew, Alfred Lyttelton, then, as Mr. Wyndham reports, “in the zenith of a cricketer's renown, but aspiring to much else he has since won.”

*Ruskin to Carlyle.*<sup>1</sup>

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

15 Jan., '78.

DEAREST PAPA,—I am going home to-day but I think it will be only to bid the servants good New Year, and that I shall be quickly up in Oxford again : and the more that I want to see you again soon, and not let you say any more “ How long ? ”

Also, I want to bring with me to your quiet presence chamber a youth who deeply loves you, and for whom the permission to look upon your face will be strength and memory in the future, much helpful to the resolution and the beauty of his life, and give *me* also better will to return to my Oxford duty from the Calypso woods of Coniston.

And so believe me ever your faithful and loving son,

J. RUSKIN.

<sup>1</sup> This letter and that which follows it have been printed in Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's recent *Life of her husband*.

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The visit duly came off, and Alfred Lyttelton's account of it may be inserted here.

*Alfred Lyttelton to Miss Mary Gladstone.*

- 73 HARLEY STREET.

21 Jan., 1878.

To-day Mr. Ruskin took me to see Carlyle. Mr. Ruskin had prepared me to expect a very old man, not very smooth in temper, nor did he lead me to hope that I should hear much in the way of dialogue between them, for that, when less infirm, Carlyle had rarely taken a successful part in dialogue, seizing the bit between his teeth and either sustaining it alone or else remaining silent. I asked Mr. Ruskin if he knew the reason of the gulf which had ever seemed to be fixed between Macaulay and Carlyle, but his reply that the former expressed the convictions of a party only while the latter spoke world truths was perhaps not completely satisfactory.

We were shown into a pretty room ; pictures of some of his heroes hung round. Frederick the Great beating a drum (the only sign of militarism, which seemed very reluctant in youth). Cromwell, Luther, and others, with several of himself. A few minutes after Carlyle came down. He looked very infirm and his hand trembled excessively, while at first he groaned and sighed a good deal, receiving kindly enough, however, Ruskin's kiss, most tenderly given. He greeted me civilly. His



face was far finer than his pictures had led me to hope. Not one of them has seized the wonderfully deep stamp of pathos, which was the most abiding characteristic of his look as I saw him. ("Millais," said Ruskin afterwards, referring to his picture of Carlyle, "may represent the pathos of a moment, he cannot show the pathos of a lifetime.")

We sat down and I thought at first that beyond the great interest of seeing him not much was to be gained. For the first five or ten minutes Mr. Ruskin anxiously humoured his feeble querulous talk of the heat, the wretched fatigue of a drive to the East End, and the ill-effects of "a great drench of champagne" which Mary had given him. But soon he gently led him to the much-loved topic of Burns, "one of whose odes is worth an eternity of these poets," including our Patmore, who had been mentioned rather contemptuously as "one who wrote poems on Cathedrals and cathedral closes." It was very delightful to see the brilliant smile and to hear the rough loud laugh with which he greeted a Burns quotation which Ruskin made. It was about a girl simulating sleep in order to get a kiss from her lover. The smile lit up his rugged old face wonderfully and banished utterly the look of pathos.

"Dizzy, an accursed being, the worst man that ever lived, if lies are sin; who with all the strength of his cunning has tried to get this country into war and for the Turk." "A pro-

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foundly uninteresting controversy this was between Russia and Turkey"—“Puir lads must read something”—Frederick the Great and his mother’s grief—Unhappiness the necessity of life, etc.

From every point of view the Hawarden visit was a signal success. With the daughter of the house Ruskin formed a friendship destined, as his letters will show, to impart some gleams of light and happiness to a life that was clouded with sorrow. As regards Mr. Gladstone a bitter prejudice had been eradicated, and the two central figures in the world of art and politics “learnt to like and love each other.”

“Mr. Gladstone,” wrote Dr. Holland, “retained throughout the tone of courteous and deferential reverence, as for a man whom he profoundly honoured. And Mr. Ruskin threw off every touch of suspicion with which he had arrived, and showed, with all the frankness and charm of a child, his new sense of the greatness and nobility of the character of his host. He made himself absolutely at home, showed himself obviously happy, talked in his most delicious freedom, and finally on departing as he stood at the hall steps, begged publicly to recant all that he had ever said or thought against Mr. Gladstone, and pledged himself to withdraw from print some unhappy

phrases which he had used about him, and which it now stung him with shame to remember. . . . I drove away with Mr. Ruskin again to the station . . . and he poured out freely to me the joy of his discovery." There was but one slight drawback to it all. "He was a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to 'the Master' when he got back to Chelsea."

The remarkable feature, however, in the tentative but progressive friendship which sprang up between Ruskin and Gladstone was that it was based on instincts in Ruskin's character which certainly went much deeper than Carlyle's influence ever reached. By far the most powerful and persuasive intellectual force backing up the liberal cause in art was Ruskin. By far the most powerful and persuasive force backing up that cause in politics was Gladstone.

Yet, though both were servants of the same ideal, and though certain half-recognitions took place, the close and more conscious alliance between the two leaders which it would have been natural to expect did not occur. The truth is, Gladstone had been forestalled. Ruskin was one who loved to lean upon a strong arm. The present letters, as well as the testimony of his friends, reveal his affections and emotions as essentially of the clinging order. In Carlyle

he had found one who possessed undoubtedly the qualities which his own nature most craved, the granitic qualities of strength and stubbornness. And the presence of Carlyle was with his disciple even at Hawarden.

The friendship with his host grew indeed and prospered. "The beautiful thing of it all was," as Canon Ottley writes, "that, in spite of every collision, they learned to like each other better and better." They even recognised that "they were fighting on the same side" and that they "had the same cause at heart," and in consequence they were "knit together by an affectionate reverence for one another which never failed." But, on the other hand, "each was to go his own way and do his separate work, and it was impossible that they should co-operate together." The influence of his grim "Papa," in alliance with what there was frail in his own temperament, in the end prevailed, and, not for his own happiness, as one cannot but conjecture, Ruskin's mental allegiance was given where the weakness of his spirit found rest. The letters in the next chapter show how the friendship grew into intimacy.

## CHAPTER II

1878-1879

Ruskin's first letter—Burne Jones and stained-glass windows—The Berlin Conference—Ruskin's second visit to Hawarden—Ruskin and the Duke of Argyll on militarism—Browning on George Eliot—The Midlothian Campaign.

*From Ruskin to Miss Gladstone.*<sup>1</sup>

BRANTWOOD,  
CONISTON.

18th January, 1878.

**D**EAR MISS GLADSTONE,—You are then yet at Hawarden? It has been only my doubt of your stay there that has prevented *my* letter of thanks from dutifully anticipating this lovely one of yours —*after* which it feels itself very helpless and poor, not so much in actual words, as in ways of showing the pleasant hiding-places of the web of things one doesn't quite like to say; one's flattered little prides being all threaded in among quite real and more close-set humiliations—equally unspeakable—and quick little affections which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one dares

<sup>1</sup> The letters which follow are addressed throughout to Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) except where otherwise mentioned.

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not tell of. But I will courageously say this letter of yours makes me very happy.

For the thanks after the J. R.—they mean *both* the things you have all guessed—but are meant, or were on the sudden when you brought me the book, meant, to distinguish the poem<sup>1</sup> as one which had taught and helped me in the highest ways, from those which one merely reads with admiration or equal sympathy; one falls “upon the great world’s altar stairs” helplessly *beside* Tennyson. I thank Myers for lifting me up again.

I thank *Fors* and your sweet sister,<sup>2</sup> very solemnly, for having let me see your father, and understand him in his earnestness. It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvellous quantity of most precious things—above all things, the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them). How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have *once* written words about him which I trust *you* at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have

<sup>1</sup> Above the poem “St. John the Baptist” (F. W. H. Myers), Mr. Ruskin wrote, in Miss Gladstone’s copy, “J. R., with deep thanks.”

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Wickham.

written to cancel the page on which they are). If ever you see them, forgive me, and you will know what it *is* to forgive.

And you will *like* having me with you again, then, in the autumn ? I never *can* understand that people can like me at all, if I like *them*. I'll read your letter over and over again, meantime ; and am, indeed, myself, to your Father and to you all,

Your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

The following is Mr. Ruskin's order to his publisher to which allusion is made in the preceding letter.

18th Jan.

DEAR ALLEN, —I have been greatly dismayed by the discovery to me of Mr. Gladstone's real character, as I saw it at Hawarden : its intense simplicity and earnestness laying themselves open to every sort of misinterpretation —being unbelievable unless one saw him.

I must cancel all the attack on him in *Fors*.<sup>1</sup> Send me the number with it and I will recast it at once, and don't issue any more.

The reader will probably agree that Burne Jones's letters, a number of which appear in the present collection, are among the best it contains. Burne Jones was a master of the art of suggesting ideas by an allusion, a touch,

<sup>1</sup> *Fors Clavigera*.

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a half-sentence. Possibly his training as an artist may have taught him the knowledge of what to leave out. At any rate his letters preserve, thanks to this gift, a permanent freshness. They suggest more than they express, and constantly stimulate the reader's attention by the trick they have of calling attention to something important and profound by a casual nod, or side glance, or more often still by a joke. There lay, too, under the bantering half-ironical manner he put on, convictions which were quite unshakable. Although his art was purely romantic, his human sympathies were strongly democratic and progressive. He took, it is needless to say, no part in public life. More and more closely as years went on he adhered to the little world he could control to his heart's service, "the little world that has the walls of my workroom for its farthest horizon." But none the less his criticisms and comments, as in the present letters, reveal the perfectly sure instinct for liberty which with him was a matter of temperament. Whether we agree or not with his opinions it is impossible not to respect one whose views are so consistent and so obviously guided by pure and disinterested ideals.



*From E. Burne Jones.*

THE GRANGE.

March 29, 1878.

If you could say what subject you would like I would at once make a design for it,<sup>1</sup> and send it to you and so redeem my promise of a drawing which Miss Graham so imperiously countermanded. As to the cost of executing it, I haven't the wildest idea, only I could find out for you, if you would send me the measure of the window. People charge by what they call square feet, and any space I ever saw has ten times as many square feet in it as one could guess unenlightened by science. But the picture part would be the dearest, and the pattern part could be made very cheap; and if it's a common British window like this<sup>2</sup> it would be pretty to have the subject set in a border, and all the rest of the window patterned over, and for the picture to be bright.

And then as to the subject. I will do just what you like, but if it's Homer you choose, it may disgust him if it's treated unclassically and the heavy lead lines that enclose all bits of glass are so against the display of form that he might grow to hate it. And Scott had a shirt collar on, meaning that he is too near us to be treated in any but a most realistic way, impossible in the simple elements of glass

<sup>1</sup> A window for Mr. Gladstone's study, which was designed, but not carried out.

<sup>2</sup> There is a rough sketch in the body of the letter.

designing. Either Homer or Dante would be best, but send me the size of the window and the shape and I will make a design (which is to be yours) and see to the carrying out of it myself.

What beautiful hobbies they are too. Tell me then, which it shall be and what subject.

Would you like where Virgil shows Dante the ancient people and Homer amongst them?

Or the City of Troy, and all the pattern near it little flames? In the front of the City might be Homer and a Muse standing near him. Perhaps you hate Muses. I used to, but now I'm old I like them, and she should have a dress on that would not let her be dull like the depressing Muse of painters.

But *you* shall settle all this, for painters never think, you know, and oughtn't to have to.

*From the same.*

*May, 1878.*

If you will journey out so far when you come to town, we will talk over the subject and exhaust it, and I will do a design forthwith, only you won't expect too much—will you?—from the poor resources of stained glass, which is a poor little art that pleased people when they were all babies. I cannot understand what such a clever world as this is now should want with it. But I'll do my best, and thank you for the commission and that you preferred me to ——. Jealousy is

permitted to artists, and you see I am not even ashamed of it.

A sky exquisitely toned with Indian ink and a most refreshing East wind, day after day, make it impossible for me to envy you sufficiently.

So you will send me a note to say when you come.

*From the same.*

*June, 1878.*

I will do another day's work to it, and send it to you next week, unfinished, such as it is, and if one day I can have it back in a fortunate time, and complete it, that will be best. It was unlucky that evening, Swinburne was so late that I was nearly dressed to come to you when he turned up. I hardly ever see him now, and we are most ancient friends; sometimes he forgets all about an engagement.

*From the same.*

*July, 1878.*

We won't give it up, and I will draw only half the space; and above the heads of the Sirens or Circe or whoever else we choose, the tops of hansom cabs shall be visible. Nor will it be one bit more incongruous than everything is in life; also you won't forget you are coming some day next week—any day; I never go out. Only Monday is less desirable than others because some Yankees are coming, destructive of all peace. Send me a little note to say when, and I will make it a festal day.

That was a bright happy thing<sup>1</sup> that sat on my right at dinner on Wednesday, whom I liked excessively, only he made me feel a hundred.

And I wish the design could be by Apelles and the materials of precious stones instead of glass for what your Father has done this summer,<sup>2</sup> not but what I rather hate precious stones and the fuss that's made about them, only it's expressive.

The Berlin Congress had been the event of "this summer" and Mr. Gladstone had criticised very forcibly, not only some of the provisions of the treaty, but also and more particularly the spirit of English diplomacy as interpreted by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Lord Beaconsfield, with his eye for the picturesque, had always a love for the Turk, the most virile of Oriental races and the least polluted by Western democratic ideals. He observed the details of Turkish rule in the Balkans with perfect composure and had no sympathy whatever with Russia's crusade for the liberation of Bulgaria. It was Disraeli's indifference towards a principle which had become his own life's beacon that drew a solemn protest from Mr. Gladstone. "I say, Sir, that in this congress of the great Powers,

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> The Eastern question.

the voice of England has not been heard in unison with the institutions, the history, and the character of England. On every question that arose, and that became a subject of serious contest in the Congress, and that could lead to any important and practical result, a voice has been heard from Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury which sounded in the tones of Metternich, in the tones of Mr. Canning, or of Lord Palmerston, or of Lord Russell. . . . Within the limits of fair differences of opinion which will always be found to arise on such occasions, I do affirm that it was their part to take the side of liberty, and I do affirm also that as a matter of fact they took the side of servitude."

It need scarcely be said that by every instinct of his temperament Burne Jones was for emancipation, and the voice of Mr. Gladstone championing, almost alone in that day of anti-Russian Jingoism, the cause of the freedom of the little nations naturally roused his enthusiasm.

*From Ruskin.*

NATIONAL GALLERY.

28th July, 1878.

You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you. Look here, I've got notice from George Richmond and Acland

saying they're both going to try to find me this afternoon. And I should like to see them, and to have that music to hope for all this evening and to-morrow morning ; and, besides, I want you to give me a cup of tea this afternoon at about five, and if you can't, you can't, and never mind ; but I'll just ask at the door, and it's of no consequence, as Mr. Toots says. You can't *tell* me you can't, *till* I ask at the door ; because I don't know where I shall be. And I'll come for my music at three, to-morrow, instead, and you needn't say I may, because I must and will.

And I'm ever your devoted

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

MALHAM (BY LEEDS).

*4th July—no, August, 1878.*

Please thank your father very dearly for his message, and take dearer thanks still for your own. I will come to Hawarden if I may, towards the close of autumn, for I want the longer days for walks among the hills to get gradual strength, and I shall be better able, I trust so, for all the happy talk of Hawarden. But papa must mark *branches*, not trees, for me. *I* can't cut anything more than an inch thick.

Yes, I wish I had known that about Mr. B—— ; yet it was perhaps better as it chanced, for I am in a wonderfully sad marsh and pool of thought myself since my illness, and should

perhaps only have done him mischief if the talk had touched that shore.

Ever your grateful and loving

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

KENDAL.

19th August, 1878.

I'm going home to-day, and have just been putting these letters that have been carried in my breast-pocket on the moor, to keep the bleak breezes out, up in their own separate envelopes, written in the corner Frances and Mary. I've taken them as near the sky as I could reach—always; you have been on the top of every moorland at Malham, and finished with Ingleborough last Sunday after church. Judge how fondly by this time I think of the Hawarden trees! Not but that there are some dark clusters about the older farmhouses very beautiful, and I learned something quite new to me of the majesty of the plane in a group of them which I took, in the distance, for Scotch Firs, and could scarcely believe my eyes as I drew near and saw the great leaves, the branches had been twisted so grandly by the rock-winds.

Are you really going to be at Hawarden all the autumn? and can you let me come, when the leaves begin to fall? I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on, any more than a day when its sun

is at noon. One draws the day in the morning or evening, the tree in its spring or autumn.

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet ; that is to say, it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

You never told me why you were disappointed that day with Browning, or, did you say, as it seems to me I remember, "*always* disappointed" ? He knows much of music, does not he ? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords. I haven't had anybody to show off to since you told me whom to talk of, and I've forgotten his name. It's a great shame to have forgotten anything you told me, but I think it's better to confess at once, and then, perhaps, you'll send me a little note, and tell me, will you ?

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

27th August, 1878.

I've been trying these three days to make up a plan to please myself, and can't. There's always something to be left out, or dropped, or shortened, or passed by on the other side. Do you know, I think we children—you, and Frances,<sup>1</sup> and I—had better let the old people

<sup>1</sup> Frances Graham, now Lady Horner.



arrange it all for us ; and then we shan't quarrel, and we'll say it's all their fault if anything goes wrong, won't we ?

I'm so very glad your Father is interested in Deucalion. I never get any credit from anybody for my geology, and it is the best of me by far. And I really think I've got those stuck-up surveyors in a fix, rather ! I'm going in at the botanists next, and making diagrams of trees to ask them questions about. I expect him to tell me how to answer them myself.

J. R.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

30th September, 1878.

How dreadfully I've behaved to you ; and it's *not all* Frances' fault, but partly her ponies' fault, who bewilder me by always standing on their hind legs, or going eighteen miles an hour ; and partly the dogs' fault, who are always getting between *my* legs, or pulling my hair, or licking my face ; and partly her place's fault,<sup>1</sup> which is really too pretty and too good for her or anybody else, and drove me half crazy again because I couldn't paint it up and down and both sides everywhere ; and partly her people's fault, who wanted to "show" me things, and wouldn't understand that it was a vain show, and that my heart was disquieted within me ;—and partly my own fault. (I meant to have *said*, "of course," but shouldn't have meant it.)

<sup>1</sup> Dunira, N.B.

Well, yes, I *can* come on the 9th, or on the 10th, or on any day you want me, pretty nearly. ("You" is to have an emphasis, mind, but I've underlined too many words already.) But what does the Duke of Argyll want to see me for? He used to be so grim, at the Metaphysical, I never ventured within the table's length of him.

You see, I can come on the 10th, but, after this time of utter do-nothingness at Dunira, I really want to see a little bit of and about books (they're all standing on their hind legs at present, and the printers rabid). And I meant, really and truly, to have written this morning to say I was at Mr. Gladstone's orders from the 25th, on; but now I'll do just what you tell me will be exemplary, and what I ought to do, and that is, come whenever you please, not *before* the 10th. But, quite seriously, I cannot *stay* more than two or three days at utmost, for I am indeed not well, and the excitement of conversation breaks me or bends me, banefully always. This was so even before my illness, and you know, if Mrs. Wiekham had not forced me, I never should have ventured to Hawarden, and you must be a dear good little Mother to me, and take care of me every minute all the while I'm there. Love to Papa, though, and very true and respectful regards to Mrs. Gladstone, and I'm ever,

Your obedient and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

2nd October, 1878.

I am most thankful for your letter, and will come on Saturday, the 12th, God letting me. It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess's death,<sup>1</sup> but you know I never know *anything* that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble, and not selfish.

. . . Yes, I meant Lady Mary; very glad am I she is coming, and more glad still that you still speak of her as "little." I *don't* "know" her a bit. But she came once to take tea in my rooms at Corpus, and she once gave me a smile as she was driving through the narrow street in Kensington. And yes, I know how ill Mrs. Acland is, and I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore. And I am not inclined for "play," therefore, just now, but am fit for no work, and yet the thoughts come into my head, and if I don't set them down, they torment me—the angry ones chiefly; and to keep them quiet, I *must* try to set down some of the pretty

<sup>1</sup> The sudden death of Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, when dining in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at 21 Carlton House Terrace, the house of Lord F. Cavendish.

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ones, so I'm going to write about Ned's<sup>1</sup> pics. Frances showed me three such lovely ones at Dunira ! pencil.

Love to your father, and thanks for sewing up Hector.

And I'm ever your loving

J. R.

*From the same.*

*October, 1878.*

Yes, I think all is best as you have decided ; and I will come when you bid, and do as you bid, and for me it is certainly better that I should be at your command and at those children's, for what good they can find in me, than that I should be led into the track of my own special work and thought by my friend's overwhelming strength at present ; besides that, much as we love each other, there are some points of essential differences in feeling between us, which I sometimes hurt Mr. Jones by showing, and myself much more through him. I am very thankful to know that the children will like me to come.

I have never heard of anything so instantly terrible, except in the grief of war ; but yet how infinitely, in the full sense of the word, better to suffer such grief, than—as so many times it chances in this terrible age—never to have loved enough to be capable of it.

Ever your affectionate and grateful

J. RUSKIN.

<sup>1</sup> Burne Jones.



THE LIBRARY, HAWAIIAN CASTLE.



From Canon Ottley's diary we will borrow a note or two on Ruskin's second visit in the autumn of the same year. The Duke of Argyll<sup>1</sup> was another guest, and he and Ruskin seem to have got on almost as ill as could have been expected :—

“Then, somehow, the talk drifted on to matters of social economy, and intensely interesting was the study of three notable and strongly-contrasted characters. The Duke was astonishingly conventional, seeming to think the social condition of England very satisfactory, and needing little reform; laughing *almost* contemptuously at Ruskin's doctrines concerning the Thirlmere scheme and the defilements of factories; considering that the labouring classes had but little to complain of, and that agricultural tenants had no strong case against the landlords. In fact, he appeared, I thought, to represent vulgar British conservatism—for once, at all events. At polar extreme from which position stood Ruskin—Socialist, Aristocrat, dreaming Idealist, hater of modern ‘Liberty,’ of pride of wealth, of bastard ‘Patriotism’; lover of the poor, and the laborious, toiling multitude; condemning Rent as a cruel usury, detesting war and its ‘standing armies.’ Midway ’twixt these two stood Mr. Gladstone, with his wondrously-blended poetry and matter-of-

<sup>1</sup> The 8th Duke of Argyll, Secretary for India in Mr. Gladstone's first administration, 1868-74.

factness. Rejecting the Duke's criticisms, and, in spirit, going far with Ruskin; accepting, indeed, I think, almost all his principles, but widely differing as to their practical application. He only spoke at intervals, and always deeply and helpfully. Ruskin preached his great truths, and the Duke cavilled impatiently.

"I liked the talk about war. Ruskin spoke strongly about our national waste in military expenditure, and the insanity of our wars. He deplored the existence of our large standing army and navy, and said our country can never truly prosper so long as her best and noblest sons adopt the soldierly profession for a means of livelihood. Here came an abrupt contradiction from the Duke. 'They do not, however; nobody enters the army for a *living*.' Then Mr. Gladstone interrupts to back up Ruskin, who forthwith explains: 'Indeed *all* do; they enter the army for the sake of the *position*, the uniform, the prestige, etc.; and that is utterly wrong. I would have every man in England a soldier—able, if need be, to defend his home and his country; but not a standing profession of fighters which must encourage the evil war-spirit.' 'Then you would abolish war entirely?' asked the Duke. 'Most assuredly, if I could,' said Ruskin, 'and exchange every sword for a ploughshare.' In reference to the supposed English love of war the Duke said: 'Well, in my opinion, John Bull is a fighting animal.'



He 'supposed Ruskin did not share this national feeling which delighted in wars.' 'I dislike fighting immensely' (J. R. answered), 'and, in the first place, because I am a coward.' He also felt that war—unless a moral necessity—was the most stupendous crime, and that Christianity certainly made *against* war. The Duke instantly attacked him with vehemence, intrenched behind the authority of Mozley's sermon, and appealed to Mr. G——, who merely eulogised the sermon without expressing agreement with it. However, it satisfied the Duke, who thought R—— crushed, and wound up by saying: 'You seem to want a very different world to that we experience, Mr. Ruskin.' 'Yea, verily, a new heaven and a new earth, and the former things passed away,' which practically was a pretty summing up and laughing conclusion of a helpful talk.

"Something like a little amicable duel took place at one time between Ruskin and Mr. Gladstone, when Ruskin directly attacked his host as a 'leveller.' 'You see *you* think one man is as good as another, and all men equally competent to judge aright on political questions; whereas I am a believer in an aristocracy.' And straight came the answer from Mr. Gladstone: 'Oh dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out *inequalitarian*,' a confession which Ruskin greeted with intense delight, clapping his hands triumphantly."

*From Ruskin.*

BRANTWOOD.

17th October, 1878.

I got home quite easily and swiftly, though feeling much woe-begone till I got in sight of my own hills. I liked the pony drive and the ideal breakfast in library mightily. The tea at the Rectory, and cake, also a pleasant memory, nor less your father's and mother's kindness, though I think those bright eyes of yours see that I am often pained in talking to your father by not being able, and sometimes by not permitting myself, to say what I want to say. Really and truly, I never can do so, but very slowly, and in books! So I send you another book,<sup>1</sup> which really says more of what *I want* to say, than any, if anybody cared to hear. See specially pp. 60 to 65.

Your grateful and affectionate

J. R.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

12th November, 1878.

It is very sweet of you not to reproach me with forgetting the poor sick painter.<sup>2</sup> I have not, but all my scholar work is so severe that I had no heart to send it to him. At last I

<sup>1</sup> *The Eagle's Nest: Ten lectures on the Relation of Natural Science to Art.*

<sup>2</sup> A young working-man at Hawarden, dying of consumption, who had been trying to draw according to the teaching he had found in books by Mr. Ruskin that he had managed to buy.

have ordered a somewhat rough Hunt to be sent to *your* care (for I forget his address), which I think it will be of extreme service to him to copy.

I am very glad to know where Frances is, and if either of you will tell me anything of each other, it will be most beatific to me. I am in a despondent state at the short days and shorter years, and need whatever comfort is in either of your hands. I was so glad you noticed what I told you at that last breakfast. It is a wonderful story,<sup>1</sup> if ever I may tell you more of it.

My most faithful and respectful regards to your father and mother.

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

If the whole drawing be too fatiguing, the blackberries and plums are the essential part.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

*January, 1879.*

It is wonderfully good and dear of you to write a word to me, when I've been so long signless, but I've been curiously oppressed by many things, and could not speak. Thank you again and again. I am happy in having given that poor spirit some comfort. Keep the drawing at present, I'm in confusion, and

<sup>1</sup> The story of Rose La Touche. For her story see Library edition of Ruskin's works, vol. xxxv.

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am only too glad to have it in your care. I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read Paracelsus first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me.<sup>1</sup> I do so like to be called names.

Poor Frances, I hear, is gone to Africa, and she hasn't sent me a line! but I'm sure I don't deserve half of the sweet notes she did send me during the autumn. Only I did ask her once where *you* were, and she never told me.

Kind regards to Mr. Ottley, though, I think, if he ever asks *me* where you are *I* won't tell *him*.

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

1st February, 1879.

And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue  
Nearly set free, so far they rise above  
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,  
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set  
In slow despondency's eternal sigh!  
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?"

To-morrow, Lady-day, it will be thirteen years since she<sup>2</sup> bade me "wait" three, and I'm tired of waiting.

<sup>1</sup> Aprile (from Browning's "Paracelsus") was the name by which Miss Gladstone called Mr. Ruskin:

"How he stands  
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair,  
Which turns to it as if they were akin."

<sup>2</sup> Rose La Touche.

But I'm taking great care of myself, yes ; perhaps not quite the greatest, but enough to do. I like the frost. I can't skate, and won't run the risk of shaking my shaky wits by a fall ; but I was sliding about four miles altogether up and across the lake yesterday, and came in very hot, and am not stiff, for an old gentleman, this morning. Please imagine me, bowing or kneeling as low as you please, and ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

28th July, 1879.

I find it will be quite impossible for me to come to Hawarden this autumn. I am very utterly sorry, and should only make you sorry for me if I were to tell you half of the weaknesses and the worries which compel me to stay at home, and forbid all talking. The chief of all reasons being, however, that, in my present state of illness, nearly every word anybody says, if I care for them, either grieves or astonishes me to a degree which puts me off my sleep, and off my work, and off my meat. I am obliged to work at botany and mineralogy, and to put cotton wool in my ears ; but you know one can't pay visits while one's climbing that hill of the voices, even if some sweet ones mingle in the murmur of them.

I'm rather going *down* the hill than up just

now, it's so slippery ; but I haven't turned—only slipped backwards.

Love to your father and mother. I wonder if your father will forgive my sending him a saucy message by his daughter, that I don't think he need have set himself in the *Nineteenth Century* to prove to the Nineteenth Century that "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" were valueless.

Ever your affectionate

J. R.

The following account of a visit to George Eliot was written by a girl friend of Miss Gladstone's. It is of interest, both for its impressions of the novelist in the closing years of her life and as reflecting a point of view in the writer widely different from that prevailing among most young women half a century later. Two other letters, each of which describes a visit to George Eliot, may appropriately find a place at this point.

When I went in there was no one there and I was a little shy at first. We talked about travelling and Algiers, etc. Then a man came in and they plunged into Judaism and talked about Spinoza, miles over my head. I got up twice to go but she would not let me, and at last she fairly sent the man away and began to talk to me. She said some lovely things that I shall always remember. She thinks it such

nonsense for girls to think they must have a vocation and do something queer ; isn't that a comfort ? She says your real duties are to make the lives close about you happy, and she told me how dismal she had got when she was young because she had to give herself up entirely to an old father and how she thought all her life was going drivelling by, and now how thankful she was of that, more than of anything else that had come. And she thinks it is nonsense to think of revolutionising society—what she thinks is wrong is the vulgar use people put their wealth to—dinners and gowns and things. She told me always to try to keep from miserable gossip, that ruins women's minds and lives, and to try to make people feel as if one were a pure, fresh rill among them. She thinks one individual may change a whole house and a society in that way. She said she would like all young people to have hopefulness of what was waiting for them—something glorious and happy, for which everything they had to do every day would fit them. She made one feel a minx, that was the worst. I think she is much more like a man than a woman. It is such a very masculine and powerful mind—much more of a philosopher than an artist and a philosopher of that school which has summed up the universe and made O of it. She's very sad now—she says she feels quite hard and miserable and she is trying to work and interest herself in every way—it did look a dismal house

rather, and that poor thing quite alone in it. I suppose she's had a luckier life than most people after all. I was thinking all the time of that miserable Brontë life and then George Eliot seemed very rich. I don't think she is moved by worship much. Is that like a woman or like a man, I wonder? I don't believe it touches her much. She asked me to come and see her again, but I felt such a minx, I don't think it's any good.

I daresay she would help one if she knew all about one. But that's just it—no one ever can, even if one wanted them to; if you would tell them your heart, I don't think you could, and I wouldn't *and* couldn't . . . it all sounds platitudes, I know, and yet she talked very well and freshly and she put her hands on my knees and her face quite close and looked good eyes at me. But I felt rather as if she were in Abraham's bosom, because of the intellectual gulf between, which nothing can really bridge over, however much they long to come down to us.

*From Robert Browning.*

17th Dec., 1878.

You are mistaken in supposing me to have been intimately acquainted with George Eliot: deeply impressed by her genius I could not fail to be and some particular acts of personal kindness, besides a general extreme cordiality, endeared her much to me: still I only began to know her on returning to England after a



long absence—during which her relation with Lewes had been entered into. Lewes I had a slight acquaintance with, many years before, and it was on the occasion of his being reported to me as the writer of an article, which greatly obliged me by its sympathy, that I called on him and was introduced to her. She would permit me to add, I am sure, that I was greatly struck at what seemed to me the disappearance of certain little touches of unnecessary self-assertion and even intolerance, which had prevented his society from being as attractive as it afterwards became.

I never conversed with either of them on any matters of deeper importance than the news of the day, literary or political. The death of poor Lewes came as a shock, the more sensible that I had supposed, from a clever gay letter which he addressed to Leighton some few days only before, that his health was re-established. In answer to the few words I could not but address to George Eliot I received an invitation to the funeral which I obeyed with more than willingness. The effect of the bereavement was described to me as overwhelming at first : I have since ascertained that composure is returning and that the necessity of completing the unfinished works of Lewes will be a sufficient restorative in the end : so let us hope !

*From Burne Jones.*

*Oct., 1879.*

. . . The day was a very nice one with George Eliot. She lives in a lovely country too, near Godalming, with the garden on a steep slope which is always pretty. She met me at the gate and looked well, and in the afternoon we went a long drive. It is a solitary life, but evidently that does not vex her, for it is rather her choice than her fate. I asked about work, but she is doing none of her own, only busily working on what her husband left, and there will be none of her own in that, only careful editor's work.

She seems to like to talk about him, and her face looked not a bit more sorrowful than it used to, nor was she changed in any way. We talked about your Father and about Homer and about lost Greek poems, and many and many a thing.

I think she is working much at Jewish matter, for the table was covered with Hebrew books; when I say covered I mean there were two or three, but she said she was busy with that literature.

There is no one living, do you know, better to talk to, for she speaks always carefully, so that nothing has to be taken back or qualified in any way, and her knowledge is really deep, and her heart one of the most sympathetic to me I ever knew. But it all looked so lonely, and I wondered she cared to lie down or get

up any more. I thought that if a very great misery were to happen to me, like that, of losing the very heart and soul of life and fountain of hope and desire as she has, I should behave very badly and disappoint all who like me. I know what I should like to do if it was lawful, and I think she does not in any least dim way hope to see him again. So I came away not so much strengthened as wondering at other people's strength.

. . . . .

I wonder how you have looked at Venice, and whether, like all the greatest things in the world, it is a painful surprise at first, almost disappointment. It is the second-rate things that win at first, I think, and the greatest is always a little painful.

If you see Mrs. Holiday<sup>1</sup> this winter, ask her to tell you of a real live Mr. Collins, so exactly like that treasure in "Pride and Prejudice" that he must have been copied by Nature from that book. And I know as a fact that Nature does very often borrow ideas from great artists.

Your affectionate

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

*August, 1878.*

I grow ashamed of saying I can't come when you ask me, but it's true that unless I have rather a long notice my work gets so prepared for weeks before that it is next to impossible

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Henry Holiday, the artist.

for me. This week, for instance, every day has been arranged for in work. O! a full month ago and it might be several months before I could go on with the work prepared. Does that sound a bit mechanical, but it's true of painting. It fetters and binds one often when one would like to be free, but it has a beneficent side to it. To-morrow the model who comes to me I reached with great difficulty, and a fortnight ago I laid the ground to paint the head ; and Thursday's work must be begun that I may carry it on a fortnight afterwards and so on. I am a prisoner and seldom want liberty. I should like to have it this week but behold I cannot—you will tell me, won't you, when you can a bit look forward to making that paradise, and if I know a month before I would leave more gladly than I can say. O me, I do feel miserable to say I can't come, for I want it, and should be happy, and I look forward to it as something very happy in store, and there are none in the world would make me so happy as Ruskin and Frances, I would fatten under your eyes. Only you see I must go with a light conscience about work, for the days are short, not these November days only, but the possible days for me in life, to do one tithe of what I have promised myself. And I know I mustn't. I haven't stirred out of doors for a week with a savage cold, but I wouldn't let that stop me. No, I mustn't, the month's work would tumble about my ears and I could never pick it up again.

It was kind to send me that hearty and sympathetic criticism. I like to be liked and never have enough, and it's all the more welcome since you say the way was in no sort prepared. I send it back because you don't say that I may keep it.

And send me a little word to say you understand—my work is nearly always as much cut out for me as if (God forbid) I were a barrister.

I am better in Ruskin's company than in that of any man, and your Father is my Pantheon, not the one built with inferior hands in Oxford Street, and you are comforting and refreshing. It's best for me to work quietly here, it's so hard to get back into dream-country again, where my real home is. Life and nice people and real things beguile me into being unreasonably happy and I don't like to come back, and a railway journey makes my life feel silly to me, and when I take tickets at the railway office and go screaming along as Ruskin says at the tail of a big tea-kettle, then I can quite understand my critics, and see things from their point of view. If it had been lawful to be happy I would have gone to Dunira. If it were lawful now I would go to you. Meantime it's very happy to have been asked and thought of, and I send you my real grateful love and am your

Established friend,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

Aug., 1879.

I saw the portrait of your father yesterday for the first time, Millais' I mean, in the Academy, and I think it is a glorious one, and a mighty work. I am as glad as anyone can be for your father's sake and Millais' too. I think no words good enough for it. I went there dull and flaccid and came away excited and delighted. If Millais cared what I thought I would write to him, but I don't think he does. Oh, what a portrait !

This is to ask how I am to get to Hawarden ?

I have fought with Bradshaw and am beaten . . . but after an hour's study I have found a train going from Euston Square to Chester at nine o'clock in the morning. Am I to go by that ?

Despise me not but tell me on the familiar postcard.

Yours very,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

Sept., 1879.

Two of my pictures are happily settled in Florence, and one in Athens, and I should be so pleased only all three are rather bad ones. But the conceit pleases me somehow. I was commissioned to paint a figure of Athena for Athens, only it would be too impudent and so I won't. When shall I paint again ? Will you cure me at Hawarden ?

And I am getting well fast ; sometimes I

think I didn't behave very well at Hawarden, but body and soul were tired out.

Do you know that everybody is going to Venice? And that you will have no peace? Richmond leaves for it on Friday, and Mr. Whistler has started (if I were going would he entice me out to the Ghetto and do for me?). I wish all that trial-thing<sup>1</sup> hadn't been; so much I wish it, and I wish he knew that it made me sorry, but he wouldn't believe.

I am reading *Pride and Prejudice* to myself. I don't think it quite so good as *Emma* altogether, but Elizabeth is lovely and makes the book. O, and Mr. Collins too is all that his friends could wish.

On Tuesday Hollyer has promised me six copies of the head.<sup>2</sup> I saw an impression this morning—not good—but if you are staying a bit in town presently, let me make one for your Father, for photographers are as hateful as other compromises.

I read a heavenly speech of your Father's this morning to workhouse people, as beautiful as words could be. I felt moved by it and shall keep it.

It will be nice for you in Venice, and I will tell you of special things to see, but all the world is going there. The Howards, as I said, and the Poynters (do you know them?) and Stopford Brooke, who is a nice fellow, bright and cheery and caring for the best things.

<sup>1</sup> The famous Whistler trial.

<sup>2</sup> From the Burne Jones drawing of Mr. Gladstone.

But none will be better than that little pupil of mine I asked you to see, though he will be frightened and stammer with shyness and wait on doorsteps ; of such is the Kingdom of Heaven though. And you mustn't introduce him to your Father for he will faint at such an honour. And he has a big soul in his tremulous little body. But tell me how this coming month is going. Shall you be in London at all before the Venice time ? I think next week I shall go into the country for a day to see George Eliot. It was kind to tell me they liked me at Hawarden. . . .

To-morrow then (Sunday) at 2.30. I'll bring some tiny vols. about St. Mark, very carryable, and a letter to my pupil also, bidding him fetch this and carry that and do this and in all ways be your servant. He'll be better than anyone I can think of to help you because he is entirely unobtrusive and simple and good-natured and impossible to offend. His politics and religion and morals are all good (for I taught him).

The next letter was addressed to Miss Gladstone in Venice.

*From the same.*

*Oct., 1879.*

Your letter has come and I never expected one a bit, and it makes such a pleasant beginning for the week. Above all I'm glad of what you say about those two birds, for you



see in them just what I do, and I was right then to tell you about them. I felt a doubt because I knew that you would be stifled with friends there, but I knew too that you would like to see such a pretty simple good life, an ideal artist's life. How shall they be kept so? How shall I keep him from this world? His work is so excellent that people presently will notice it and then, and then. And he has no contempt in him to save himself by, no suspicion, nor any defence at all. They are dear little things and I delight to think of them and their busy days and well-earned thrifty pleasures.

But indeed you needn't trouble about — nor waste a thought there. In artistic value the two men are about equals I suppose, accurate and excellent in their craft but in neither case the divine gift!

Don't be carried about to see things; Venice is the chief picture there, and don't weary your eyes with others; but get men to row you in and out of all the byways and watch every corner you turn. Windows and arches and gateways of the utmost beauty are ready to greet you at every turn; and don't go into Churches and see pictures this time. Row out to Torcello be sure, that's the mother city, and where grass is once was a real city and for centuries too. It's out in the sea almost; and go to as many islands as you can and lunch on figs. There's an island cemetery too, and a funeral that is so gloomy in our streets is lovely at Venice. It does not look so woeful

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to be ferried across, and prepares you for Charon. I hope they won't drag you to be impressed by Tintorets. They do impress, but at the right hour and time, when one is ready and needs them, but I do hope you are doing nothing but glide about. But there are two places where the history of Venice is most told and the air is full of it. One is the Piazzetta where all those tumults were, where the ships came with porphyry pillars and marbles for the Church. Do you remember the day when all Venice stood there and waited to hear its doom, and at night its victorious banished Admiral came back with deliverance for it, like another Camillus. Did you ever read about Carlo Zeno and the battle at Chioggia? It's one of the thrilling days in history, like Thermopylæ, and I hope you know about it. All ancient Venice surged about those pillars and made such a history.

And the other place is Torcello. You know about it all I know, but who is tired of saying it or thinking of it over and over again, and if the *Stones of Venice* had been 300 volumes instead of three, it wouldn't have been enough. One thing, do look at, in the Accademia, of Gentile Bellini, which shows you the ancient Piazza of St. Mark's and a picture that used to be near it by Manturi (I think, but O, it's a hundred years ago since I saw it) gives a strange image of a street in old Venice.

Now I must stop. I see Italy is honouring your Father all it can. It is so nice to read

about. Isn't it happy for you ? And you shall tell me about the Dollinger time, and the Dolomites and Hivites and Perrizites and all you have seen.

Ever your affectionate

E. B. J.

The threatened destruction of the West front of St. Mark's, Venice, under the pretence of restoration, moved Burne Jones profoundly. Two years before, he and William Morris had helped to found the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, with the consequence that in a moment of great emergency, the machinery for intervention was ready to their hand. Morris, as the public representative of the society, got out a memorial and called meetings in all parts of the country, the result being that the devastations of the Iconoclasts were materially curtailed.

*From the same.*

Oct., 1879.

This is a letter about public matters. I have had reliable news to-night from Venice that the Minister of Public Works contemplates the destruction of the whole front of St. Mark's Church and that a meeting will be summoned early in November to settle whether this horrible scheme shall begin at once or new year. I know all about St. Mark's. There is no excuse for it. It is mere jobbery to give

employment to people, but it means the ruin of Venice to some of us, such loss of irrecoverable, irreplaceable beauty as breaks one's heart to think of. We must begin a row about it, get up some memorial, some demonstration, and busy ourselves for weeks to come. I want you to tell me what time your Father has to spare, and if you think he would help us. It is such cruel work, so needless, so stupid, such devilry in short. If they want to give employment let them begin a new St. Mark's on one of their islands, or a manufactory, or what they like, or dredge the canals. But I know all the wicked history of these restorations. It is so hard to get people to care. Even those who are on one's side in so many ways don't seem to care to help in this. A modern Homer wouldn't be more useless, empty and hateful to your Father than the mockery of St. Mark's they will make to me. If they say "but it's tumbling down," first, it isn't. Then an engineer and not an architect is needed to prop it up. Then, if he can't, let it fall as one's grandmother has to, yet who would restore her? I can't joke about it. I can't, without spluttering with enraged words, say how disgraceful the whole thing is, and that one has to stand by and let it be. They would listen to your Father over there. It is an imminent danger, you see. Here's what the letter says: "The Minister of Public Works has decided to call a commission to examine the condition of the West Front of the Church and decide

whether it is necessary to proceed with the project of rebuilding the West Front immediately or to let it stand over to next year." It seems to make all one's life useless. What centuries of pious life went to the making of that Church, that these empty creatures (who hate the thing it all symbolises, hate it deeply) want to destroy. I would not half so much care if they decided to blow up the Church. It's the stupid, clumsy, insulting, impudent mockery of it that amazes me. If I saw one of their clumsy sculptors at work there I believe I should kill him. The best of us can scarcely draw the loveliness of that front; the clumsiest of us would not stoop to presently when they have "restored" it. Now no more, but tell me what help your Father would give. I know it will be hard to do anything, for whatever cultivated feelings there are on this subject are confined almost wholly to England, and few enough of us who mind. But it would be shameful to sit down and groan and do nothing, and I'll talk of nothing else till I weary mankind.

Your very friend,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

Nov. 3, 1879.

. . . But about St. Mark's. No, we must if possible get Ruskin to write to *The Times*; my letter was only to you and a letter for the papers must not be like that. Besides Morris has written an admirable one which is in the

*Daily News.* We shall get up a fully signed memorial and at once, but it is cruel work and takes the very heart out of one's life. Wickedness never does such wrong as folly, and *it* repents sometimes but the fool can't. . . .

It's just in time. It's good of you and gracious of him, indeed from the first his was the most needed name. Do you know who has been our most enthusiastic helper? The Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She has brought us in who shall say how many important names.

I have read all about you, and have thought surely you must be the happiest of all people this week. What happiness is like yours at present? Isn't it wonderful for you and do you know what to do for delight, or how to be good enough? . . . Say I am deeply grateful for his signing. You see it means more than St. Mark's. We want to strike now at all these cruel destructions and obliterations of history and we can and have done good even if St. Mark's has to go.

Your very affectionate friend,

E. B. J.

"This week" was the week of the famous Midlothian Campaign which, with its rallying of vast crowds from all over Scotland, its torchlight processions, its loftiness of sentiment, and its overwhelming enthusiasm, remains perhaps the most imposing demonstration of the will of a self-governing people as well

as the greatest example of individual influence recorded in the history of English politics.

*From the same.*

I got Morris to write to Ruskin, to get him to bestir himself, but he won't; says he has said it all for forty years, which surely ought to make it much easier for him to say it the forty-first, and I am perishing of weak brothers who say "Let us go warily to work." And "Is it quite true?" and "Let us be careful." I must say they are hard to bear.

*From the same.*

*(Date uncertain.)*

I have read every word of *Sister Dora*<sup>1</sup> and it is as wonderful a life and as beautiful as ever I heard of, and it feels so strange to think that anyone like that was living but just now. It's a heavenly little book and I shall get all my friends to read it. I think everyone ought to know of such a life, and I haven't thanked you for giving it to me, but I do with all my heart. I wish the death had not been quite so painful and prolonged and forlorn, but it could not matter.

This is the house, and I think this the room where George Eliot wrote most of *Romola*, but children came to lodge too and made such a noise that she had to flee away.

<sup>1</sup> The biography of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, sister of Mark Pattison, by Margaret Lonsdale, was published in 1880.

And it's cold—O sharp and biting, so that it's best by the fire where all the morning through I read *Sister Dora*. Everyone who sees me anew now says "How grey you've grown" till now I begin it myself and stop the fidget of waiting till they say it. . . .

I had a strange dream the other night that sobered me for a day. I thought I was walking in a street of some dull town like a Cathedral town, and went up some steps to the door of a house, and suddenly remembered I had lived a long life in that house, and saw in a moment its dreadful misery, untellable misery like dreams have, and reeled back down the steps and then forgot everything, and then ascended them again, and again remembered everything, and again recognised that it was all true and that really I had endured it all. And so woke, and wondered how often one has lived before and forgotten it all. But this is the season of dreadful dreams, night after night. But what makes such a strange thing as this come in a dream such as I dreamt awhile ago—that I came upon a room painted by some unknown painter, and saw that everything he had done was so much beyond what I could do, and even compared the way he had treated a subject with the poorer way I should have done it,—and yet I had made the thing I wondered at. Isn't it all strange?

. . . It is this that I meant—that though I have always rather loved Paddy ways, and sympathised with their illogic, and been very sorry,



all this has been intensified and strengthened by reading in their history and literature, so that I feel now in a less, but in a similar way, as I do about Greeks and Italians.

If I showed a story of a Land League in the second century and the laws made to meet it, it could not help more than if I painted a romantic picture about it, I daresay. But every word of admiration or love is never out of time and always seems to be just the thing wanted. As a rule even the most intelligent Englishmen don't care for these things. But he does. There is nothing sweet or good in all the world that does not touch him and stir him. And you'll find that everywhere his opponents are the English, and his strongest adherents are the Celtic peoples—Scotland and Wales, and could be Ireland; and the next most faithful are the border places where the nations are mixed; and here, in unmixed England, I can't think of invectives enough. . . .

## CHAPTER III

1880-1881

Ruskin on Gladstone—Repentance and Forgiveness—Sir Arthur Gordon—Home and Colonial ideals—Politics in Fiji—A Native Parliament—Canon Ottley on *Sister Dora*—Death of George Eliot—Lord Acton's estimate—Acton on Disraeli—Joseph Skipsey's poems—Peace with the Transvaal—Death of Carlyle—Blackie on Carlyle—The "anti-Froude Society"—Panegyric on Beaconsfield: Lord Acton's protest—Professional rivals.

WHEN Mr. Ruskin was standing for the Rectorship of Glasgow University certain questions were put to him in regard to his politics, and among other general statements he observed that he cared no more for Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli than he did for two old bagpipes. When this declaration appeared in the papers, Mr. Gladstone, looking half pathetic, half whimsical, said to his daughter that he thought she must write to Mr. Ruskin and bring him to book. She did so in a spirit of solemn mockery—"Do you know the newspapers have forged an utterance of yours? (quoting it). *We* know you could not have said such a thing and *we* know you never read the newspapers, and you will never know how your name has been taken in vain." Mr. Ruskin took her letter *au grand*

*sérieux* and there came back a long explanation which drew from Mr. Gladstone the delighted comment, "He stands apart from and above all other men. He is an exception and must never be judged by ordinary standards."

*From Ruskin.*

AMIENS.

23rd October, 1880.

MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in woman's nature (being in the noble state of a loving daughter) to read any syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. And now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why *that* letter was written, and what it means. Of *course* it was not written for publication. But it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication; nay, it might be, publish it myself. Do not for an instant admit in your mind the taint of a thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honoured and loved—words which I would not let him hear, or see, on due occasion. I love and honour your father (just as I have always told him and you that I did), as a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and earnestly (desiring to be) just.

But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights, does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dis*-honour implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it, “up the lawn nor by the wood,” at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father’s politics; I have always despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield’s methods of appealing to Parliament, and to the Queen’s ambition, just as I do all Liberal—so-called—appeals to the Mob’s—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents; I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of colour which I was laying on an oakleaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all).—and in my tired state, “*le peintre ne s’amuse (mais point du tout !) à être ambassadeur.*” The answer, nevertheless—was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

*After* the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be explained in another way; and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must be, much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous; and, in the meantime, if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for *me* (meaning Political and Economical me) than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall, I should say—only—well, I knew that before; but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is, all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you'll like it better so; but mind, I've written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece saying she had seen Mr. Burne Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe this, *please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my “political independence” as under my little Madonna's power at Hawarden. And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

In a letter to Miss Gladstone Burne Jones referred to Ruskin's attack with as much insight as kindness.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

(*Undated.*)

Yes, I had seen it and was more thoroughly vexed than by any of the tiresome things he

has ever said before. I hoped you hadn't seen it; it is rather spiteful of newspapers to quote things like that. He says a million life-giving things that they never quote, and they have a fiend's instinct for finding out these things that make one burn with shame. I think the best way would be to let it be. It is one of his ways, and some are very hard to bear, and he will never say he is wrong and is sorry, but defends himself in these moods as if they were his whole nature. He is somewhere in France now with Arthur Severn. I will do anything you want and write to him and say what I think about it, but it won't do any good. Besides it's done now and nothing will unsay it nor ever make it seem decent or comely. I try hard to forget things like that; life is full of them, they don't really matter. Nothing nasty ever does if one chooses. There's a pamphlet he wrote about Michael Angelo that he read to me just after he had written it, and as I went home I wanted to drown myself in the Surrey Canal or get drunk at a tavern. It did not seem worth while to strive any more if he could think it and write it. But now I'm a tough old wretch and nothing hurts me. Do you remember how unhappy I made your Father by telling him how Scott (on whose name be peace) couldn't bear Dante (on whose name be peace)? My dear, if twelve of these men would hold together for one ten years the whole aspect of the world would be changed—and twelve men did once hold together and the

whole face of the world *was* changed. Bother! —but I will send a letter after him if you like, only he won't repent.

Your very affectionate

E. B. J.

. . . It has been very quiet here and I have done a little work that pleased me if I don't spoil it. The brightest thing that has happened has been Phil's<sup>1</sup> happiness at Oxford—for he seems for the first time in his life to have found enthusiasm and aspiration—and he writes heart-cheering letters that mightily comfort me. . . .

If Ruskin did not exactly "repent," at any rate he asked, as we have seen, for absolution, and the next letter expresses his gratitude on receiving it.

*From Ruskin.*

AMIENS.

28th October, 1880.

MY DARLING LITTLE MADONNA,—You are really *gratia plena* (don't be shocked, I'm writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don't know when I'm talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I'm inclined to believe anything you'll tell me of him, after that; only, you know, I'm a great believer in goodness, and

<sup>1</sup> Now Sir Philip Burne Jones.

fancy there are many people who ought to be canonised who never are ; so that—be a man ever so good—I'm not idolatrous of him (if it's a—Madonna, it's another thing you know), but I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between D—— and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D—— whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him, and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty ?) years ago—which was a fierce attack upon him.

I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain. I can't get what I have to say said ; I'm tired to-day,—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at last—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down.

Dear love to your Father.

Ever your grateful

ST. C——.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Arthur Hamilton-Gordon, created Lord Stanmore in 1893, third son of the famous Lord Aberdeen, had at one time been private secretary to Mr. Gladstone and remained through life a great friend of the family. He was an example of a type of administrator which the Gladstonian influence did much to

<sup>1</sup> St. Chrysostom (the golden-mouthed), the name given to Mr. Ruskin by his friend, Mrs. Cowper-Temple.



foster and encourage. The new ideal was not so much to make an economic success of the British Empire and bring it into line with the march of modern progress, as to secure the welfare, happiness, and content of the native races belonging to it. Gordon recognised, in a word, as a motive of policy moral obligations which the school of Macchiavelli and Metternich had elaborately ignored. At the date of the following letter he was governor of Fiji, and it was here and later in Ceylon that he was able to use his influence on behalf of the natives under his rule. Here too he showed the imperial possibilities latent in his policy, for he made it evident that the principle on which he acted did in fact knit the peoples of those countries to the British Empire by closer and more intimate bonds.

The following letter was written just after the first "Midlothian campaign" and the Liberal victory which followed. It is worth pointing out that an essential feature of this campaign was the emphasis with which Mr. Gladstone defined the very principles which Sir Arthur Gordon stood for in practice. "Remember," he cried to an audience sharing his own lofty fervour, "that the sanctity of life in the hill villages of Afghanistan, among the winter snow, is as inviolable in the eye of Almighty God as can be your own. Remember that He who has united

you as human beings in the same flesh and blood, has bound you by the law of mutual love ; that that mutual love is not limited by the shores of this island, is not limited by the boundaries of Christian civilisation : that it passes over the whole surface of the earth, and embraces the meanest along with the greatest in its unmeasured scope.”

*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*

NASOVO, FIJI.

24.4.80.

The mail from Sydney has brought us telegraphic news up to the 15th of this month : that is to say, news that there was a large Liberal majority in the new Parliament, but not of the actual resignation of Lord Beaconsfield or the name of his successor. “ The name of his successor ! ” How strange it seems that there can be any doubt, and yet I confess that, while on public grounds I cannot but earnestly desire to see your father again in office, I, on the whole, hope he will be able to resist the demand which will no doubt be made on him. But it will be very difficult, and may be impossible.

I was in any case going to write to you by this mail, in order to send you the accompanying report of a sort of *native parliament* and to ask you to mention it to Mr. Gladstone. . . . It is solely and wholly native, only one white man—my commissioner—attends it, and the papers are all composed by natives and written

by native scribes. Had such an institution existed in New Zealand twenty years ago we should have avoided many, if not all the troubles which have arisen there. . . . It is curious to see how, without any conscious imitation, the like causes bring about like results. Probably nobody in the colony but myself is aware that the mode of transacting the business of this Council resembles that followed in the earliest beginnings of our own Parliament. The way in which all their resolutions are presented to me together and receive answers, is just that in which the representations of Parliament were made to the Angevin kings. The resolutions themselves have often a comic resemblance to Scotch Acts of the 15th century, and the way in which the great hereditary chiefs and the minor elected chiefs generally sit together, but now and then discuss separately, shows how the two chambers form themselves. I am still occasionally despondent as to the possible overthrow of my work here. . . . I have now brought myself to look at things more equably and have schooled myself to see that the future is, if I may say so reverently, God's affair, not mine ; and that if I work in what is clearly to me the right direction, I see that I ought not to trouble myself as to its ultimate success. If those who come after me build upon my foundation, my wishes will have been more than satisfied ; but if not, I shall still have done my part though the result may be barren.

*From the same.*

9.7.80.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness in writing at all, in such a busy and exciting time as that during which your letter of the 20th April was written.

The uncertainty, if there ever really was any, terminated very soon after in the only way in which it could be terminated. . . . As a *private friend* I could have wished him spared "the toil and the mud." As a *citizen*, I think he could not refuse the call of a nation; such a call as few men have ever had before. . . .

. . . Bishop John Selwyn, of Melanesia,<sup>1</sup> has been here lately. I like him very much indeed, and oh! it is such an unwonted luxury to have someone to talk to who understands all one's views and feelings and is also able to discuss literary and political topics with one. . . . He is a simpler and less self-conscious man than his father, and in that one point, therefore, greater.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

(*Undated.*)

. . . No hope of to-night, indeed I am not to go out for days and days—and it's very dull. If you are not wanted everywhere and snapped up and made much of and preoccupied and

<sup>1</sup> John Richardson Selwyn, younger son of G. A. Selwyn; bishop of Melanesia, 1877-90. Subsequently master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. Died 1898.

engaged weeks before and all your reserved places taken, and if you were a peaceful retired damsel whom nobody else but me wanted, then I would say, come and see what a ridiculous object a man is really when he can't strut about and make a noise—because a very useful moral lesson could be made of it. . . .

Being ill has no merits, nor does it bring repentance at all—I forget all the things I ought to repent of and only want that things should not be so like ashes in the mouth.

The following letter was written when the Midlothian election had just taken place :

*From the same.*

*April, 1880.*

What joy and what brightness for us these days, isn't it?—I suppose you are very tired. I try not to hope too much about Middlesex,<sup>1</sup> but at any rate the cause is won and that is everything and I shall paint Righteousness and Peace kissing each other and now we don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do it shall be with the right people.

Please, I have lost name and address of the admirable artist<sup>2</sup> of Manchester, whose drawings of babies I so liked at Hawarden—will you give it me—soon? . . . How flat everything will feel for a long time after Hawarden, but I

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Gladstone unsuccessfully contested the Conservative stronghold in Middlesex in 1880.

<sup>2</sup> Warwick Brookes.

have had it, I have had it and it can't be taken away from me.

I dread the cold and this week I am shut up again with it—the year wants to kill me if it can, but I mean if I can not to let it. How welcome is your writing always, next most welcome to seeing your face which invariably comforts (yes, it does). I think Richmond (Willie so called) is best of all attainable people;<sup>1</sup> Millais and Watts being unattainable; and his prices are still human and terrene and finite. Millais is rather inhuman and certainly infinite, but Richmond has a way of getting a likeness with skilful certainty now, and besides they are works of art, his portraits, always.

I know another—a lady—whom it were good some day to help if possible. I know her through the Gaskells, and she is good and trampled and crushed and knocked about sufficiently to appease the Fates for a time. She might do, if, as Helen suggests, man would be unfitted by his nature from staying there<sup>2</sup> to paint it, and I am at your service to make all manner of enquiries.

Good-bye,—I refuse to say how I am any more,—only,

I am your very affectionate

E. B. J.

<sup>1</sup> For portraits.

<sup>2</sup> At Newnham College.

*From Canon E. B. Ottley.*

1880.

I have just finished *Sister Dora*, and she has set me on fire. No book I ever read so moved and thrilled me from beginning to end. . . . Altogether I feel sure I can understand the real meaning of that deep heart-loneliness in which she lived abidingly, which seemed to give way for a while as the shadow of death grew near to her and she "welcomed human support and sympathy," without which she had till then "proudly passed her life," but into which she again withdrew at the last awful hour and spoke those strange words, "I have lived alone : let me die alone"—repeating often, "Let me die alone." . . .

I could go on forever, . . . yet not all good people will love her as they ought. She had too much of that freedom of the spirit—the wild, wind-like force one so revels in, which won't go into any mould, but preserves its unity of essential character from within—a prophetess, not a priestess, an eagle soul on fire with love, royally swooping down to strike and crush all vile and evil things, living her divine and deathless life in the shadow of the grave, the beautiful sublime woman bearing in her arms and on her heart many a cold and pallid corpse. . . . Do you remember ?

How jolly of her riding the fierce donkey, and jumping so lawlessly out of the train. Yes, she had breathed in the freedom and the freshness

of her Yorkshire moors, and was one with the wild beauty of her Wensleydale and her Swaledale. She was all the Vulture maiden, strong and splendid and queenly in her beauty, but more too, thank God. Her life was a religion. . . . In discovering the higher blessedness of giving rather than receiving, and in laying down her noble life for her friends, she found peace and satisfaction.

The winter was marked by the deaths of George Eliot and of Carlyle. Both events were profoundly felt in the circle of Miss Gladstone's correspondents. Lord Acton's estimate of George Eliot, in the letter which follows, is in some sense a challenge to the twentieth century.

George Eliot's fame is not as fresh as it was, but it is worth remembering that, of all critics, Lord Acton was the least likely to be carried away by current opinion or a mere literary vogue, and the most careful and measured in dealing out praise or blame. Many critics will talk of Shakespeare or Dante in relation to contemporary writers without knowing themselves exactly what they mean. But Lord Acton always knew exactly what he meant, and his plea for a union in George Eliot of sensitive human sympathy with an unparalleled intellectual impartiality is not lightly to be dismissed.



*From Lord Acton.*

*December 27, 1880.*

. . . But when I speak of Shakespeare, the news of Wednesday<sup>1</sup> comes back to me and it seems as if the sun had gone out. You cannot think how much I owed her. Of eighteen or twenty writers by whom I am conscious that my mind has been formed, she was one. . . . In problems of life and thought which baffled Shakespeare, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and impartial sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival.

It is hard to say why I rate *Middlemarch* so high. There was a touch of failure in the two preceding books, in *Felix Holt* and even in *Romola*; and it was *Middlemarch* that revealed to me not only her grand serenity, but her superiority to some of the greatest writers. My life is spent in endless striving to make out the inner point of view, the *raison d'être*, the secret of fascination for powerful minds of systems of religion and philosophy, and of politics the offspring of the others, and one finds that the deepest historians know how to display their origin and their defects, but do not know how to think and to feel as men do who live in the grasp of the various systems.

<sup>1</sup> George Eliot died 22 December, 1880.

And if they sometimes do, it is from a sort of sympathy with the one or the other which creates particularly an exclusiveness and antipathies. Poets are no better ; Victor Hugo, who tries so hard to do justice to the Bishop and the Conventual, to the nuns and the Jacobinical priests, fails from want of contact with the revolutionary triumvirate, as Shakespeare fails ignobly with the Roman Plebs. George Eliot seemed to be capable not only of reading the divers hearts of men but of creeping into their skins, watching the world with their eyes, feeling their latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit, influences of thought and knowledge of life and of descent, and having obtained this experience, recovering her independence, stripping off the borrowed shell and exposing scientifically and indifferently the soul of a vestal, a crusader, an anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist or a Cavalier, without attraction, preference or caricature. And each of them should say that she displayed him in his strength, that she gave rational force to the motives he had imperfectly analysed, that she laid bare features in his character he had never realised.

*From the same.*

*Jan. 28, 1881.*

. . . These are not truisms about George Eliot. The reality of her characters is generally perfect. They are not quite always vivid or

consistent. They degenerate sometimes into reminiscences. But they live a life apart from hers and do not serve her purposes. . . . What you say of great men manifesting only themselves in their works—the predominance one should say of the lyrical mood—is profoundly true; Milton and Byron are supreme examples. It is the reason why there are so few great epics and so few great—there are many good—histories. It is in higher literary work the same solicitude that makes it almost impossible for men to think of the right instead of the expedient. You can hardly imagine how people wondered what your Father's motives were in the Bulgarian affair. Most politicians would be ashamed of having done any considerable thing because it was right, from no motive more clever than duty.

*From the same.*

*March 7, 1881.*

. . . Until George Eliot I thought George Sand the greatest writer of her sex in all literature. I cannot read her now. But that is individual taste, not deliberate judgment. She is as eloquent as one can be in French—the unreal, unhealthy eloquence that Rousseau brought in, that the Girondins spoke, that Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Lamartine made so popular, that nobody but Hugo strives after now and that was modified in her case by Polish influences. Some of these Frenchmen live on nothing else, and if one plucks them or

puts their thoughts into one's own language, little remains. But she had passion and understood it, and deep sympathy and speculative thought, and the power—in less degree—of creating character. She could rise very high for a moment, and her best prose is like a passage from good poets. It is a splendid exhibition, diffuse, ill-regulated, fatiguing, monotonous. There is not the mastery, the measure, the repose one learns from Goethe and the Greeks. She scatters over twenty volumes the resources her English rival concentrates into a chapter. There is beauty but not wisdom, emotion but not instruction, and except in her wonderful eye for external nature, very little truth. I would call her a bad second; such as Swinburne to Shelley, or Heine to Schiller—comparisons which involve a great deal of disparagement.

*From the same.*

*Jan. 17, 1882.*

. . . I think there is a piece of truth in Mr. Ottley's remark (that George Eliot's philosophy was to condemn sin not *as such*, or by its motives or circumstances, but only according to its consequences). Her strongest conviction, the keystone of her philosophy, was the idea that all one's actions have their due reward in this world and that life is no reign of reason if we put off the compensation to another world. That is a moral far more easily worked in cases of outward, transitive aim, than in

those which disturb only the direct relations of man with God. These, indeed, are cases which may partly depend on our belief in God, not only in humanity and human character. Deny God and whole branches of deeper morality lose their sanction. . . . Her genius would no doubt reveal to her consequences which others cannot imagine. But still the inclination of a godless philosophy will be towards palpable effects and those about which there is no mistake. Especially in a doctrine with so little room for grace and forgiveness, where no God ever speaks except by the voice of other men. Defined and brought to book, that is a detestable system. But it is not on the surface, and many men can no more be kept straight by spiritual motives than we can live without policemen.

Still there is a piece of truth in this paganism. Looking at history, not at biography, taking societies, not individuals, we cannot deal with things seen of God alone ; things take other proportions ; the scale of vice and virtue is not that of private life ; we judge of it by its outward action and hesitate to penetrate the secrets of conscience. The law of visible restitution is false even there. But it is true that the test and measure of good is not that of the spiritual biographer.

The Joseph Skipsey spoken of in the next letter was a coal miner who had worked in the pits from the time he was seven, and had

published a volume of poems which attracted some attention. He was brought to London by a friend and introduced by him to Burne Jones.

Skipsey is described as a noble-looking man with extremely gentle, courteous manners, having a wide knowledge of English literature and much poetic insight. Thanks to the representations of Burne Jones his case was brought to the notice of the Prime Minister, with the result that he received a Civil List Pension, and he and his wife obtained the post of caretakers of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*(Undated.)*

. . . I have posted Mr. Skipsey's book and put inside it a photograph which is very like him, because the perky lithograph in front of his poems would give you a wrong impression of a head that is leonine and dignified. Don't read the poems as literature but look at them as rather wonders to have been written at all in such dark surroundings. I send also his letter to me, in spite of things about me that will make you laugh, because all helps to build up an imagination of a very exceptional character. How many more are there, I wonder, one knows nothing of?

But if some lightening of his life could happen for him—literally lightening—so that he might not live so much in the dark, . . .



*Hatrough Water.*

SIR W. LAURIE. MR. GLADSTONE. LADY LINCOLNSHIRE. MR. SEDDON. MRS. GLADSTONE. SIR G. REID. LORD LINCOLNSHIRE.

A GROUP OF DOMINION PREMIERS AT HAWARDEN.

(July, 1897.)





Only he is a very real man and would be unable to do anything but work and work hard for his living; but if books could be more accessible—he is very anti-materialist, as you see, but now his friend is gone will be unhelped and alone, and my little offer of friendship is too far off for much comfort, and too unsubstantial in spite of all he may wish to feel about it. But perhaps somewhere in the North a librarian might be wanted—no sinecure, for I know his honesty and reality would shrink from it—but some real work that might help him to develop a soul that has had nothing yet to help it but its own self. I know I felt very much abashed before him, thinking how terrible the pit life must have been from infancy to a nature so sensitive and imaginative, and I could not bear to watch him look at my pictures, for the look of his face had the same kind of pain in it that seeing a starved creature eat hungrily would have.

*From the same.*

THE GRANGE.

(*Undated.*)

I am doing no work but lying down and reading about ancient Irish things, and it's such a story of unavenged wrong that I don't wonder they can't forgive. It can't be much solace merely obstructing bills. I wonder they don't try and kill us all. . . .

And my pitman has written, having had a

bad vision that I was ill which touched me. We will try to get him to upper earth some day. People did once get him a librarian's post of some little kind, but they paid so little to him that he was obliged to go back into the earth to get food for his wife and babies. Of course his poems are not much to us, only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that a man can do who has had no chance whatever seems greater than the accomplished work of luckier men; on the widow's mite system of arithmetic, which is a lovely one.

Your very friend,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*    (*Undated.*)

I have been thinking over your kind proposition. He is not in need of money; his hard work keeps him and his children. It is leisure to read, not books, that is wanting. I send him books, but he cannot read them—has literally no time—it is hard work in the pit and then the body tired out, and sleep, and more pit, and so on always. No sunlight (better than all books), no summer, no history of the year, but darkness always. There is never in his letters any least complaint, nor in all my talks with him has he, more than a memorable once, said how happy he could be above ground. I remember it the more because he did not din it into one's ears but said it once very quietly. I will tell him of it if you think it is best for him to choose.

Good-bye.

E. B. J.

Please is it a permanent fund of one hundred a year or does it end if the country wants to be Tory? I only want to know because of the wording of my letter, not that it would otherwise make any difference, for he is so simple that if he liked to take money at all five pounds would be the same as a hundred.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

I sent the tidings to Mr. Skipsey that it was for life, for I had cautioned him before that it might only be for a few years—and he is prettily overpowered and bids me thank his unknown friend. So you were right, and it was a blessed idea of yours and has ended beautifully—and his letter is written in a state of great happiness, and saying that he can educate his two boys with it—nine and eleven they are. He is gratified and happy about it in the childish degree one likes people to be in.

The following letter was written just after the peace which ended the first Boer War, hotly resented by many, but resolutely concluded by Mr. Gladstone.

*From the same.*

*March, 1881.*

I couldn't show you one millionth part of the delight that Transvaal news was to me that you brought on Tuesday. And now it feels

such a nice world to live in all suddenly, and now one can abandon oneself to fresh hopes and be happy. It is a new start in history, and who knows what bright things may not follow from it ; and one's dreams of what would be done this year are no dreams. I am up in the clouds with it, and can speak with my enemies in the gate, and I am so sorry Sir Drummond Wolff is unwell ; obstruction in the throat, isn't it ? I am so sorry, and at Leighton's yesterday where Tories hurtled thick I was so cordial with them. Hurrah ! and now one can stand a disappointment or two.

Do you quite know how splendid it is to have done it and how nice it is to be English to-day : and who ever heard me say that before ?

Good-bye.

Your affectionate friend,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

I have been thinking and thinking about that unhappy story you told me. And I have been wondering, when your friend begins life again, if, of all things she could do, painting with all her might would not be the most satisfying and comforting of all things. You know I don't mean by that any little vain delight in producing things and getting praise. I am thinking only that it is a life of continued open-eyed wonder that grows by use to any height. And then possibly I might help her, and if I could I would.

This is quite a private letter to you and you would know if it could be any good without asking her, and if you think it would we could talk about some plan, and if not we wouldn't. I am not thinking of solace or any such matter. The kind of painting I mean sharpens and doesn't blunt memory; makes everything more keen; and that I suppose is what all fine souls pray for. And I only offer because every practised painter knows a thousand things about methods and traditions of his art which are useful and undiscoverable for oneself and I should be very happy to be of use to such a friend of yours.

Your affectionate friend,

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

Will you come on Saturday afternoon and see my picture? It will be finished then, such as it is, O such as it is. (I was disappointed because you didn't come to-day.) And now will you come on Saturday? I shall ask Mrs. Graham to bring Frances and Aggie, and we will have tea in the Studio and will sneer at the picture. The next shall be better if I live.

Your very affectionate

E. B. J.

We might set in early on Saturday—say at 4, and eat and eat and drink till 7. Couldn't we?

*From the same.*

1881.

And if by and by you see a way in which I could be the least bit of use to that sorrowful lady you will tell me, and I shall be made happy if I can, but you know how one shudders at being officious.

Do you quite realise what it is to be the daughter of *him*? Such a splendid life. I would have written to him too but I felt shy and wanted my message to go through you. A few weeks ago it seemed as if Carlyle was fading, but he has got strong again, and Ruskin has been in London and I haven't seen him. Now I shan't have a chance of seeing him for a year—in a year so much happens.

The improvement in Carlyle's strength was not maintained; he died on 4th February.

*From Ruskin.*

BRANTWOOD.

15th February, 1881.

I am more than glad to have your letter to-day, for I have been thinking of you quite as often as you of me—to say the least—and wishing, you don't know how much, to see you.

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for not having enough loved him in the days gone by, is not

greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

I want woefully to see Alfred<sup>1</sup> also. Can neither of you come here? I want *you* to play to me, and spiritualise me; *him* to play with me, and if *he* thinks it so, materialise me.

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land League,—and that *Punch* is not a representation of its stick—or shillelagh—power.

Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

*From Professor Blackie.*

1881.

As to Carlyle, I am glad to hear that ——— sympathises with my view of the character and influence of that extraordinary Scotch genius. The Edinburgh Reviewer is in the main right; he was mighty to rouse but useless to guide; he saw great truths with an instinctive glance of spiritual perspicacity. But no sooner had he seen them, than by a fevered habit of exaggeration his sublime became ridiculous, and his great truths half or more than half a lie. Ruskin is another unsound genius of the same kind: only Carlyle is a giant and wields a club and Ruskin a simple mortal with a bright rapier, the gleaming of whose flash is more potent than the weight of its stroke. With all his faults Carlyle will

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Lyttelton.

stand—(1) because he is the most picturesque of historical portrait painters, (2) because he was a hard worker and never built his architecture with slight materials.

The reader may like to place alongside this Scottish view of Carlyle the judgment of a great Italian. The idea, Mazzini points out—or rather the inward consciousness—of an onward motion in which all share, the humble and the eminent alike, and which is destined to lead the human race slowly but steadily onward and upward to more knowledge and more light, seems positively to have repelled him: “He does not believe in a supreme idea represented progressively by the development of mankind taken as a whole. . . . The nationality of Italy in his eyes is the glory of having produced Dante and Christopher Columbus; the nationality of Germany that of having given birth to Luther, to Goethe, and to others. The shadow thrown by these gigantic men appears to eclipse from his view every trace of the national thought of which these men were only the interpreters or prophets, and of the people, who alone are its depository.” And finally this: “There is something yet greater, more divinely mysterious, than all the great men,—and this is the earth which bears them, the human race which includes them, the



thought of God which stirs within them, and which the whole human race collectively can alone accomplish.”

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*15th April, 1881.*

Please this is to say good-bye, for I am going to-morrow to my doctor to stay a bit with him that he may see how the days and nights are really. Both I—ngs were in rebellion and I must be careful for at least a year, which is such a bore. I wouldn't spell all the word because all doctors' words are bad words and disgusting words, and make one much worse even to mention. Then there are other bad words the matter too, and so I let all my friends off if they can't stand it, and I couldn't, with my principles, be a bit surprised, so if you or Miss Graham or any other friend would like to cry off I assure you it will be most justifiable and that is all. Only you have been most particularly kind and dear, I wanted to say. And this summer I will try and paint you, won't I?

And tell that nicest of all lads<sup>1</sup> that I find on enquiry that what with Ulsters, waterproofs and other forms of thick-skinners, we must be prepared for some hard surgical work with that Froude,<sup>2</sup> but that I do really believe he can be made to feel at last, and that if I postpone

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> Alfred Lyttelton, Burne Jones and Miss Gladstone had formed themselves into an anti-Froude Society, being furious with his *Life of Carlyle*.

operations for a time I by no means relinquish our plan and shall look for his help. And say that this is really the hidden and religious meaning of the flaying of Marsyas in old stories, who was a thick-skinned and impertinent person whom nothing could touch or could teach until the merciful healing Apollo removed his outer hide and then he saw things keenly and clearly. I know other people who need this kindest of all treatment, but none so much as James Anthony Froude.

Lord Beaconsfield died on April 19th, 1881. Burne Jones's dislike of the man and the statesman was not abated by his death, and Lord Acton deplored the necessity which subsequently obliged Mr. Gladstone to commemorate his old opponent "in a parliamentary tribute that," says Lord Morley, "cost him much searching of heart beforehand."

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*22nd April, 1881.*

In this weak state I flounder about in a perfect haze about everything and I am still taking opiates and am dim and bewildered with it. But one thing I am clear about in my head, that I do not care about Dizzy's death at all. While he lived he helped to thwart everything I wanted to happen and I am not going to be touched or be generous. I thought

and always shall think that he did measureless harm, and I'm glad it's over, and I am not yet cynic enough to be anything but glad that he has gone to another country. There will be a week's great nonsense I suppose which will make the sight of a newspaper fraught with danger to the stalwart and relapse to me, and then we will begin afresh as if he had never been.

*From Lord Acton.*

*May 7, 1881.*

The defect of the argument is that it will neither wear nor wash. It cannot be employed in public. Nobody can say: "I who overthrew Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, reversed his policy, persuaded the nation to distrust him, and brought his career to a dishonoured end: I also, who thought his doctrines false, but the man more false than his doctrine; who believe that he demoralised public opinion, bargained with diseased appetites, stimulated passions, prejudices, and selfish desires, that they might maintain his influence; that he weakened the Crown by approving its unconstitutional leanings, and the Constitution by offering any price for democratic popularity, I who privately deem him the worst and most immoral minister since Castlereagh, and have branded him with a stigma such as no other public man has deserved in my time,—nevertheless proceed, in my public capacity, to lock my true sentiments in my breast, and declare

him worthy of a reward that was not paid to Fox or to Canning; worthy not only of the tribute due to talents, efficiency, and courage, but of enduring gratitude and honour; and I do it because I am not the leader of the nation, but the appointed minister of its will; because it is my office to be the mouthpiece of opinions I disapprove, to obey an impulse I condemn, to execute the popular wishes when they contradict my own."

That is a position which cannot be held, and a motive impossible to avow. But then there is no answer to Labouchere when he recalls the scathing denunciations of last year and asks "whether they were seriously meant, or whether, having served their purpose, they have been abandoned and committed to oblivion; whether the Prime Minister declares their injustice and invites the country to join him in making reparation, whether the responsibilities of power have effected the usual transformation from the exigencies of electioneering agitation, and whether we are to understand that the career of Lord Beaconsfield appears in a different light to those who have inherited his difficulties and have learned to appreciate his aims, from that which blazed on so many platforms. If the Rt. Hon. Gentleman maintains his maledictions, if his soul is still vexed by the memory of disgraceful peace or disgraceful war, of tyranny protected, of bloodshed unavenged, then let him not forget the picture which he drew, which still dwells in the

hearts of millions. The praise that comes from the lips that uttered those burning words must be hollow, for the soul cannot be there. It would be better that he left the task to more congenial hands, to some who could speak from the fulness of the heart, to some less prominent critic of Tory policy, to some less austere apostle of national duty."

The nation, it is true, supported Lord Beaconsfield, but the same nation also very decidedly condemned and rejected him. The author of the rejection is the worst possible mouthpiece of the former approval. And in a question which is really one of morals everybody must judge and act for himself. If the degradation of public principle spread from Lord Beaconsfield to his party, and from them to the Liberals, to whom are we to look for a stricter spirit and a loftier standard? Is it for him who, as a volunteer, stemmed the tide of corruption, to ride on it now that all authority, moral, political, personal, is concentrated in him? . . . I will propose a double cartoon: the P.M. proposing the monument, correct, white-chokered, wearing what Whiteside called his oratorical face, making the splendour of words do duty for realities—and the Philippic Demosthenes of Midlothian rousing the sleepy lion with tumultuous argument and all the unceremonious energy of a deep conviction.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

19 May, 1881.

. . . I read the speech.<sup>1</sup> It was not like hearing it, but it was all I wanted. I want him to live for ever, and instead of his ever going, for thousands of us to have to go instead.

Isn't it fun, the Tories have to hold indignation meetings now; and after all they said too. O! shame, but as I tell them when I have a chance, they are quite right, we want to know the popular will, and are grateful for their contributions.

Also it annoys them to repeat the lines of their poet that we don't want to fight but by Jingo if we do. This I am sorry to observe makes them sore and angry.

. . . I know some of the society — keeps is of the straitest and best—I daresay also he sees some of the worst, and I undertake to say the latter are more serviceable for art than the former, and perhaps that is why artists must see all people and study all. But I know who it is he most loves and honours in the world, and these few are the best of men and the greatest. I couldn't bear to see half London down with its heavy merciless fist on almost a lad who was at least remarkable and might possibly be more. And finding him a perfect gentleman in heart, and an eloquent and most cultivated man, loving everything I

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone's speech on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill.

love, and hearing too from others by accident of at least one most generous and magnanimous act of his, I did, and do, and shall speak up for him whenever I hear him abused.

*From a Friend.*

*(Undated.)*

When I was in Edinburgh I met your Mr. Irving in the street. . . . I was standing rapt in front of a super-excellent Punch and Judy, but I grieve to say he did not show a due appreciation of that tragedy, which was professional jealousy no doubt, but I was sorry he did not.

I am writing in bed and there is a delicious Peace brooding over the house—everybody away but me. It's the first time I've stayed in bed for a year—I can't think how one is ever such a fool as to get up habitually. . . .

. . . Some people came to luncheon and it was such a blessed comfort when they went, that I was quite glad they had come.

## CHAPTER IV

1882-1883

Sir Arthur Gordon—A Colonial Governor's complaint—More Ruskin letters—Irish land tenure—Italian scenery—Burne Jones's mosaics at Rome—Persecution of the Jews—Ireland and the Phoenix Park murders—Browning on *La Saisiaz*—Sir George Grove—The Royal College of Music—Milly Grove's death—Modern composers—Burne Jones on Henry George—Letters from Professor Stuart—A visit to Hawarden—*Madame de Mauves*—Mr. Balfour and music—"The Souls."

*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

27th January, 1882.

THE confidence that the path, not of one's own seeking, but chosen for one, must, however thorny, "be still the best," preserves me from despair,—despair at my wasted work, at my wholly useless life here, at my enforced participation in unjust oppression, at the squandering of my time and of the powers of which I am conscious. These last few words seem vain, perhaps are so, but it would be unreal humbug to suppress what, rightly or wrongly, forms one great element in my distress. I know that I combine a power of work and attention to detail with an ungrudging trust in my subordinates and a



determination to let *them* enjoy the credit of whatever they do, which are not always found to go along with a capacity to do work oneself. The consequence is that I am always well served and that few men can get more work done *through* others than myself. This was one great secret of my success in Fiji. . . .

I could not help smiling at F. Cavendish<sup>1</sup> saying that "the moment for retiring will not arrive, and so long as he thinks it *will* arrive, it does him good and others no harm." I remember your father saying about the same words, thirty years ago, when my father was Prime Minister and wishing to retire! And if obligations to colleagues whose position would be weakened by retirement made the step impossible in my father's case, how much more so must it in your father's, whose personality is so much more conspicuous and whose withdrawal would deprive the Government of a good deal more than half its strength. . . . I therefore don't anticipate the realisation of the dream, but I own that *for his sake* I desire it. I do not wish him to hold office to the end of his life, and I do not wish him to be *turned out* (like Lord B.),<sup>2</sup> the last time he quits office . . . We spent our Christmas (i.e. midsummer) at Christchurch, which is really a very nice place and where life might pass very pleasantly, were one free from the degrading sense of one's helpless

<sup>1</sup> Lord Frederick Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, married Lucy, daughter of 4th Lord Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gladstone was not "turned out," but turned himself out in March, 1894, when Lord Rosebery succeeded him.

position as "Governor." If all goes well I hope to leave New Zealand in May and greatly shall I rejoice to leave it behind me, though as a residence it has many attractions, especially its climate. When I praise the climate, however, I must except that of Wellington, which all the year through resembles that of an exaggerated March—a perpetual gale, a hot sun and clouds of dust.

*From Ruskin.*

(*Undated.*)

. . . The tea and roses will be exactly the nicest and sweetest for me to-day; but mind you're not to have a levée, and cheat me of my music. . . . Please think, meantime, if you can find a tune that would go to Scott's "The heath this night must be my bed," in "The Lady of the Lake." It is quite curious how sometimes the prettiest words won't go to note-times. I *can't* get any tune to go to those, unless one puts Marie, with accent as in French, for the two short syllables of Scott's Mary.

Ever, my dear, your loving

St. C.

*From the same.*

*Ash Wed., 1882.*

. . . The day is sunny, and my window looks over the Surrey hills; and I'm thinking over a word or two I want to say in a new small edition of *Sesame and Lilies*, for girls only,

without the mystery of life—just a few words about obeying Fathers as well as ruling Husbands. I'm more and more convinced of the total inability of Men to manage themselves, much less their wives and daughters ; but it's pretty of daughters to be obedient, and the book's imperfect without a word or two in favour of the papas. (You can guess why it hadn't that—at first.)

Ever your loving  
ST. C.

*From the same.*

1st March, 1882.

. . . Your two notes are (what do you call them in music?) very lovely to me. I want you to put a third to them, then we can have a chord, can't we?

Only, please, please very much, my dear little mother, read this enclosed note from one of the most precious girls I've ever known, in mere honesty and simplicity of heart-depth, and tell me what I *ought* to answer? Of course I won't answer *that*, but I should like to know all the same ; and tell me if you've known any quite horrid papas of this sort, and what's to be said about *them* in my new preface to *Sesame*.

I've written a very short moral and anodynic line to her to-day. The cousin's not the depth of the thing,—but he *is*, I believe, dying fast ; perhaps for her own peace she's much better out of the way, but she might have been sent

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to a place where she could enjoy herself. (She's just eighteen.)

Ever your loving (it's all in sympathetic ink, though 'tis faded), lovingest, and gratefulest

ST. C.

*From the same.*

HERNE HILL.

28th (29th) March, 1882.

. . . I have been darkly ill again. I do not quite yet know *how* ill, or how near the end of illness in this world, but I am to-day able to write (as far as this may be called writing) again ; and I fain would pray your pardon for what must seem only madness still, in asking you to tell your Father how terrified I am at the position he still holds in the House, for separate law for Ireland and England.

For these seven, nay, these *ten years*, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown to feel that the law of land possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea.

Those who possess the land must live *on* it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that Word* of God shall pass away, "The Land is *Mine*."

And the position taken by the Parliament just now is so frightful to me, in its absolute defiance of every human prognostic of Revolution, that I *must* write to you in this solemn

way about it, the first note I gravely sit down to write in my old nursery, with, I trust, yet uncrushed life and brain.

Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

1882.

. . . I don't know what to do, for that music is always in my ears, and I can't do my mineralogy.

Also, I'm rather badly in love with that girl in the cap,<sup>1</sup> you shouldn't have told me of her!

Also, I want to be a bear-killer and bull-tamer; and to have vulture maidens<sup>2</sup> going up trees like squirrels to look at me. Also,—and this is quite serious (and so's the first sentence, and, indeed, so are the others)—I want you to get me the prettiest possible pair of gauntlet gloves that will fit a little girl of eleven or ten (I can't quite guess), but they're only to be rough gloves for country walks among thistles, only I want them pretty. She didn't win them fairly (more's the pity), but only in a skirmish with burdock heads, which I had no chance in, but you must have them for me to address, when I come on Monday.

Ever your devoted

ST. C.

<sup>1</sup> Marion, d. of H. A. Barclay, Esq., photographed as captain of her school XI; m. 1890 Hon. Sir L. D. Carnegie.

<sup>2</sup> M. G. had lent him *The Vulture Maiden* (W. von Hillern).

*From the same.*

AVALLON.

21st August, 1882.

. . . I thought you would be at Hawarden by this time, and venture "the Vulture Maiden" there; frightened lest I should lose her among these granite glens, which I can't tread in search of her with the elastic step of my youth. And I'm in frightfully bad humour, because I've got nobody coming to tea, and nobody to go to tea to, and this is only to say I've sent the book faithful, and that I still say it's nonsense; and that I've heard no music yet in France but steam-whistles.

And I'm ever your loving

ST. C.

But I'll write you again soon.

*From the same.*

CHAMBERY.

21st September, 1882.

. . . Mind, *you* must be very good to me yet for a long while, and mustn't go and get married in the next chapter. If I hadn't a vague hope of always finding a vulture maiden on a peak, somewhere accessible, I don't know what would become of me. (The nearest approach to the thing yet was four buzzards on the Dôle—but there was no maiden!) And perhaps there may be some consolation in *Sister Dora* when I get back.

I've not got to Italy yet, you see, and am reduced to the tunnel to-day, after all my fine plans of walking over the Alps. We have not had a fair day for three weeks, except a bitter cold one, when I got up the Dôle, but saw nothing from it except a line of mist where Alps used to be.

Please, if ever this finds you, send me some chat and some pacifying reflections to P. R., Lucca. I've half a mind to go on to Monte Cassino and not come back.

But I'm ever your grateful and loving

ST. C.

*From the same.*

LUCCA.

3rd October, 1882.

Such a walk as I had, too, the day before yesterday, on the marble hills which look to Pisa and the sea. It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath; and on the shady grass banks and terraces beneath the grey and silver of the wild branches, the purple cyclamens are all out, not in showers merely, but *masses* as thick as violets in spring—vividest pale red-purple, like light of evening.

And it's just chestnut fall time; and where the olives and cyclamens end, the chestnuts begin, ankle-deep in places, like a thick, golden-brown moss, which the sunshine rests upon as if it loved it. Higher up come again the soft grass terraces, without the olives,

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swept round the hillsides as if all the people of Italy came there to sit and gaze at the sea, and Capraja and Gorgona.

I can walk pretty well, I find, still ; and draw pretty well, if I don't write books nor letters to young ladies on their marriage, nor to bankers on business, nor to authors on literature ; but it's difficult to get a quiet time with a good conscience. I'm not going to do anything to-day but enjoy myself, after *this* letter's done, which I've rather enjoyed writing too. You know its chief business is to thank you for your pretty postscript—but you know—none of you know !

Meantime,—I'm your comforted and loving  
St. C.

The mosaic for the American Episcopal Church in Rome was one of Burne Jones's most important works. The dome is filled with a clustered legion of angels above a great central majesty. Right and left run the walls of Heaven. At intervals are doors, before which stand the archangels, Michael fully armed. An empty place in front of a door half open indicates the fall of Lucifer. It was a tremendous task and he was never able to visit Rome to study the position or to see his work placed.

Burne Jones was often worried by the ignorance of people who wished to put up stained-glass windows and expected a picture instead of



a cartoon. "It's a very limited art," he wrote, "and its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity, but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window."

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*(Undated.)*

Dr. Nevin<sup>1</sup> has just gone and the Mosaic will be fun, won't it, especially if it spreads over the Church. . . . I will try and be in the box on Saturday evening, coming in perhaps a little late. . . . The play of *Ours* is an interminable bore, but friends is friends and at least Mrs. Langtry is lovely to look at and in a box one can talk.

*From the same.*

*Feb. 15, 1882.*

Last night a letter was forwarded to me from the Athenæum Club from your father. . . . It is about Jew persecutions which are very horrible and heartrending, and I try to forget all about it, else I couldn't do one bit of work, but I see Bishops and people are taking it up and something will perhaps be done. . . . O, hideous stories they are—unbearable to hear or remember and I wish I could harden my heart. . . .

His instinct revolted at the reluctance of the Liberal party to take active steps with regard

<sup>1</sup> The Clergyman of the American Church.

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to the persecution of the Jews in Russia. Referring to the agitation which was being organised on the subject he wrote again :

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

It hasn't been got up at all, be assured, and I hope it will spread and spread and become a roar—I went to the meeting yesterday and was glad to find the majority of these were Liberals, but indeed all opinions, races and creeds were represented, and I hope every city in England will do the same. But I can understand how reluctant you are to credit it ; how long it took to make people mind about the former history,<sup>1</sup> how glad they were to drop minding the first day they could. . . . I wish I hadn't heard of it, for I grow sick and hopeless about everything for a time. Alas, everywhere is brutality underlying, even in placid good-tempered England. Whether it's more than a religious outbreak of the old kind that has never ceased, I don't know, or whether the Government is glad enough of any diversion and lets the thing be, I don't know, but it's there, horrible enough, and cruel enough, and if roaring out shame at it from all this distance helps at all to make shame come, then I'll roar with the rest.

But don't suppose this is a Tory or Jingo cry, for it isn't—not one bit—and what was hideous for Turks to do to a people in revolt is

<sup>1</sup> The Bulgarian atrocities.

hideous for Christians to do to a poor little race that is not in revolt, but going on with its poor fragment of life as inoffensively as it can. No, it's a bad story, depend upon it, and it won't do for us to say it doesn't matter, when we said so very loudly that the other did—and I should feel crimson with shame if our side felt cool and reasonable now, when it was so hot, stormy and impetuous then. And I was proud of this country yesterday.

As to me I am now verily quite old . . . and it brings such peace and comfort. I have had made a soft place by the fireside, where I betake myself of evenings, and sleep and doze and hear murmurs of voices, and it is so peaceful. If the door is not kept shut I catch a violent cold, but if I instantly have a hot bath and gruel, then in a day or two I can be moved up to my picture . . . which goes on very slowly. I think it bears signs of age and decay . . . but we will wait and see what the critics say, who really know.

Make Bishops and Curates and all congregations rouse themselves and make an end of all infamous, wicked cruelties . . . but those enlightened Germans have much to answer for in this last matter.

I could not reach you. I had to be driven about, getting signatures to a memorial<sup>1</sup> that must go to your Father to-morrow and time pressed so much. It is signed by a few men,

<sup>1</sup> In favour of the purchase of pictures from the Duke of Hamilton's collection for the National Gallery.

but they are important names, praying certain prayers about old pictures in the country. Do tell me please, O please, how can this memorial be presented so that the waste-paper basket may be avoided ?

Also this difficulty—the hurry of the whole thing, caused by the sudden sale of the Hamilton pictures, has made it impossible to send one copy of the memorial to be signed. I have written eight or nine and sent them about and I suppose all must go in—a hideous lump of writing.

There never was anything of this kind that wasn't called a mistake, for which I never care a bit. This doesn't ask for all the collection to be bought, or anything like it—only to be ready to buy largely when these sales take place. It isn't a question of the poor of England at all, who have to subscribe to ten thousand senseless things—all our pictures together in all England wouldn't cost more than a couple of ironclads, that are a mistake in two years' time.

. . . I suppose what I want isn't possible and is outside practical politics. I'm not a bad patriot for wanting our hands to be very clean and for feeling shame when I see how carefully we avoid meddling with nations who are strong and how readily we meddle when they are weak. I know only of one war that could be justifiable. . . .

I may possibly go to Rome—I don't know yet. I hate travelling, especially alone, and

## THE PHOENIX PARK MURDERS 111

feel it waste of time for me—my true life is here in my studio and my poor little bits of politics don't matter. They are so impossible and never can be. My pictures are the same, they can't be, but I am always your affectionate friend,

E. B. J.

The following letter has reference to the Phoenix Park murders, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in Dublin on 6th May, 1882.

*From the same.*

*June, 1882.*

. . . I am so sorry you looked for and were disappointed at not having a word from me in "the woeful time," and do believe it was not from not thinking constantly of you all . . . I could not write. I scarcely knew where you were : no words came to me to say. It felt all more miserable than could be written about. I asked everyone about you who could tell me, but I couldn't write. . . .

What I think about Irish matters could not be affected by that cruel horror. One's principles are rooted deep down and can't be touched or scared by anything. So when it happened it was a horrible nightmare to me as to all others. The cause that made me mind so much about Ireland increases and doesn't diminish one's humanity. No one outside the world of those hurt could have been

more grieved and disheartened than I was. I thought over and over again how you brought that poor lady<sup>1</sup> here, nor shall I ever forget it. It will never go out of my mind and what followed will remain a woeful horror to me whenever I think of it.

*From the same.*

*December, 1882.*

Yes, it is sad enough about Ireland, but not perhaps very wonderful. It takes long to forget injustice and put hatred out of one's heart, and I think imaginative people hold to their hatreds and let go of them more reluctantly than others—and it is an imaginative race.

*From Robert Browning.*

1883.

I am gratified indeed by what you are pleased to tell me of any interest taken in the poem (*La Saisiaz*), the only piece of personal experience I ever ventured to put into words. A friend sent me the *Church Quarterly*<sup>2</sup> by my wish a week ago. I was glad of the generous recognition of many points in my writings which have been mistaken occasionally, it would seem.

Among Miss Gladstone's correspondents Sir George Grove was perhaps in diversity of gifts the most remarkable, and the most successful

<sup>1</sup> Lady Frederick Cavendish.

<sup>2</sup> An article on Browning by Arthur Lyttelton.

in achievement. Though he said of himself, "I am no critic, bless you, and would rather love than condemn any day of the week," he was a very prince of critics, while as engineer, scholar and musician, he combined conspicuous ability with amazing industry and enthusiasm. It would be hard to say which was his *magnum opus*,—the Lighthouse he built in Jamaica, his *Dictionary of the Bible*, or his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. The two latter are monuments of erudition.

Miss Gladstone first made friends with Sir George at a musical festival at Düsseldorf; she went there with S. G. Lyttelton, A. J. Balfour, W. A. Leigh and Lady Ponsonby, and thenceforward, week after week, and year after year, the party met at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. In 1882, while editing *Macmillan's Magazine*, Grove was appointed the first Director of the Royal College of Music. Miss Gladstone issued an appeal for funds for the College, and had the satisfaction of receiving, among other contributions, \$1000 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Sir George Grove's whole-hearted devotion to music, and the wide range of his interests, established a spirit and a standard of artistic activity and performance which have already placed the College in the forefront of all existing institutions of the kind.

*From Sir George Grove.*

Sept., 1882.

I have been thinking what a very interesting article for *Macmillan's Magazine* might be made out of Handel's plagiarisms, or rather out of that conscious state of artistic morality which made it possible for him to make free with the ideas of others : so very much the antipodes of our own code. Did the same laxness exist in other departments—literature and painting—at that or any other date ? That way of treating the subject would relieve one from the charge of trying to depreciate Handel's genius, which of course would be absurd. There are quantities of material in Crotch's specimens, in Prout's account of Urrio's *Te Deum*, or Stradella's *prenata*, and now, in an article on Steffani, Mr. Cusins has unearthed several instances, including *Let the bright Seraphim !*

Now will you undertake this ? Your knowledge of Handel is as great as anyone's. Handel's character would be quite safe with you, and I should be charmed if the suggestion met with your approval.

*From the same.*

L. S.<sup>1</sup>

Oct. 3, 1882.

Don't give up the idea of the Handel article—it is a capital subject, and would suit you

<sup>1</sup> L. S. = "Lower Sydenham," where the writer lived.



exactly, and as to your having had no practice in writing—that's much more true in appearance than in reality—you are practising all day long in writing letters! and there's no mystery or magic in writing an article—it is, like everything else—just hard work and trying your best.

I did not say that Beethoven left only one *good* song (forgive me for contradicting you so flatly), but one *important* song, a term in which length and variety, etc., have a share as well as goodness. Many of his little bits of songs are *lovely*—*Molly's Abschied* for instance. But I am speaking there of length and variety of emotions and images, and programme, etc., all which—except as far as the *Liederkreis* is concerned—Schubert was the first to treat; and there I still think I am right—though your differing from me makes me very anxious.

I never could care much for the sacred songs nor even for *In questa Tomba*. There's a fine one—*Abendlied unter gestirntem Himmel*—but to my mind none of his approach the fine qualities of Schubert's except the *Liederkreis*.

I am still on the breakers about the Professor at the College. I have not that confidence in my own judgment that I ought to have, and want someone to consult with, and everyone is away. And then all musicians are so warped and biassed with jealousies, etc. I should like to ask Joachim's definite advice

what to do about the violins ; but then if I ask it I must follow it, and suppose he recommends some man with a very German name quite unknown in England—or someone, like H——, whom I don't like or whom I distrust—what am I to do then ? It will all come right, but meantime it's tiresome and I want a holiday badly.

Have you read Michelet's *Précis de la Révolution Française* ? If not do so. It is as vivid as Carlyle, and tells numbers of things not in C. and is all in one small volume. I have to read in bed when I can't sleep, and so I know it. Adieu.

Please to write again.

Yours ever truly,

G. GROVE.

So the only thing you notice in my Schubert you don't like ! Alas !

*From the same.*

Oct. 6, 1882.

Thank you for yours. It is almost like talking to you. I have written to the Prince to ask if I may place myself in Joachim's hands, and I almost think that if he gives me leave, I shall go over to Berlin and settle it all. He knows England so well, and is so sincere and loyal, and so fully appreciates what the Prince wants to do, he will give good advice. I enclose two letters of his to show you the sort of attitude he has taken. Also two other letters,

one from Neruda and one from —; the brutality of the latter will amuse you. I had a long talk with him at the “Plough and Harrow” at Birmingham, but could not move him. He was as violent and illogical as a bull. Our talk was cut short by the entrance of three R.C. priests with breviaries—come to pray with or over him. . . .

As to Parry *of course* I shall have him—but not as Professor of Harmony, but as Prof. of Musical History and Literature. *Counterpoint*—I am not prepared with a name for that yet. Composition and orchestration will go to Stanford. Pauer is not dull—he is not *spirituel*, but he has wonderful vigour and prodigious knowledge and brings it out in a way that impresses it on the pupils. And then he is *excellent to work with*, practicable and sensible and good-tempered. Please tell me anything that comes into your head. . . .

Yours ever,

G. GROVE.

P.S.—Gilbert, the playwright, asked a man to come for a cruise in his yacht. The man, a snob, arrives, sniffs at the yacht. “Oh, I thought it was bigger than it is.” “No,” says Gilbert, “it’s not bigger than it is.” Exit the man.

*From the same.*

*May 26, 1877.*

. . . I have been to three of the Wagner Concerts and was immensely impressed by

what I heard—by the orchestral things particularly and most of all by the *Trauer-Musik*, the *Walküren Ritt* and the Overture to *Tristan*—the *Trauer-Musik* made an effect upon me that I never remember to have felt before. It is out of sight the grandest thing of modern times, and I think even more overpowering than *The people shall hear* of the *Hallelujah* or any of Handel's greatest things, because it is so complex and one fibre is wrung before the other has done vibrating. It left the effect upon me that *Tyrants now*<sup>1</sup> tries to leave—that all goodness and greatness and everything worth living for had died with Siegfried. When the trumpets come in, it is all but unbearable in its desolation. The vocal music I could not hear so well, but the scene with the horse (Materna) was wonderfully noble and lofty I thought. The *Meistersinger* Overture did not impress me; they talk of it as counterpoint—but after all it's only a Round like *Three Blind Mice* or *Perfida Clori*—that's not counterpoint, and I don't think Wagner's line is the comic or the light. In any strong emotion he is tremendous, but he does not touch me elsewhere. I want now to hear and hear and hear again the latest works of all. . . .

So you are at Chatsworth—and very lovely the gardens must be. I saw them once with my dear old friend and chief Paxton,<sup>2</sup> to whom they owe so much. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The great chorus in *Hercules*.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Joseph Paxton who built the Crystal Palace.

The way Wagner has affected people is very strange—people like Mr. A. Morrison, who never was moved by music in his life, — and —.

*From the same.*

*Feb., 1884.*

I never hated party Govt. more cordially than I do now. All its worst features seem to have been brought out by the late debate on Egypt. Surely every good man ought not to oppose the Govt., but to do his best to help it and the country in the hour of difficulty. It is a dreadful spectacle. I am not a strong supporter of the Government's general line of action—but I could not go against it in this crisis.

*From the same.*

LOWER SYDENHAM.

*April 13, 1887.*

I have been stopping at home partly from tiredness, partly for business, and only got your note this morning. It was a joy to me, even that scrap. A good deal has happened to me since we met to make me look on the world with different and graver eyes. In January, 1886, I lost in two successive days my best woman friend and my best man friend, both inexpressibly dear to me; then came the increasing illness of my daughter, and at last

we sent her to Italy for the winter—she caught cold, we were telegraphed for, and arrived in time to see her die. I often ask myself how I live—what I do here now she is gone, for we were really one, and she shared intimately in everything I did. It is often nearly too much for me, but I fight on. And the future is so dark. A good God and everything for the best : when one tries to peer into details, what can one have more ?

I heard of your illness and often asked about you. . . . I did want to tell you about Milly while the grief was fresh—especially I wanted to tell you of the extraordinary and most consolatory appearance the last time I saw her, three hours after her departure. She had erysipelas, but all marks of her illness had completely vanished and she was more beautiful, more ideal than anything I could have imagined, the most beautiful innocent smile on her face, the lips half open as if someone had said “What sins are on your mind,” and she had replied “I don’t know the meaning of the word.” . . . Forgive this long screed—you may judge from it the pleasure it is to talk to you again. . . .

Yours,

G. GROVE.

A letter from Sir George Grove of a later date may fitly follow here.

*From the same.*      Oct., 1894.

. . . I hope you were not annoyed at my pleasure at seeing you to-day, though I ought perhaps to have repressed the expression of it more. But I was really so very glad, that I could not help showing it. You recalled a time of my life when Schumann and Schubert and Joachim and the "Pops" were delightful *novelties*, and when one wanted to do everything, and *could* do anything, and had no fear of responsibilities, and had no pains and drawbacks as a man has who was 102 last birthday. So please pardon me and tell me so.

I wish I had been more pleased to-day, but the fact is the young composers have lost the art—the touch—of sacred music. They don't feel the Bible—it is no more to them than any other old book, and therefore David and Saul and all the rest are no more to them than Hector or Ajax or Richard Cœur de Lion, Tailfefer . . . Then too, there was no definition of the characters. Think of the way in which Elijah and Stephen and many more stand out in Mendelssohn's Oratorios—the Mendelssohn they are sneering at! Then how feebly were the two supernatural characters drawn. Think how Handel or Bach would have given a definite supernatural touch to each—the evil spirit and the witch. Handel has done so in his *Saul* by three or four notes of the bassoon in a way which makes the water run down your back and fixes it in your memory for ever.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*July, 1883.*

Yes, I've been ill, a fever of some sort—blood-poisoning, drains—the usual tale—results of civilisation.

And still more, yes, I know *Progress and Poverty*<sup>1</sup> and admire greatly its nobility of temper and style. But its deductions—O, I knew all that long ago. It is a book that couldn't more persuade me of a thing I knew already. And have patience with some of us who say things more sharply still. How can some men help having an ideal of the world they want, a feeling for it as for a religion, and sometimes being fanatical for it and unwise, as men are too for the religion that they love. It must be, and Morris is quite right; only for my own sake, I wish he could be out of it all and busy only for the things he used to be busy about. I shall never again make myself much unhappy about passing events; it would be easy to break oneself to bits with fruitless trouble. I shall try never again to leave the world that I can control to my heart's desire, the little world that has the walls of my workroom for its furthest horizon—and I want Morris back to it and want him to write divine books and leave the rest.

Some day it will all change violently and I hate and dread it, but say beforehand it will thoroughly well serve everyone right, but I

<sup>1</sup> Henry George.



don't want to see it or foresee it or dwell upon it.

*From the same.*

*Sept., 1883.*

. . . I am so glad you had a happy voyage.<sup>1</sup> I should have liked it too, all but the Emperors and Kings. I should have liked the northern isles and Magnus Church, O very much. . . . For six months I couldn't write, wasn't it a shame, but now I can and I want nothing else but to paint and paint.

The late James Stuart was Professor of Applied Mechanics at Cambridge, a post which he combined with that of Managing Director of Messrs. Colman's famous mustard factory at Norwich and for many years with the control of the *Star* newspaper. His acquaintance with Miss Gladstone began in 1878, when she spent a week at Cambridge with Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick and made friends with the friends of her cousins, Edward and Alfred Lyttelton. An ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone, Professor Stuart was beaten as a candidate for Parliament for the University, but afterwards came in with an enormous turnover of votes for Hackney.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's voyage in the *Pembroke Castle*, 1883.

*From James Stuart.*

CAMBRIDGE.

*Friday, 1883.*

. . . I wish you would send me the inscription which is on that stone in the park at Hawarden about corn being dear and crime being abundant. I want to refer at Aberdeen to the great blessing, brought by peace and commerce and invention, in making the price of corn fairly uniform, and that stone if I remember aright forms a good text.

J. S.

The inscription referred to is carved upon a kind of gravestone, found on the site of an old mill, which has now been removed to another part of the Hawarden estate. It would be hard to excel the pithiness of the final comment. It runs :

THIS MILL WAS BUILT

A.D. 1767

BY

SIR JOHN GLYNNE, BART.

LORD OF THIS MANOR :

CHARLES HOWARD, MILLWRIGHT.

*Wheat was in this year 19/- and barley 5/- a bushel. Luxury was at a great height and charity extensive ; but the poor were starving, riotous, and hanged.*



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE ON BOARD THE "TANTALUS CASTLE."

(June, 1895.)



*From the same.*

*May 28, 1883.*

. . . I think the best text for my Hymn and Psalm book<sup>1</sup> is "Without Me ye can do nothing." It is in the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel, but there must be some Psalm says the same. There is another—the one that your father put on the dog's grave, or a bit of it—it is in the 104th Psalm. "Thou openest Thy hand and they are filled with good; Thou hidest Thy face and they are troubled." For it is so true of us all—not only of the poor beasts who "get their meat in due season," but of us who have to quarrel and barter for it. I am very sensible, I fancy, of the warm sunlight of a human presence, but what is that in comparison of the presence or absence of God? It is so true "Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled," "I will leave him alone"—"forsaken of God"—what unutterable woe is in the possibility!

Still there are two ideas, the one our trouble when God's face is hidden, the other our incapability and uselessness when we are not in God's presence and guided by His hands—these two ideas are not quite the same, for a man might be in God's presence and under His guidance and yet God's face might be hidden—he would then be useful, but troubled—and what seems to impress me most just now is the worthlessness of the work or words or influence of anybody who is not under the shadow of

<sup>1</sup> For a copy given him by a friend.

that great Rock and who in fact has not God by his side. "This is the way, walk ye in it" is then whispered unconsciously to him, and he does and says the right thing at the right time. Because of our sin we get all of us left alone often, no doubt, but our aim must be to decrease these occasions.

*From the same.*

TRINITY COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

*August 13, 1883.*

. . . Thank you for sending Mr. Stanton's<sup>1</sup> address. I shall take the first opportunity to see more of him. He cannot fail to do good to everyone. You have a happy ability of introducing good people to one; and again I thank you for it. Also for your letter which I found when I came back here. And it was particularly welcome somehow, for I was returning somewhat still, I fear, in lower spirits than you rightly assign to me as general; and, as I came to my rooms, thinks I to myself—what would be the nicest thing that could happen? And I thought, as I came up the stairs, it would be this—that I should find in my rooms some pleasant friend who had arrived and was waiting for me. No one was there, but your letter was. . . .

As to *Progress and Poverty*, I have now read on to page 25—there are 87 pages; and, so far, it seems to me most excellent, and I am

<sup>1</sup> The late Father Stanton of St. Albans, Holborn,

glad I have read it. I do not know what alarming theory is to be broached in the next 62 pages—for indeed I have heard it spoken of as destructive of all property—but it is never safe to take at second hand a view of a new thing; and to join too readily in condemning any people as “turning the world upside down.”

Dr. Holland had been invited by Miss Gladstone to share their voyage in the *Pembroke Castle*, but the prospect did not wholly please him.

*From H. S. H.*

TRURO.

*September 3, 1883.*

. . . Oh! and the voyage! How can I? I am pledged. . . And the ship! I know those ships! The huger they are the more awful the long, uplifting heave, and the more hideous the slow, sinking subsidence in the unending abyss. How could I hang on the lips of the P.M. while my whole physical self was itself hung, in dreadful suspense, on the top of each hanging wave? The throbs of admiration that ought to shake me would only intermingle with the groans that would follow each throb of the groaning screw. I turn entirely green, too, on these occasions, which makes me an unpleasant companion—assuming a more or less livid hue according to the weather. So I must thank you heartily. It would have

been "immense fun," as you say; if only it had been on dry land! Why *do* these ships go to sea? They are most fascinating things in themselves: so bright and clean and gay. They spoil it all by going on the water. So it is always in life—the best things have some queer twist in them and get perverted.

*From James Stuart.*

CAMBRIDGE.

*September 30th, 1883.*

. . . As to Mr. George's book: I think your criticism is exceedingly good—in fact I think you criticise it from exactly the same point of view in which it presented itself to me; so how could I do other than think your point of view right! What you say, viz. that people who criticise it ought to read it, is true not only of this book but of a great many things which people criticise "in troops." I felt, when I had finished reading it, that the man is a true man, and that it would do one a great deal of good to spend a day or two with him. I, too, was pleased with his smashing of Malthus. I like to see anyone indignant and angry at any doctrine which makes misery and wrong a natural and inevitable and necessary consequence of the world's ordering. It is because that is the essence of Malthus's theory that I profoundly distrust it. There is, I think, a certain truth in it which George does not admit, but it is precisely, I think, in the part of it which does not



have that fatalistic and dismal tendency. This, however, is a thing to be talked about, it is rather long to write. As to George generally, I think the main fault of his book is in expecting that the position of society can be really changed by forcible action. . . .

On the whole I think the most useful part of George's book is his feeling statement of the difficulties and evils there are and the *fact* that he proposes such a drastic remedy. I think there are a good many economic fallacies in his book and his remedy has much to condemn it—but it will wake some people up and make a good many feel uncomfortable who ought to feel so, and he has raised a question in a popular way which is the vital economic question of this age, I believe, namely, that of the better distribution of national well-being. . . .

*From the same.*

CAMBRIDGE.

October 14, 1883.

. . . Yes : I like Lord Dalhousie—I had known him a little—superficially—for a good while, but I got to know him much better during these few days and to learn how true a man he is.

By the way, I promised to read Miss [Ellice] Hopkins' poems and to tell you my impression. I found the one you pointed out to me called *Lost in Life* much the best in the book—as to the others, I liked the spirit of them, but

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they fall short, to me, of poetry and are somewhat involved sometimes. But *Lost in Life* is very beautiful. Here is the poem that the unkind person in that one should have listened to. It was written by Theodore Parker :

If I should die to-night  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place  
And deem that death had left it almost fair,  
And laying snow-white flowers upon my hair  
Would smooth it down in tearful tenderness  
And fold my hands with lingering caress,  
Poor hands so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night  
My friends would call to mind with loving thought  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be laid aside  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully,  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,  
And soften in the old familiar way,  
For who would war with dumb unconscious clay?  
So might I rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends ! I pray to-night  
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow.  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.  
Think of me gently ; I am travel worn.  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive, oh heart estranged, forgive, I plead.  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

## CHRISTMAS AT WINCHESTER 131

Long ago my mother told me these words, and when I sat beside her dead, oh how I thanked God that she had soon enough pleaded with me so. And does the whole world not so plead with us all ?

*From the same.*

CAMBRIDGE.

*October 20, 1883.*

. . . Yes, I perfectly agree with you it is a far better thing that people should see idealisations of their friends than that they should underrate them. We all tend a little to live up, or down, to what people take us for. It is on this account that it is so good and "paying" a thing not to omit to appeal in all cases to the highest motives which people have, or might have, when we are desirous of gaining political and social, or any other, reformations. . . .

*From the same.*

THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

*December 25, 1883,*

*Christmas Day.*

. . . Here is Christmas Day, it is dull and misty ; I wonder if it is so with you. The Cathedral looked beautiful, and there was a processional hymn, and the music seemed to play at hide and seek through the aisles and round the pillars as the little column of white-robed choristers twined in and out among

them, and then, thereafter, the rolling waves of the Hallelujah Chorus seemed to surge all about the great old pile. It did one's soul good, and I wished you were all there. Yesterday the Master of Corpus travelled with me from Chester to Rugby, so my thinking carriage was not reserved; however, after due civilities, I shut my eyes and pretended to go to sleep, but really into a waking dreamland, in which the many happy things of the past five days floated about, presenting and representing themselves, mixed up with the vagrant fancies which one's mind goes wheeling amongst when its horses are driven with a slack rein after they have been feeding awhile in some beautiful stable. And I felt truly that it was "the House called Beautiful" that I had been in,<sup>1</sup> and the minutes, as I looked back on them, redoubled their preciousness. And so the journey went on, and the walls of the carriage fell apart, the noise became music, and the blue sky streamed in, and the trees of Hawarden made a network over the bright sunset, and Dr. Perowne did not sit in the corner of the carriage, but you did by the side of your fire, and the engine did not snort, but Mr. Illingworth preached or Jubal sang through your sister's voice. Then I looked at the picture of your father, and felt glad at heart that England is governed by such a man. How kind you and your sister were to give me so many chances of seeing him. I thank you for the great unrepay-

<sup>1</sup> Hawarden Castle.

able gift you have given me in letting me know him, and for giving me a share too in many other precious possessions.

*From H. S. H.*

1883.

... I am deeply caught by that story of Henry James, *Madame de Mauves*. It is full of quiet interest and force; the situations he selects are exciting but ugly: still the effect of that quiet, unflinching, uncomplaining endurance of the ignominious collapse of all ideal elements in life, without tragical defiance or rage, yet without any moral lowering or spiritual abandonment, or any violent despair, or any fierce cynicism in the face of all that is disgraceful and degrading and demoralising; an endurance that can madden and kill that vile husband by its sheer force of domineering and lofty impenetrability—this, as given in the quiet, graceful figure of Madame de Mauves, is wonderfully fine and novel and delicate. I wondered up to what level of power James could move, if he did so much strong work so lightly.

When once I had begun it (*The Vulture Maiden*), I devoured it—I did not stop. It has heaps of interest to carry the story along; the advance in spiritual discipline of the girl is worked finely and covers a great deal of ground and it is well wound into its scenery, which is kept by your side all the way with refreshing suggestiveness and appropriate-

ness. . . . And now—what shall I say ? What is it that makes German work so hollow and ghostly and phantasmic ? Why is it that you cannot escape from the wonder whether it is a baby with large whiskers and flabby cheeks, a Professor in pinafores, a Poet eating bread and butter, who is making you your book ? Sometimes it seems as if it was Shelley who is your author, and then you catch disgust of the jam in the spoon with which he is feeding himself and you cannot fancy Shelley eating jam with a spoon. You have the same shadowy, mist-like characters as in Shelley, characters which are obvious idealisations, fancy pictures, almost allegories. They float along, the thin airy shadows of the spiritual realities they portray ; only the German cannot let them remain floating and unsubstantial—without legs—he insists on supplying them with definite legs ; and this it seems to me won't do, for the legs are all sentiment and hang loose and cannot plant themselves down without giving way at the knees. It is just the sort of imaginative dream that the traveller fancies in strange places as he catches sight of unknown faces and throws out histories that would suit them. Their looks seem full of inner significance, and his imagination plays with them and is charmed with his own imaginings. The book is a most delightful and powerful example of such a method of invention and has the same charm as one's picturesque suppositions have, and this in a very high degree. But it stops short of

being real, and nothing but what is real lays hold of one, I find.

For many years the Gladstones' London house was 11 Carlton House Terrace, and as early as the 'seventies Mr. Balfour had bought the house he now owns—No. 4 Carlton Gardens—partly because of his delight in No. 11. "I can see him now," writes an old friend, "standing at the top of the great double staircase, torn with doubts which way to go down. 'The worst of this staircase,' he would say, 'is that there is absolutely no reason why one should go down one side rather than the other. What am I to do?'"

In those years there existed a small group of intimate friends, chiefly drawn from the Gladstone, Balfour, and Lyttelton families, who, as one of them writes, were "more or less music mad." They were in fact the nucleus of the larger group which in the 'eighties was styled, by those who did not belong to it, "The Souls." They were to be seen at all the classical concerts of that day, in the critics' gallery at the Crystal Palace, at Exeter Hall, and at St. James's Hall, opposite the orchestral for the "Pops" and Richters. Often they met beforehand at Carlton Gardens for early dinner, and, if especially enraptured with the music, they would return and continue the con-

cert in the long room where Mr. Balfour kept two concert grand pianofortes. Mr. Balfour had masses of music arranged for two pianofortes—the Handel, Beethoven, and Schumann concertos, etc.—and he placed the instruments at the disposal of anyone capable of reading these masterpieces. It was during this period that Miss Gladstone received the note of which, among all her correspondence, she owns to being proudest.

DEAR MISS GLADSTONE,—Will Wednesday next, 4 o'clock, suit you to play *with my accompaniment*, etc.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

For the greatest violinist of the century to speak of his playing as an “*accompaniment*” was indeed the subtlest form of appreciation.

Mr. Balfour sometimes had Monday Pops at his own house. He owned four concertinas, generally called “The Infernals,” on which it was his delight to play, with anyone who would accompany him, through any of the Oratorios of Handel.

Apropos of “The Souls” it was Lord Bowen<sup>1</sup> who suggested a rival group to be called “The Parasols.” He was to be its High Priest, seated under a large umbrella, where he would

<sup>1</sup> Lord of Appeal 1893; d. 1894. Perhaps the finest wit of his generation.



listen to its members as they made confession of *each other's sins*.

A further cherished project of this group was to issue a newspaper, which, if it never materialised, afforded ground for plenty of prospective criticism and suggestions.

“We had great fun,” Lady Ribblesdale writes, “all suggesting names for the new paper. ‘The Petticoat’ has been generally condemned. We think it shall be ‘Eve.’ A. J. B.’s suggestions were ‘The Dowager,’ ‘The Free Lance,’ ‘The New Moon,’ ‘The New Eve,’ ‘Mrs. Grundy.’ Margot’s<sup>1</sup> was ‘The Mangle,’ which was thought good. Nobody will agree as to what is a good name. They don’t want to have a jocose name that will preclude all serious articles. ‘Eve’ is suitable for grave and gay. What do you think?”

“A. J. B. takes a gloomy view of the enterprise. Sir Alfred Lyall thinks about three or four numbers might be a huge success, but hardly more. We are determined not to publish one number unless something rather extra good has been got together. . . . I agree with you, to humbug in earnest continuously would be degrading, but this is not intended. The spirit of the paper is not to be purely mocking; on the contrary, we want to have serious articles, and are doing our best to get women like Mrs. Woods, Mathilde Blind, Lucas Malet

<sup>1</sup> Margot Tennant (Mrs. Asquith).

to write in it. They have all half promised to write something.

“Beyond wishing to avoid dulness, which never advanced any principle, we are keen to advocate the higher truths to the best of our ability. Was there not always the same love of smart talk? Anyhow amongst those who could succeed in it. Life is very hard without some froth and fun, and it is so thin and superficial that I can’t think this flip can touch the foundations of life. If private thought habitually floated in this atmosphere and never went any deeper, it would be harmful; but stern realities prevent this. I think letting off the scum may indeed be beneficial—it exposes it to ridicule and starts a reaction.

“. . . Life all goes rushing along at such a terrific pace. When one sees with one’s infinitesimal vision how short everything is, one feels more and more that there must be something long somewhere—but if only death were not quite so lonely one would not mind life being so short.”

Unfortunately the paper never appeared.

## CHAPTER V

1884-1886

Professor Stuart—The “C, D.” Acts—Haddo House—The Franchise Bill—Mr. Gladstone in Scotland—Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff in Madras—The great Acton list—Professor Sidgwick on Meredith—Sir A. Gordon in Ceylon—Ruskin—Illness gathers on him—Death of Laura Lyttelton—Her character and influence.

*From James Stuart.*

CAMBRIDGE.

March 16, 1884.

**H**OW I wish you were here this Sunday—everything is beautiful, redolent of spring. . . .

As to what you say of Mr. Ottley’s sermon, I should imagine that any physical suffering of our Lord was a minor matter—except in this, that surely the horror of great darkness which comes over a soul cannot be in its acutest and most terrible form except accompanied by bodily suffering too. Many troubles of soul look easy in the bright early morning, when we are full of life, which weigh us down when the blood flows less fast in our veins. Death is such a horrible thing except as the gate to Eternal Life, and the devil hides that gate with his black shadow so easily when the poor struggling broken body cannot so much as

raise a hand to push him aside. What blessed words those are, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—surely they are the vastest absolution. . . .

About women's suffrage—no, I don't think the married difficulty so great a one. But in that matter I would accept whatever I could get, and I suppose it would be much easier to get it for spinsters first. . . . The best way, I think—from a practical point of view—is to go on the same lines as the Municipal vote, which you know women have and exercise,—and society has not been upset thereby! "A premium on spinsters."—Yes, I should be glad to see it; I don't want a premium on either men or women, but I think the worst of the two is a premium on men—it is the cause of much evil—much—very much. To make women more independent of men is, I am convinced, one of the great fundamental means of bringing about justice, morality, and happiness both for the married and unmarried men and women. If all Parliament were like the three (men) you mention, would there be no need for women's votes? Yes, I think there would. There is only one perfectly just, perfectly understanding Being—and that is God....

We constantly need to be kept right by those for whom we act. And every ruler must pray surely always to be able to know what the people want, what it is that troubles them—how difficult it is to find that out; the masses are so dumb, so inarticulate—

so babbling if you like. Everybody who is liberal feels this need of appealing to the people themselves, and admits it, and yet so many go away and prescribe how "the tongue of the dumb is to speak" and select which speaker thus set free they shall listen to; that is the constant danger where there is not a franchise, that we are *selecting*—in fact forced to select—who it is that is to speak to us. No man is all-wise enough to select rightly—it is the people's voice thrust upon us, not elicited by us, that guides us rightly. . . .

*From the same.*

*June 1, 1884.*

. . . This is Whitsunday, and of all the returning days of the Calendar it is the one which is fullest of suggestion to me. The outpouring of the spirit of God; the rivers of water in a dry place. It is not that this is the foundation of our religion, but it is its realisation, to a certain extent, and the peace of God, which we daily pray for as passing all understanding, is part of the general outpouring of the Spirit on that day.

*From the same.*

9 THE CLOSE,  
WINCHESTER.

*June, 1884.*

. . . I spent a nice Sunday at Wellington College. I had two talks with E. Wickham about the (C.D.) Acts, the first of mine, the second of

his, seeking. He was confused, as so many people are, by giving too ready credence to the lies which are circulated about their success. I disabused him of these and showed him how the matter really stands. I think he will think of the whole matter and come out of it a friend of ours—he is in no sense an opponent, quite the reverse, only I think a keen perception of the evil and wrong of the thing has been somewhat blunted by the idea that they were a great success, which you can never err in peremptorily declaring they are not—but an utter failure in every direction, and refer anyone to me for the details of the proof of that.

I thoroughly like Ed. Wickham—he is a just man, and a thoughtful man; he is well worth gaining. . . .

*From the same.*

*June 22, 1884,  
Sunday Evening.*

. . . I liked Welldon's sermon, but there was one thing I took him to task for, namely, that he said our Lord was gentle in rebuking iniquity—this is not true. He should have said that what was conventionally regarded as an iniquity He was not necessarily severe on—but only on real iniquity; but for that He had no quarter, only pity for the sinner. He admitted his error and said he had noticed it himself when he had spoken it in the sermon.

Westminster Abbey was delightful. I am glad we did not hear Jowett; his Gospel is dry

and poor and thin and barren. The anthem was most beautiful and sounds in my ears yet. I doubt if the present age will leave anything like these cathedrals—anything physical I mean and tangible which shall be a joy for ever. It is fruitful in good ideas, however, if not in good structures, good ideas of freedom. But I suspect no idea of the present time can ever equal that of the great universal Church of Christ, of which these cathedrals form a tangible and visible portion. That idea has come out of the ages we are pleased to call Dark. But I suppose it belongs to no time, it has been maintained and renewed in every age and in many individual hearts. . . .

*From the same.*

CAMBRIDGE.

*July 13, 1884.*

. . . Thank you for the letters. . . . Reading them fills me with a deep sorrow, as does always the story of women's troubles. But I thank God that the matter will not fall away again ; there are many men and women—both, thank God—who are quite determined in the matter. The future will be the better for the trouble of mind and searching of soul they have had. They have had to find out, amidst much darkness and many voices, the true way, or at least are finding it out. They have had to do the task of pioneers, and it will make the path of their successors easier ; in fact they will wonder

that it ever was otherwise than it will be with them. Lady F.'s<sup>1</sup> picture is beautiful, if all were well, if every woman had about her always brave and true-hearted men. But that is not so. There is much else that would be beautiful in such and such a way, if there were none of the marring made by sin and wrong and cruelty, but these being there make us have to treat many things differently, and this is one. Lady F.'s picture is so seldom realisable. But, even after all, I doubt if it is the best. I believe that there was great beauty and love in Eden, but I believe there is greater beauty and fuller love in Heaven, where the wrecks of this world saved by Christ's love will be brighter than any sinless and unsaved beings could be ; so I believe there is the possibility of something nobler and purer under Miss ——'s scheme than under Lady F.'s.

The good are reticent and forget that the wicked are not so about these things, and so little may save so much suffering both mental and bodily. I don't want people to go about proclaiming these matters on the house-tops ; there are many troubles in the world which we don't always need to make a noise about — what I want is not to veil them in mystery and silence. Let us be natural about them, as about all the difficulties of human life, and touch them with a light and gentle hand, and with the love of God and men in our hearts.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Frederick Cavendish.



. . . There is no mechanical system, so to speak, of leading people into and along the right path in anything—always we have to be “our brother’s keeper,” and in everything our guidance of others must be formed on and shaped by a tender appreciation on our part of their peculiar character and peculiar difficulties. As a rule therefore I would expect to see this and any other subject treated differently, not only as between the poor and rich but as between home and home. . . . What I would desire is this—not that there should be any uniformity, not that these things should be thrust under everyone’s nose, but that the normal condition of the thing should not be one of neglect and avoidance, but that easy and natural dealing with it that comes of custom which tackles it or any portion of it when it occurs. . . .

One of the greatest wrongs we do is the way we leave boys unguided or only to be guided by the bad and vicious. It is a time-honoured lie that men have irresistible passions, and that women must be sacrificed to them, and unless I believed it to be a lie of the deepest dye I should believe God to be unjust and should fall into despair. But it is a lie, and I shall never cease to endeavour to expose it. It is a lie which of all the lies which circulate in the world just now has, I believe, most of deadly poison in it against religion and against God. I daresay that each age has its typical, practical lie which poisons its heart—this is the one

of the present age. Look at history—the Devil’s keenest and subtlest weapon has been “something that would drive the thoughtful, the trusting, the good, into despair.” This idea of necessary sacrifice of women to men is the form of that weapon to-day. It is a lie that gives and that deserves and will receive no quarter.

This letter was shown by Mrs. Drew to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who commented on it in that which follows :

*From Alfred Lyttelton.*

GOSFORD.

*Sept. 28, 1884.*

I don’t feel to the same extent as Stuart does the principal subject with which his letter deals. He has uttered to me almost verbatim the splendid words of the last page, and I feel grateful to have seen them in writing. To me these things have chiefly to be wrestled out in silence. I do not feel the desire of talking *much* and *often* about them, and it makes little difference to me whether it is men or women to whom I speak. I cannot see much purpose in speaking of them in ordinary life as ordinary phenomena. There are certain things not spoken of habitually. But it is very good to speak of them *rarely* with women—to see their views, to get strength from their abhorrence of the particular sin, and afterwards, in the many bitter struggles and temptations to think of

them—as I have often thought of you, and —, and —, and been brought back to truer and purer thoughts again by the reflection. I agree as to boys, that someone should gravely inform them of these matters, and not leave them “to be guided only by the bad and vicious,” but it will never be done by the mass of parents and schoolmasters.

It is too late now to begin about it, but I must just say, having got about half-way, how splendid I think *The Minister's Wooing*.<sup>1</sup> There are some things as good as one gets anywhere or from anyone. The outburst of Mrs. Marvyn to Mary at the time of Jim's death—the general reflections on sorrow immediately after—the description of Aaron Burr and his relation to women, are incomparable; hardly less striking is the general tone about falling in love—this is wonderfully like M. G., only you were first in the field. More than ever I look for it in a sort of sanguine way to open out new hopes and new possibilities; but it comes in a slow, halting sort of fashion to *nous autres* and I seem as impenetrable as the rest of them.

*From James Stuart.*

HADDO HOUSE,

ABERDEEN.

*September 15, 1884.*

Here we are, and besides Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone “we” means

<sup>1</sup> By Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Mr. and Lady Mary Carr Glyn.

Lord Young.<sup>1</sup>

Sir John Clark.

Mr. Drummond.

Professor Donaldson.

Dr. Anderson, etc.

Mr. Drummond is the man who wrote the book you read.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Anderson has something to do in the Home Office ; the others you know. It was a magnificent day yesterday. Here is how the day was spent. Chapel and early communion at 9 (the chapel is beautiful, the organ well played); breakfast; then at 11 drive to church, Scotch service, about two miles off. The sermon very dry and delivered in a voice which made it seem like a plastered wall, there was so little colour, shade or variation in the whole thing. Then drive back, walking part of the way—I and Lord Aberdeen—and lunch at two. After that I “foregathered,” as the Scotch say, with Mr. Drummond, with whom I went a walk. He is delightful; we talked of Christianity. He is full of it. We talked of the unending presence of the Holy Spirit among men as making an objective reality, and affording proof and testimony in its various manifestations of the nature of observed facts, as a more immediate proof of all we hope and wish for than is given by logical or intellectual proof. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Lord of Session, a famous Scotch raconteur and wit.

<sup>2</sup> *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

. . . Lord Young is humorous and very Scotch—they (we) all are. . . .

Considerable excitement prevailed at this time over the Franchise Bill which Mr. Gladstone was piloting through Parliament in face of the obstinate opposition of the House of Lords. His tour this autumn through Scotland aroused immense enthusiasm.

*From the same.*

HADDO HOUSE,  
ABERDEEN.

*September 16, 1884.*

. . . (Brechtin) . . . We got here about 6.30 this evening. There was a grand reception—quite wonderful, about four-fifths of the town assembled in the market-place. Your father made a fairly long speech and with excellent voice in the open air. A drive through a long street, illuminated with triumphal arches, and crowds upon crowds, ending up with a lot of little children at the gate and their shrill cheering. . . . Great crowds all along the road and about fifty thousand people, rumour says, in the streets of Aberdeen. . . . One old man, balked of shaking hands with your father, shook hands most vigorously with Zadok.<sup>1</sup> There were addresses delivered at two places *en route*. . . . Your father read *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné* in the carriage. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone's valet.

*From the same.*

BRECHIN CASTLE,  
BRECHIN, N.B.

*September 18, 1884.*

. . . There were little details which I can tell you about when we meet; such as, for instance, the gradual demoralisation that came over us in the train in the way of cheering, till your mother lying down and half asleep and tired, hearing cheering going on, vaguely waved her pocket-handkerchief without rising or opening her eyes, and at the wrong side of the carriage. . . . Both out and in on the journey there were crowds of people and flags and all sorts of kindness. Lots of women and their babies in their arms all about—such pretty clean little things and everywhere such “good heart.” I could not help feeling that everything we do—all the beautiful and noble actions, all the great deeds—are “good heart” in God’s eyes. . . .

Your father was in great spirits, talked and told stories. . . . After dinner Lord Dalhousie, your father and I talked about whether the decay of reverence in Parliament was due or not to the decay of persons in Parliament worthy of reverence, and other such-like matters. Then there was some whist and I and Mr. Taylor talked about whether science made people more or less intolerant, — and — darkening the subject by occasional remarks.

*From the same.*

BRECHIN CASTLE.

*September 19th, evening.*

. . . To-day we went the same party to Panmure House. Yesterday there was a telegram from London in the newspaper<sup>1</sup> and in the evening your father got confirmation of it—the real text apparently worse than the published one even. . . . A wagonette full of reporters followed us to Panmure, but got nothing to report and missed any little there was by not being there when your father, mother and sister each planted a tree (sycamore) near the house.

*From the same.*

BRECHIN CASTLE.

*September 21st, 1884.*

. . . Things are wearing to an end—or at any rate my descriptive letters to you of this journey. . . . Of all the time I have been with your father in Scotland, I never saw him so happy, I think, as here, and he seemed visibly by leaps and bounds to be getting good for himself—I think it must have been the great freedom and quiet of the place—no company, no meetings, and each day long delightful drives. . . . It would gladden your heart to hear Lord Dalhousie speaking of the good it has done him to be with your father for a few long unbroken days—I think it helps to buoy up

<sup>1</sup> Regarding the position of General Gordon.

Lord D.'s faith, but that antidote to faith, Jowett, is coming to-morrow, for which I am very sorry. One good thing of this journey to me (there are many others) is that it has made me know your mother so much better. . . .

Mr. X. is still here, like the grounds at the bottom of the teacup.

*From the same.*

CAMBRIDGE.

November 4, 1884.

. . . So you have gone away, you and Mr. —, and I am quite desolate. . . . Don't you know the feeling one has after parting with anyone whom you have not seen for a good while, and yet whom you have kept often thinking of and referring to in your mind? You keep gathering so many ends of things, and pieces of thoughts and of experiences, to speak of; and as the time goes on, these sink down to the bottom of the sea of your mind and become hidden and forgotten; and then when you meet the person what comes forward is what chances in the hour and days you meet them in, and the rest is forgotten, and it is only when you have parted that the tumbling surging sea of your mind tumbles and rolls up and round and round the hosts and months of things that were lying waiting, and shows glimpses of hundreds of things treasured up to be spoken about. But, after all, it is not speaking of anything that is the main thing—to me, above all things, the



most delightful, peaceful, and blessed is the simple presence of anyone I care for. That is why I liked Mr. — so much better to stay here than at Selwyn, and why the visit to King's Chapel was so comfortable. And sometimes I think that an eternal communion might be reached even on earth by a close enough clinging of each of us to God, and that all who love one another's presence might find it best even on earth among those many mansions which will be lived in only fully in heaven. . . .

*From Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

16th August, 1884.

. . . It has occurred to me that the enclosed record of a twenty-six days' tour<sup>1</sup> may amuse you as belonging to a circle of ideas so far removed from our English public life.

This is the ninth paper of the kind I have drawn up since I reached Madras, and I am now engaged on a review of the first eight with a view to seeing how many of the requests, which have been made to me while I have been travelling, we have already been able to comply with. . . . No one who only sees the incredibly trashy newspapers of India would believe that they asked for so many very sensible things — things that can be granted.

How I envy you your glimpse of Acton, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff (1829–1906) was Lieut -Governor of Madras 1881–1886.

how he must have enjoyed his glimpse of Oxford—under your auspices. Liddon, Stubbs, Jowett, Bright, Mark Pattison—that is too much happiness. By the by, do you know a poem by W. Bright called “Crowned and Discrowned”?—it was written a thousand years ago in the *Rugby Magazine*, when he was quite young. I do not know if it has been republished, but it is uncommonly vigorous. . . . Can you send me the great Actonian list? He is superhuman.

The list referred to in the closing lines of this letter was one of two, dealing with the choice of the hundred best books, prepared by Lord Acton. The story of how they came to be compiled is thus told by Mrs. Drew. “It was early in 1881 that, staying at High Elms, I sat next to Sir John Lubbock.<sup>1</sup> We were speaking of the bewildering avalanche of books and the need of a guide—a sort of Final Court of Selection. I suggested Lord Acton, and Sir John proposed that I should get from him a list of the best hundred books. The letter written to me by Lord Acton on 10 February, 1881,<sup>2</sup> in reply to this plan gives a brilliant list of authorities who might be asked to furnish their own selection, and it ultimately led to Lord Acton’s writing out two lists in

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Avebury; his selection of the *Hundred Best Books* was subsequently published as a series in 1898.”

<sup>2</sup> *Acton Letters*, p. 70.

my diary.”<sup>1</sup> One of these lists contains [the names of ninety-eight books or authors intended for “the English youth whose education is finished, who knows common things, and is not training for a profession.” The Introduction which Lord Acton prefixed to the second of these lists, which naturally has much in common with the first, was as follows :—

“To perfect his mind and to open windows in every direction, to raise him to the level of his age, so that he may know the (twenty or thirty) forces that have made our world what it is, and still reign over it ; to guard him against surprises, and against the constant sources of error within ; to supply him both with the strongest stimulants and the surest guides ; to give force and fulness and clearness and sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the method and law of the process by which error is conquered and truth is won : discerning knowledge from probability and prejudice from belief ; that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he adopts ; that he may understand the origin as well as the strength and vitality of systems and the better motives of men who are wrong ; to steel him against the charm of literary beauty and talent, so that each book, thoroughly taken in, shall be the beginning of

<sup>1</sup> See note on Lord Acton's List at end of chapter.

a new life and shall make a new man of him—this list is submitted.”

The other list prepared by Lord Acton was arranged in a somewhat different fashion, representing the books which, in his opinion, had most moved the world. In a series of sentences, enigmatic in different degrees, he set out the burden and effect of the writings he had in mind. To each a number was attached. The key to the riddle was given separately. Lord Acton wrote them out on two different pages of Mrs. Drew's Diary. This list and the key are printed in a note at the end of this chapter.

*From Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

17th February, 1884.

. . . This city is inhabited by about 400,000 people scattered over twenty-seven square miles. I should not be at all surprised if there had been one-fourth of the population along the line of route to this place. I have seen a great many concourses of people in India, but never anything to equal that which welcomed Lord Ripon. . . .

You ask me if I find my life here interesting and congenial. Yes, certainly. Of course it has its drawbacks. What life has not? But

the work is interesting in a very high degree. I like the climate of the plains almost always when I am in them, and the climate of the hills *when it is not raining*. Next to politics, I have all my life liked flowers, and in this country there is never a moment in the year when flowers are not around one in masses. While quite seeing the faults of the natives, I think their virtues much predominate, and that a quiet, steady, *non-jerky* system of government—progress without haste yet without rest—will produce excellent and ever better results.

I have been much comforted by my recent visit to Hyderabad. I was always very uneasy about Hyderabad, which, as you know, is a native state about as big as Great Britain, right in the middle of British territory and marching with us of Madras for a very long distance. I am now persuaded that although there are many elements of disturbance in Hyderabad which may give plenty of trouble, the danger to us is much less than I believed.

When I left England I promised myself that if it were possible I would manage to see all my Districts in the first half of my time and this I have luckily been able to accomplish. There are twenty-two of them scattered over a country as large as the United Kingdom, so that to manage this involved eight journeys extending over nearly nine thousand miles. Of course I have still many places of secondary importance to see ; but I have seen all those

of primary importance, e.g. all the District Capitals, and have come to have a personal judgment as to the capacity or the want of it of all the principal persons in the Administration. Everywhere I have heard from the most authorised exponents of native opinion what they most desire from their rulers and have had all their addresses recorded in a volume, which is useful administratively now, and will a hundred years hence be a most curious historical document.

And now for other matters. Acton the Great—it is simply wicked that he does not live more in England. I wonder how many million thanks you deserve for getting that list out of him ; but do you expect to get through it before you die ? And the why and the wherefore of some of the books, if one could only understand it !

Acton has, any time the last four and twenty years, exercised over me a kind of fascination, as of a sort of magician ; and I am not far from having a horrible suspicion that, at the outset of life in some planet or other, one may be examined in that tremendous list. The sentence which precedes the list is really most noble.

Among the letters in the present collection there are a few from Henry Sidgwick, Professor of Ethics at Cambridge. He had married the sister of Mr. A. J. Balfour. Both he and Mrs. Sidgwick were ardently interested in

women's collegiate education, and it was chiefly owing to their efforts that Newnham College was founded.

Professor Sidgwick was a delightful conversationalist and a discriminating critic.

*From Professor Sidgwick.*

1884.

. . . We are much obliged to you for bringing Lord Acton down. I wish he was always at hand to consult about the books needful to read on every subject, or, better still, I wish he would write a book about it himself.

*From the same.*

1885.

. . . Diana! I am not among the most enthusiastic. I think it better than anything he has done for some time, except *The Egoist*, about which even Meredithians differ widely, but which gave me exquisite delight. But I think he has been somewhat hampered here by having to interpret facts. I do not understand Diana's marriage, and I positively disbelieve in her betrayal of the secret. It was not *that* woman who did it. Still there are splendid things in the book.

But I am also bored by the hero. I mean the ultimately victorious hero, and this, though it does not matter much as regards the most dramatic part of the book, rather spoils my pleasure as a *novel-reader*.

The *African Farm*<sup>1</sup> is oddly crude and young, but full of promise from its freshness and force. I shall look anxiously for the writer's next work. I hope she will not go the bad way of Rhoda Broughton and imitate her own natural untamedness *ad nauseam*.

Have you read Besant's *All in a Garden Fair*? It has the defects of all his books; violence of caricature and vulgarity of humour, but it gave me an hour or two of genuine pleasure such as I rarely get now from any but the very best new novel.

The reader will remember Sir Arthur Gordon's melancholy letter of January, 1882, written from New Zealand, showing the profound depression which certain aspects of colonial life—its energy and initiative, fine in themselves yet apt to make short work of native claims and pretensions—always inspired in him. He now writes on his way to Ceylon, where he had been appointed Governor, to undertake the much more congenial task of watching over the interests of the Cingalese.

The first letter which follows was written from Berkshire, the rest from Colombo.

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of an African Farm*, written by Olive Schreiner at the age of 17.



*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*

RED HOUSE,  
ASCOT.

*October 10, 1883.*

At the marriage I saw Hallam Tennyson, who told me that his father wished to take the title of D'Eyncourt, which seems to me an incredible folly. Who would talk of Lord D'Eyncourt's poems? I strongly urged that he should keep his own name, which is a good old one and goes well enough with "Lord" before it.

. . . The New Zealand Government coolly contemplate annexing Fiji!<sup>1</sup> Fortunately the pleas on which it is urged are delightfully outspoken. The "people" of Fiji (i.e. two per cent of the whole population) consider that, under the present system, their interests are not enough considered, and that those of the "native" (i.e. ninety-eight per cent of the population) are too much so!

*From the same.*

QUEEN'S HOUSE,  
COLOMBO, CEYLON.

*Christmas Day, 1883.*

. . . I cannot tell you what luxury my work here is to me after New Zealand. It is work of great interest and it is real. One has not that humiliating feeling of being essentially a sham

<sup>1</sup> The islands, however, remained a Crown colony.

which it was impossible ever to escape in New Zealand.

But though lodged in a palace and possessing much power, I still lament the loss of Fiji, and am sure that I should have been more really useful had I been left quietly there. As it is, I fear my work there will not last. I am very unhappy indeed about the future of the Pacific and about Fiji itself. If we consent to hand them over to the tender mercies of a small white oligarchy, because they ask noisily for it, we shall, it seems to me, be guilty of a very grave moral wrong. I have been reading with pleasure Mr. S. Walpole's last volumes of his *History of England*. He does most ample justice to my father as Foreign Secretary. He has less fully seized what was his position during the time he was Prime Minister.

*From the same.*

THE PAVILION, KANDY.

October 10, 1884.

. . . I have been to visit the great ruined cities of the interior and the abandoned tanks of which I contemplate the restoration. My visit to one of these last, Kalawewa, was particularly interesting.

About the time when Constantine was thinking of calling together the Council of Nice, a certain King of Ceylon, Dhatu Sen by name, took it into his head to construct a huge tank to supply water for the cultivation of the sand

about his capital city of Anaradhapura. He built a great dam six miles long, thirty or forty feet broad at the top and two hundred feet broad at the bottom and some forty or fifty feet high. Through this dam, which is faced with stone along its entire length, he made sluices of the most beautiful masonry, through which the water for the irrigation channels was taken. From one of these he conducted a canal fifty-seven miles long, which in its course supplied the tanks of innumerable villages. And he made a spill for the overflow of his tank, a mass of cut granite, three hundred feet long, forty feet high and two hundred feet thick, and he cut out of the solid rock of a cliff about a mile distant a gigantic image of Buddha, forty feet high, with his hand raised as if in blessing, over the great lake and the populous district below it. And King Dhatu Sen made for himself high on the embankment a great stone seat, whence he could see the expanse of waters he had created and the green fields of rice, stretching as far as the eye could reach over the plains below the embankment and the image he had made, blessing it and him. And then King Dhatu Sen died and was buried hard by his own tank, and for centuries the people sowed and reaped and watered their lands and kept in order the sluices and canals; and the yellow-robed monks sang their hymns and heaped the strong-scented white temple flowers before the rock statue of Buddha; and the land was full of plenty.

All of which is written in the ancient history called the *Mahawanso*.

Then came evil days, and somewhere about the time of the Battle of Hastings—whether through natural decay, from want of care, or purposely cut by the Tamil invaders who were gradually obtaining a hold on the country and wasting and desolating as they conquered—the great dam was broken through and the waters of the lake escaped, though a river still runs through its bed towards the sea. Then the canals got choked and the village tanks dried up and famine diminished the population, yet further exhausted by war and pestilence . . . and village after village died out, and jungle grew over the places where they had been, and the monastery was destroyed, and the monks scattered, and the great statue left alone in the forest, which slowly grew all over the bed of the tank and the embankment and the village sites.

And so things went on till quite the other day. Sometimes, though very rarely, an English sportsman would pass by and a few wretched hamlets still lingered, buried in the woods, but for the most part the whole district was abandoned to monkeys and wild elephants and leopards and poisonous snakes.

Sir William Gregory was the first English Governor who perceived how much good might be done by the restoration of irrigation works, and during his reign he effected an immense improvement by the repair of village tanks.

I am now about to restore the great tank itself, which when the embankment is reconstructed will create a lake some forty miles in circumference.

. . . With the exception of the one great breach through which the river flows, the embankment, or *bund*, is as perfect throughout the whole six miles of its length as on the day when King Dhatu Sen finished it, though covered with earth and vegetation. The scene was very wild in its desolation, and in one place we came on a tree of some size which had quite lately been upset by a wild elephant whose footprints were visible all about. . . . The irrigation work of the last few years has already *trebled* the amount of land under cultivation and arrested the decay of the population in the North Central, in which the tank is situated.<sup>1</sup>

We have had a visit, though a very short one, from the Roseberys. She was most good-natured and simple and in the wildest state of excitement, for she had never before seen anything in the least degree Oriental, not even Syria or Egypt, and was ready to admire everything, buy everything and run after everything.

. . . As to Tennyson's peerage and public opinion, I am convinced that public opinion has approved it. It has, I am sure, given

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Gordon restored the tanks and carried out the elaborate irrigation scheme anew. On the great tank is a bas-relief of him, which is looked upon by the natives as a god.

heartly satisfaction to thousands who never care a straw one way or the other about party politics. You, who are in the thick of the strife, find it quite incredible, but it is nevertheless perfectly true that party struggles have absolutely no interest at all to the great mass of inert public opinion. The political talkers, writers and actors, whose language expresses what *we* call public opinion, form a very small fraction of those who really give the tone of *national* public opinion.

Pray tell Mr. Gladstone that I count on his effective support in reducing the present military establishment of Ceylon, which we have to pay for, which we cannot afford and which we do not want. The reduction of the force is asked for officially by me, by the Executive Council of the Legislature, and our request is supported by the Press and the Public. The Colonial Office is not disinclined to permit it, but the Duke of Cambridge and War Office will resist tooth and nail. . . . *I* should be quite content if they withdrew the garrison altogether, but the Legislature wishes to retain about four hundred men—we certainly want no more.

. . . With best love to Mrs. Gladstone and humblest duty to the P.M.,

I remain,

affectionately yours,

A. H. G.

*From the same.*

QUEEN'S COTTAGE,  
NUWARA ELIYA.

*April 24, 1884.*

. . . You ask me how I like Ridding as Bishop of Southwell. Of course I am selfishly very sorry on Jack's account to lose him and Lady Laura from Winchester, for I had counted on their casting an eye on him during our absence, but he will make, I think, a capital Bishop. The man I now want to see made a Bishop is the Warden of Keble.<sup>1</sup> I see the Bishop of Ripon is dead, so at all events there is another vacancy. We had the Bishop of Sydney here for a few days on his way out, and my regrets at his banishment were only increased. You cannot put him and Ridding into comparison, and though I admit his roughness, I never met any man who so combined strong masculine force with almost feminine tenderness. It has struck me that possibly at Worcester he may have some way come into collision with some of the Lytteltons and thus have excited some unconscious prepossessions against him. . . .

I am not sure that I agree with you in wishing to see Dr. Liddon a Bishop, unless indeed it were Bishop of London. He is more influential and useful as well as more in his element where he is than he would be in any ordinary country diocese. Imagine him stowed

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Talbot, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Southwark, and Winchester.

away at Hereford instead of accessible at Amen Corner. The Deanery of St. Paul's is what seems to me his proper hole.

We won't quarrel over the sparing of a great big man to the colonies sometimes, but as the Governors of Victoria and New South Wales have absolutely and literally *nothing* to do except to sign their names, anybody will do it equally well, and I am sorry Sir Henry Loch is thrown away on it. But looking on the question as one of purely social influence I think it is a pity not always to send to Melbourne and Sydney someone of high rank. Normanby's being a Marquess was everything to him. "Sir C. Phipps," though he might have had just as much common sense, would not have had nearly his measure of success.

. . . My daughter, Nevil, was confirmed last month. It makes one feel very old! And the sight of her in a "lovely" dress and white veil made my heart leap into my mouth by the sudden reminder of the service which immediately follows confirmation in the Prayer Book. It will be a hard day to us when we do lose her, if our lives last so long. We came near losing her in a more literal sense only this morning. She was about to cut a flower from a large-leaved plant and had already taken hold of the leaves when a slight movement showed her that a green snake was coiled round the stem and across the leaves, which it exactly resembled in colour. It was the green Tipolonga, one of the deadliest of snakes. The head was not an inch from her hand.





*Watrough Webster.*

**WILLIAM GLYNNE CHARLES GLADSTONE** (killed in Action, April, 1915) AND  
**DOROTHY DREW.**  
(Hawarden Castle, 1896.)



*From Ruskin.*

OXFORD.

November, 1884.

MY DARLING MARY,—Tuesday, Wednesday, most of Thursday, all Friday and all Saturday I'm at your beck, call, whisper, look, or lifted finger.

I've a meeting of St. George's Guild at the schools on Thursday, which fastens me for the afternoon.

I shall love to hear the story,<sup>1</sup> and wish it would take an hour instead of ten minutes; but, of course, if *you* like it, *I* shall. I don't mean that in play, but seriously; you know good writing and feeling as well as I do, and we are not likely to differ a jot about anything else.

Ever your loving

ST. C.

The picture is quite lovely. He never did anything else like it.<sup>2</sup>

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

16th December, 1884.

MY DEAREST MARY,—It is ever so sweet and wise-thoughtful of you to send me this picture, and it comes just when I most needed something to set me up a little, for I have been

<sup>1</sup> *The Mad Lady*, a story in manuscript written by Laura Tennant.

<sup>2</sup> The drawing of Miss Gladstone by Burne Jones, reproduced as the frontispiece to this book.

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struggling home through snow and smoke with the heaviest and most depressing cold<sup>1</sup> upon me that one could have, not to be serious, and I feel as if nobody could ever love me, or believe me, or listen to me, or get any good of me ever any more.

Please—this is very serious—make me of any good to you that you can, or care to, always.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

From his entry into public life and up to 1894, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, as the following letters indicate, was in sympathy with his uncle's politics. In 1885 he was plainly moving in the direction of Home Rule before this policy had been proclaimed by Mr. Gladstone. Towards the close of 1894, after the latter's retirement, he seceded from the Liberal Party, to the great sorrow of his cousins at Hawarden.

*From Alfred Lyttelton.*

35 GROSVENOR SQUARE.

Nov. 29, 1885.

I don't really mind the elections. . . . For everyone fits the blame to the right person.

<sup>1</sup> From another letter : " Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen colds in its head, am. I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station on Monday. Seven of the eleven colds a day later are better, but the other four are worse. . . . "

The Great Man did everything which human being could do, but nothing could alter the fact that he could only answer for a few years longer for the party, whereas —, who till the election was second man in the party, was wrong. If the latter had been loyal to Uncle W., or even if he had advocated his own proposals—Free Education, Allotments, Income Tax—with moderation of language, we should have won easily. As it is, he employed revolutionary language in proposing peddling measures, and thus excited the terror of anti-revolutionists without arousing the enthusiasm of revolutionaries. If you take what was often thought to be the weakest part of Uncle W.—his tactical skill—you find him immeasurably superior to this — hero. If we do lose altogether, which I trust will not be the case, I should dearly love the Great Man to write, or make one speech indicative of the calmness of his mind, for many people imagine that he is raging for office and is furious at not obtaining it, instead of longing for repose. The Midlothian majority and Hartington's, demonstrate, thank Heaven, the strength of moderation.

*From the same.*

4 UPPER BROOK ST., W.

*Christmas Day, 1885.*

Our house here is beginning to look lovely, but even its charms are not quite adequate to resist the slight depression which the foulest,

darkest, dirtiest, coldest winter is casting round London. I feel dreadfully what a sorry substitute is a big man (rather tired by the work of his profession, joined to the worries of changing house and paying bills and speculating on bankruptcy) for the "bounding" breeze and rushing "seas" of a Glen<sup>1</sup> family party. . . .

I am afraid the Home Rule question is going to excite hotter passions than anything since 1832, and of course no one can think of it without many terrors. At the same time it is quite magnificently courageous that the Great Man should be really girding on his reins and preparing to do so odious, yet I suspect so necessary and intelligible, a battle. When the party which professed to be composed of the advocates of strong government abandoned coercion within three years of the Phoenix Park murders, and sent a feeble gentleman<sup>2</sup> to replace Lord Spencer, it is idle to deny that coercion is dead. If this be so what alternative is there which the opinion of civilisation will permit? There seems to be no answer except College Green and faith. John Morley was very fine. Had he not taken his own line, apart from Birmingham, I never would have believed in him again. But now we have seen where true Radicals are, and, in the wretched personalities which have characterised —'s last utterance, what they are not.

<sup>1</sup> Glen, Innerleithen, Scotland; the seat of the Tennant family.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Carnarvon was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from June, 1885, to January, 1886.

In April, 1886, Laura Lyttelton, the young wife of Alfred Lyttelton, died. The wonder and admiration as well as affection which she excited, and the influence she exerted have been described by those who knew her and more especially in the chapter called "Laura" in the recent biography of her husband. In that book the veil has been tenderly and reverently lifted. But besides this there is an aspect of her nature which appeals to the world at large and upon which even those who never knew her may be permitted to touch.

She was, it has been said, a genius, the one member of an exceptionally clever family<sup>1</sup> who attained that eminence. But what is meant by genius? There are natures which seem intended to be a law to themselves, which are spontaneous in all their motions and thoughts, and which, receiving as they do their impressions at first hand in their original sharpness and purity, are apt to ignore the authority of custom and routine.

These do our intellectual and spiritual dusting for us and burnish up and renew the truths we live by, truths so often canvassed that they have

<sup>1</sup> Of the Tennants we have the record: "Between them they could do anything and everything. There was hardly a gift of God that was not possessed by one or other of them—music, painting, dancing, riding, swimming, writing, driving, singing, all the talents and all the virtues; goodness, beauty, genius, riches, grace—all seemed to have been rained wholesale upon them, but upon Laura far and away the most."

become encrusted with a whole tissue of hackneyed phrases meant to express their meaning but serving eventually to conceal it altogether. Few of us ever penetrate that rind. We get caught up in old reports, and deflected into grooves of ancient definition, and so without knowing it fall into the habit of feeling over again and thinking over again and saying over again things that have been felt and thought and said a thousand times already.

Laura Tennant was one of these. People were sometimes shocked, on a first acquaintance, at her unconventionality and inclined to resent her instinctive repudiation of the small laws which preside over our sayings and doings. Only by degrees did it dawn that this attitude was natural to her mind and formed part of her views on all subjects. "Nothing was safe, in heaven or earth, or under the earth, from the sallies of her wit." This was the surface side of her, the side most apt to scandalise serious people; yet even the most serious people found by degrees that what offended was only originality acting upon the common circumstances of life, and what attracted and fascinated was the same originality communicating its own vividness and keenness to all her spiritual and intellectual perceptions. Feeling deeply, it never occurred to her to doubt the authenticity of her own emotions. To big things as to little



she returned her own response, without troubling as to what it was customary to say or think on that subject, and in big and little things she equally made her mark. The rousing spirits who carried on chaffing matches at The Glen wondered at a wit that seemed the pure essence of the riots they were engaged in ; but not less did statesmen, and philosophers, and poets wonder at an intuition which seemed to open to her without effort the doors of knowledge and beauty.

Laura Lyttelton was extraordinarily beloved, and the testimonies of this love, still surviving in the letters written of her, are passionately earnest and eloquent. They touch on many traits, on her inexhaustible capacity for affection, on her generosity and warmth of heart, on her instinctive sympathy, on her wistful and exquisite humility. But more than all, and again and again, the note of recognition is struck of something in her spiritual and abstract and remote. She was a "living flame," "a vision that had come and gone in a moment's glory." The thought is strongly brought out of her being, as it were, a visitant from some more ethereal sphere, a bird of passage whose course, even while it rested here, was shaped already for a more distant shore. They are not romantic boys, but eminent and grave thinkers who, in tranquil recollection,

liken her "to one of those ethereal emanations that sometimes flash for a moment from the unseen, and disappear again into it, leaving a sense of wonder and enchantment that, till the end of life, creates a thrill in the heart of everyone who beheld it," or that compare her coming and going to the passage of an angel, "released from unnatural restraint to fly back in a rush to the home that was hers all along." Such passages are too numerous, too much in agreement with each other, too earnestly and carefully written not to be authoritative. Moreover they agree with the unconscious testimony of her own diaries and letters even from childhood, which breathe an extraordinary spiritual aloofness and spiritual craving, expressing itself in fervid outpourings of prayer, in ascetic renunciations, in a constant preoccupation of the mind with all that can satisfy the hunger of the soul. In the world she is the life and soul of a thousand frolics, but alone with herself, all her thoughts revert to that region which her friends picture her as belonging and returning to.

In this there was no inconsistency. There are, as has been said, natures to whom has been given a special gift of inward discernment so that they seem to contemplate directly things that the rest of us know only by report, and are watched with a certain awe as if

they were in communication with heavenly powers.

“Weave a circle round them thrice,  
And close your eyes in holy dread,  
For they on honey dew have fed  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.”

Not in deep divinations only and probings of abstract thought does such a gift show its power, but in all it touches and handles. Even in common talk and common chaff the authentic spirit is revealed. While others blunder round about a meaning, it touches the quick; what others wanted to say but could not say, it says.

It is best perhaps to bring the following few scraps of Mrs. Lyttelton's letters together into one place and let them precede the brief memorials of her life which follow :

*From Laura Lyttelton.*

THE GLEN.

*August, 1884.*

I am revelling in this glorious gold weather, in the glowing green and proud purple of the moors, and in the deep blue distances and the mists that creep up the hillsides at sunset. . . . I am out all day. . . . I am deep in Gibbon, which I propose to finish instead of beginning. Isn't he a master of English ? I never imagined history could be made so fascinating. — has been here a week now and is enjoying her

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dear little East End self. She is such a little fanatic and I do love fanatics.

*From the same.*

*September, 1884.*

— is well, and goes about in a blue jersey with sea-wet hair, looking brown and beautiful. . . . The place is what is so entrancing. There are trees and flowers, sunflowers and sweet peas, and there are rocks, and fishes which we catch, jelly-fishes which we avoid, and burns that bring secret songs from the mountains' hearts and bury them in the sea—and Gaelic men and women and windswept heather and all manner of beautiful high-born joys. . . .

Do you think I could write something else about children? Do tell me. I wish you would read *The Mad Lady* to St. C—,<sup>1</sup> because if he thought it was bad I would never write again, but if he thought it not bad I would try and live the life to write about children.

*From the same.*

STANWAY.

*November, 1884.*

It's such fun here—we all quarrel about everything—we talk up to the top of our bent—we grow hyper-sentimental and blow blue bubbles into the stars and Hugo Lord Elcho comes down upon them with jeers and in pumps

<sup>1</sup> Ruskin. See p. 169.

and smoking suit. We play games and the piano—we none of us open a book or write a letter—we scribble and scrawl and invent words and language and reasonless rhymes.

Alfred left yesterday and the salt of our talk is gone. He was the salt, Hugo the pepper, Arthur<sup>1</sup> the mustard, St. John Brodrick<sup>2</sup> the bread, Lord Vernon the butter.

*From the same.*

BORDIGHERA.

*April, 1885.*

I revelled in my first touch of Italy. Here it is delicious, so blue and warm, the orange trees exulting in their gold and the almond trees blushing at the kiss of the sun, and the tender olives in their sad mysterious grey, like little nuns who once loved and sinned and must love no more, only repent and be silent forever.

This was her account of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Glasgow in 1879 in the first Midlothian campaign. She was just 17.

*November 30.*

I and mother went into Edinburgh yesterday to hear Gladstone speak in the Corn Exchange. I felt as if I were in church and tempted to kneel down and pray. . . . He spoke for an hour and three-quarters, nearly.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. J. Balfour.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lord Midleton.

Financial speech, clear, succinct, and humorous, full of energy. I longed to grip his hand and tell him it paid to be honest in life, to be true, to be your own enemy—which Dizzy is not, or rather would not be and is. After his speech, which ended at nearly five, off he went to the Grass Market and spoke to 18,000 people, labouring men, working honest Scotchmen. I am proud of them, proud of those 18,000, prouder still of Gladstone, proud of being Scotch, proud of my great-grandfather, an honest farmer, a friend of Burns, and a child of nature. . . . On Friday morning we heard Gladstone make his Rectorial Address at the Ribble to about 4000. It was very fine, very full of tact, of thought, and shadows of Higher Thought. The part about Christianity could not have been better. It could not have offended Divines nor have rubbed sceptics up the wrong way. Yes, it was beautiful, urging us all to work and to fill the position God has given us to fill. To toil and toil again. I met Mrs. Gladstone afterwards and said to her, "Tell Mr. Gladstone from me that I thought what he said beautiful, and that he helps girls, leave alone men, to be noble."

She took my hand. "Yes, yes, dear, he means to help us all."

And so he does, and in a hundred years, when Eastern Policy, Zulu wars, and the horrors of Tory finance are forgotten, the noble words, the holy example and thought of Gladstone will stand up against the sky, pointing heavenwards,

a far greater monument than men or money could erect for him.

Men's actions are milestones, telling passers-by how far they are from heaven, even as *Erewhon* says, "Men's faces are their Sacraments," the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, or no grace, as the case may be.

I shook hands with Gladstone, and shall—foolish little Scotch girl—try and keep clean the hand that has been touched by one so great and good.

Laura Lyttelton was 23 when she died. Nearly thirty years afterwards the tributes which follow were written of her by three men of note, friends of her husband. Written in July, 1913, under the shadow of his early death, they enshrine as perhaps nothing else will the imperishable nature of her personality.

"We recall now, over his grave, the tragic wonder of his first marriage—the amazing fascination of the little lady whose very being was a living flame—who enthralled and bewitched the world : who moved about encircled by a crowd of rejected lovers who remained her adoring friends : who gave herself wholly to him who had won her soul : who left those overwhelming records of her young wedded life : and who died within the year, to leave an incomparable memory as of a vision that had come and gone in a moment's glory—there

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was never anything quite like her—and the pathos of her love hung about him to the end.”<sup>1</sup>

Again the same writer recalls her : “ She held you spellbound, from the first moment you met her. She took you into herself ; she put herself into you. . . . In two minutes she had passed into your life and you were her friend and she was your delight. And below the sparkle and the fun and the quicksilver there were deeps to be touched, and solemnities of spirit and visions drawn from lone hill-sides and flowing waters and dreaming woods, and high instincts from beyond our mortal nature. . . . Her life here was just a flashing episode too bright to endure. It could not last. . . . And in its own short time, we see that it completed a full time.”

“ I despair,” writes another,<sup>2</sup> “ of describing one who left an impression so mysterious and so ineffaceable. She was small and pale and delicately made, with an extraordinary beauty both of movement and expression. Was it possible, one asked, for anyone to be so clever, so charming, so sympathetic as she appeared ? Yet the more one knew of her, the more one perceived it to be all true. She had hundreds of friends, yet she found time to see a shy diffident boy, as I was, and even to write letters. There

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. A. C. Benson.



never was anyone, it still seems to me, with whom it was so easy to talk on any subject, grave or gay.

"She was full of humour, yet in a moment she would be serious and tender, without affectation or strain. She always remembered what one had been doing, what one had said. She understood everything, books and people alike, with an insight which was genius."

And again another<sup>1</sup> writes :—

"... Those who shared his intimacy, will turn to other and more sacred things . . . one of those ethereal emanations that sometimes flash, for a moment, from the unseen and disappear again into it, leaving a sense of wonder and enchantment that till the very end of life creates a thrill in the breast of everyone who beheld it."

Here is the impression she produced on one of her own sex. - The letter was written in the year of her marriage.

*From Kathleen Lyttelton (Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton).*

1885.

I have never come across anyone who at all approached her in one thing . . . that she is two completely different people in a *tête-à-tête* or with several others. In both capacities she is delightful, but she never in one reminds

<sup>1</sup> Lord Curzon.

you in the very least of what she is in the other. . . . There is a distinct pleasure in merely watching her and one feels inclined to be merely passive. And I know no one who takes possession of one so much. . . . One does not remember any special thing she said or did so much, but one has a strong and extended impression of her personality which simply excludes everything else . . . it's like bringing a wonderful bit of colour into a room, which makes everything else entirely ineffective.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

ROTTINGDEAN.

*May 1, 1886.*

. . . We shall all feel it, all of us, to the end of our days : it will be a never healing wound. What a brief delight it was. I am as unhappy as an outsider can well be—and so are we all. It is never out of our minds and the year feels darkened hopelessly.

But when I go back to London—in a fortnight or so—I will call in Grosvenor Square and arrange about the book, and about any other scheme that may have been thought of to show our undying love for her sister.

This is May Day and my hard work is over for a while and the roads are full of children making holiday and the sky is as blue as it can be, but the sweetness of it all is lost to me for a time, and indeed I think this is a sorrow that

can never lose its poignancy, whenever we think of it.

*From H. S. H.*

1886.

How I think of my last sight of her, at Oxford, in December, pleading with Sir Andrew Clark, so sweetly, so vehemently, for him to speak out to men on behalf of truth and purity. . . . A lovely vision she was—beautiful—like a swift angel, that passes as we look, with a flying glance over the shoulder, at us who must follow whither she draws us. . . . How I think of that story of hers you read, with its picture, so fleeting, of the bright, strange girl on the heath.

You know how she touched a place and people and made us see divinity where formerly had been bricks and mortar and the ordinary jog-trot.

*From the same.*

May 31, 1886.

Thank you for your letter, full of sweet pathetic memories of that Bird-spirit who lies sleeping so still and silent in The Glen. Poetry wakes up at her touch, and it is hardly possible but that those who remember her will not know a little more of what is to be felt moving under the great lines, "O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird." The fluttering passion of the *bird* with the white flashing purity of the *angel*—the wonder, the strangeness, the

delight of a visitant presence, caught and held in the body for a space, for our joy, and released from restraint to fly back in a rush to the home that was hers all along, leaving to us the sense of swift passage, as of a bird, through a world that could not hold her, so that we are left startled out of our humdrum selves, knowing that we have entertained our angel un-awares.

## NOTE TO CHAPTER V

### LORD ACTON'S LIST OF BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

#### SUBJECTS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Sacred Writings of most ancient Religion.  | 19. Gave religious form to the most powerful of errors.         |
| 2. Limited and guided the Thoughts of Quarter of Mankind.   | 20. Exposed the Theory of Tradition.                            |
| 3. Taught the purest Religion unrevealed.   | 21. Whereby Paganism penetrated Christianity.                   |
| 4. Peopled Greece with images of the Ideal World.   | 22. The victorious formula of Teutonic Society.                 |
| 5. Made the most tolerant Religion the most numerous.   | 23. Twice ruled the World with 1000 years between.              |
| 6. Invention of History.  | 24. The Charter of the Ascetic Life.                            |
| 7. Founded Medicine.  | 25. Stronger than the Gospel for half of Christendom.           |
| 8. The strongest and most lasting Philosophy.   | 26. Divided the Remnant.  |
| 9. Instituted the art of discerning truths.   | 27. A mercantile system of Religion. [Faith.                    |
| 10. Led men up to the Gate of Christianity.   | 28. Use of Religion apart from                                  |
| 11. Discovery of Mechanics.   | 29. Persecution propounded as an ecclesiastical Law.            |
| 12. An explanation of the Universe which for 1600 years satisfied everybody except Alphonso King of Castille. | 30. Framework of Mediæval Theology.                             |
| 13. Governed men's ideas of Nature until yesterday.   | 31. Influenced alike Christian, Moslem and Jew.                 |
| 14. Organisation in the Church.   | 32. The strongest religious idea originated since the Apostles. |
| 15. Conception of Religious Science.  | 33. Devised Whiggism to prop religious Absolutism.              |
| 16. Preserves the knowledge of Early Christianity.  | 34. Suggested the discovery of America.                         |
| 17. Predominated over Arianism.   | 35. Imagination and Faith without reasoning faculty.            |
| 18. The deepest influence of one mind in the Church.  | 36. Ghibellinism blossomed into vigorous Gallicanism.           |

<sup>1</sup> pp. 155-6.

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37. Touched the largest number of Christian Souls.
38. Church Questions tried by profane Science.
39. Established the theory of Witchcraft.
40. Power released from Duty.
41. Revealed Antiquity.
42. Divine Right of civil power in Church and State.
43. Protestant principles wrought into system.
44. Unitarianism rose from the ashes of this half-burnt book.
45. Emancipation of Science.
46. Arbitrary power organised in Religion.
47. Root of Probabilism.
48. Earliest Classic of Scepticism.
49. Anglican Philosophy of Church and State.
50. First held a mirror to Catholicism.
51. Subjected Philosophy to experiment.
52. Discovered the Laws of the Universe.
53. Origin of Inductive Science.
54. International law gave birth to Rights of Man.
55. Gave new tests of certainty.
56. Starting point of Scientific Medicine.
57. Produced that division in the French Church which led to its fall, spoilt the Revolution and inaugurated Imperialism.
58. The Atomic Theory in Church and State.
59. Ethics without Dogma.
60. Founded Rationalism.
61. First Biblical criticism.
62. Laws of Nature.
63. Religion dissevered from Dogma.
64. Rights and duties founded on sense.
65. Notion of Continuity.
66. Human sense above Divine Law.
67. Deism made popular.
68. The Constitutional theory defined.
69. Philosophy of Negation.
70. Materialism a basis of morals, politics and education.
71. Builds up Democracy on the natural Equality and Innocence of Man.
72. Introduces Reason into Criminal Law.
73. Reason and Humanity without Spiritual Faith.
74. Inspired the legislators of the Revolution.
75. Signal of American Independence.
76. Scientific backbone to Liberal sentiment.
77. Source of specific German unbelief.
78. Infallible reign of Conscience a substitute for God.
79. Text book of Conservative Democracy.
80. The design of the Revolution.
81. Liberal differentiated from Whig.
82. Dogmatist of Perfectibility and Progress.
83. Making of Chemistry.
84. Mechanical scheme of the Universe. [ism.
85. Originated modern Social-
86. Alliance of Religion with Absolute Monarchy.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>87. Utility opposed to Authority and Revolution.</p> <p>88. Evolution in History.</p> <p>89. Method of Historic research.</p> <p>90. Continuous development in Institutions and Doctrine.</p> <p>91. Critical investigation of Origin of Christianity.</p> <p>92. Comparative method in Language.</p> <p>93. Comparative method in Physiology.</p> | <p>94. Showed the way to the discovery of the East.</p> <p>95. Scientific observation in place of God.</p> <p>96. Statistics, excluding free will, a guide to Government.</p> <p>97. Electricity.</p> <p>98. Evolution in Nature.</p> <p>99. Conscience and Liberty a law in Church and State.</p> |
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## LORD ACTON'S LIST

## KEY

[In a few instances the names of writers have been added, where Lord Acton's original list mentioned titles only.—ED.]

- |                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Veda.                        | 32. Francis.                   |
| 2. Schu-King.                   | 33. Summa.                     |
| 3. Avesta.                      | (St. Thomas Aquinas).          |
| 4. Iliad.                       | 34. Opus Majus                 |
| 5. Buddha.                      | (Roger Bacon).                 |
| 6. Herodotus.                   | 35. Divina Commedia.           |
| 7. Hippocrates.                 | 36. Gerson.                    |
| 8. Plato.                       | 37. Imitation.                 |
| 9. Aristotle.                   | 38. De Donatione Constantini.  |
| 10. Zeno.                       | 39. Malleus Maleficarum.       |
| 11. Archimedes.                 | (Raymond Lully).               |
| 12. Almagest.                   | 40. Il Principe.               |
| 13. Pliny.                      | 41. Erasmus.                   |
| 14. De Unitate [Ecclesiæ]       | 42. Luther.                    |
| (Cyprian).                      | 43. Institutio (Calvin).       |
| 15. De Principiis (Origen).     | 44. Christianismi Restitutio.  |
| 16. Historia Ecclesiastica.     | (Faustus Socinus).             |
| (Eusebius).                     | 45. De Revolutionibus.         |
| 17. Athanasius.                 | 46. Constitutiones S. J.       |
| 18. Augustine.                  | 47. Liberi Arbitrii Concordia. |
| 19. Pelagius.                   | 48. Essais (Montaigne).        |
| 20. Commonitorium.              | 49. Ecclesiastical Polity      |
| (St. Vincent de Lérins).        | (Hooker).                      |
| 21. De Hierarchia               | 50. Annales Ecclesiasticæ.     |
| (Pseudo-Dionysius).             | 51. Novum Organon.             |
| 22. Salic Law.                  | 52. Kepler.                    |
| 23. Tribonian.                  | 53. Galilei.                   |
| 24. Moralia (Plutarch)          | 54. De jure Belli et Pacis     |
| 25. Koran.                      | (Grotius).                     |
| 26. Photius.                    | 55. Meditationes (Descartes).  |
| 27. Anselm.                     | 56. Harvey.                    |
| 28. Abelard.                    | 57. Augustinus (Jansen).       |
| 29. Decretum (Gratian).         | 58. Robinson.                  |
| 30. Sentences (Peter Lombard).  | 59. Spinoza.                   |
| 31. More Nevochim (Maimonides). | 60. Dictionnaire Critique      |
|                                 | (Bayle).                       |



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| <p>61. Richard Simon.</p> <p>62. Principia (Newton).</p> <p>63. Télémaque (Fénélon).</p> <p>64. Locke.</p> <p>65. Leibniz.</p> <p>66. Thomasius.</p> <p>67. Lettres sur les Anglais.</p> <p>68. Esprit des Lois.</p> <p>69. Essays (Hume).</p> <p>70. De l'Homme (Helvetius).</p> <p>71. Contrat Social.</p> <p>72. Dei Delittie delle Pene.<br/>(Beccaria).</p> <p>73. Encyclopédie.</p> <p>74. Turgot.</p> <p>75. Commonsense (see <i>Hamilton</i>, by F. S. Oliver).</p> <p>76. Wealth of Nations.</p> <p>77. Fragmente eines Ungenannten.</p> <p>78. Kritik der praktischen Vernunft.</p> <p>79. Federalist (Hamilton).</p> <p>80. Qu'est-ce que le Tiers Etat?<br/>(Sieyès).</p> <p>81. Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.</p> | <p>82. Tableau des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain.</p> <p>83. Lavoisier.</p> <p>84. Mécanique Celeste<br/>(Laplace).</p> <p>85. Théorie des Quatre Mouvements.</p> <p>86. Du Pape (De Maistre).</p> <p>87. Bentham.</p> <p>88. Beruf unserer Zeit zur Gesetzgebung.</p> <p>89. Römische Geschichte<br/>(Niebühr).</p> <p>90. Philosophie des Geschichte.<br/>(Hegel).</p> <p>91. Leben Jesu (Strauss).</p> <p>92. Comparative Grammatik.</p> <p>93. Cuvier.</p> <p>94. Lettre à M. Dacier (Fénélon).</p> <p>95. Philosophie Positive (Comte).</p> <p>96. L'Homme Physique.</p> <p>97. Oersted.</p> <p>98. Origin of Species.</p> <p>99. Manifestation des Opinions Religieuses.</p> |
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## CHAPTER VI

1885-1889

Acton and George Eliot again—Sir A. Gordon on Women's Suffrage—Mr. Stead and the "Maiden Tribute"—Stuart on Female Suffrage—On Mr. Stead's agitation—Miss Gladstone's engagement—Last letters from Ruskin—Burne Jones on Home Rule—The Election of 1885—Sir A. Gordon on sincerity in politics—A Buddhist relic—Ceylon and its flowers—Stuart on *Robert Elsmere*—Charlotte Yonge on servants' reading—"Parsifal" at Bayreuth—Burne Jones at Browning's funeral—Bathing off the Scillies—The Maybrick Case.

*From Robert Browning.*

1885.

WHEN I mention that this Hebrew quotation is, in "Persian phrase," what follows—"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and evil not receive?" you are to remember that the whole work<sup>1</sup> is supposed to be that of a Persian: in the beginning you have "the versicles we Persians praise Him for," and the same words go with the subsequent translation "Doth Job serve God for nought?" Of course our English is to be taken for granted as the language for which it is a substitute, just as you must fancy Hamlet talking Danish, or Romeo Italian. The putting in a bit of Hebrew was a mere

<sup>1</sup> *Ferishtah's Fancies*. The quotation, printed in Hebrew, occurs in o. 2. "*The Melon Seller*."

piece of fun : I have heard so often this fifty years that all I wrote was absolutely unintelligible, that I meant to submit to my critics that one form of speech must be as easily understood by their intelligence as another.

*From Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton.*

*16th February, 1885.*

. . . I have only read two vols. (of George Eliot's life). I think it deeply interesting, but I am tremendously disappointed. How she could have written as she did the scene between Savonarola and Romola passes one's comprehension. Cross may have omitted the letters, but I don't think it seems likely, for there seems no trace in after life of any struggle. There must have been some flaw in her nature ; one small sign of it is her great admiration for Rubens. In one place she describes both his Samson and Delilah and the Crucifixion, and seems to have the same kind, if I may call it, of sensuous pleasure in both. Can it be that her idea of duty was that personal happiness must never be based on what would give pain to others, and that she felt no one would suffer by her union with Lewes ? . . . There is a long dreary bit about Italy, very dull, I thought, in vol. two.

— told me that, when first they eloped, she intended to live with Lewes as brother and sister and that they actually did so for a time. A friend of Lewes, who lived at Weimar when

they were there and made arrangements for them, told him this. Afterwards another friend, probably the Devil, said it was absurd, no one would believe it, etc., and it ended.

*From Lord Acton.*

*March, 1885.*

. . . I am divided from George Eliot by the widest of all political and religious differences, and that political difference essentially depends on disagreement in moral principles. Therefore I cannot be suspected of blindness to her faults. More particularly because I have insisted on another grave delinquency which has struck few persons; her tolerance for Mazzini. That is a criminal matter, independent of the laws of states and churches, which no variety of theological opinion can by any means affect. We must never judge the quality of a teaching by the quality of the teacher, or allow the spots to shut out the sun. It would be unjust and would deprive us of nearly all that is great and good in this world. . . .

To be truly impartial, that is to be truly conscientious and sincere, we must be open equally to the good and evil of characters.

*From the same.*

*9 April, 1885.*

. . . You may have seen that the difference between belief and unbelief involves no such

moral consequence in my eyes as it probably does in your own, and, as I am more shocked with Mazzini than with Lewes, with crime which is of the domain of public life and history than with sin which is not, you might infer that I thought less of one particular commandment, instead of perceiving that I thought more of another. . . .

*From H. S. H.*

SMYRNA.

*March 30, 1885.*

I am yachting ! Conceive it ! And I really enjoy it ! It is incredible, I know. And I write hastily lest it should cause a permanent break in sympathy between you and me. Alas ! how often have we mingled our united abuse of this delectable occupation. How cordially my deepest groans have responded to your shrillest shrieks, and our tears have flowed together as we have recalled the days on Norway's foaming flood. . . . But I am happy ! Happy on board a ship of 380 tons ! True we have been generally in harbour : and we long ago agreed that a ship was beautiful as long as it remained on dry land. For three perfect and adorable days we lay in the lovely little cove at Patmos, and lived on the memories of St. John, and took entire possession of monasteries and chapels, and looked over seas of unalterable blue to the long lines of Ephesian hills and of dreamy islands. Never was any-

thing so lovely. And then we ran to Samos and lay imprisoned by north-easter for five days, and wandered over nameless hills, and looked over views that no one had enjoyed since Cleopatra sat there with Antony. And now we have run on to Smyrna, past Ephesus : and every hill has been in the eye of St. John and St. Paul.

Every imaginable face and leg turn up in the bazaars here, and through them all sad camels squeeze their lumbering dismal way ; they look overwhelmed with the pathos of their position, their skins don't fit, their joints come anywhere and anyhow : their hair seems to have been used up by John the Baptist, who has only left them the locks and tufts that were too bad even for him ; they despair of knowing how their necks will stick on another minute, they feel sure they are being led on some hopelessly futile errand, they are almost determined to lie down and die at every step, but they always put it off for one step more. Woe-begone old fossils, disastrous accidents who ought to have perished with the first failures of nature, cross-grained, plaintive, stupid, desolate blunders—there they roam, ragged, tufted eye-sores, wearily plodding on an endless task.

It is only justice to contrast with this impression of the camel in a city, which is shared by all visitors to the East, the picture drawn by another writer of the camel in the desert :

“ In cities the very houses laugh at them. But watch them in the desert, slinging forward with tireless, stealing action, and see how every gift they possess is brought out and applied. How well the soft sand upholds those ridiculous great sponge-like feet ! How admirably the slack action, which consists only of a swing of the long, pendulum-like leg, is fitted to deal with these vast spaces ! . . . The camel needs a Sahara to set it off. Its very temperament seems caught from the desert. It has the desert's reserve. I never saw an Arab caress or pat his camel, or a camel that seemed to know its own master. It has the desert's aloofness and cynicism. It blends in colour with the desert's tawny hue.”

*From H. S. H.*

RIFFEL ALP.

*July.*

Here we look all day at the greatest Alps in the world. Nothing could be more superb and the weather is magnificent. But yet I am perfectly clear that these hills touch my head and not my heart. I wonder, I admire, but — never love. How different it is when I get down to the sweet Lakes. Two days in my beloved Vevey overwhelmed me. It is the most beautiful sight to me on all the earth, and the water haunts and captures and drowns one's soul. So delicious the colour, the motion, the change, the delicacy, the depth.

I begin to be sure that these great quiet snows are death-shrouds, and are intended to sadden and terrify. The mediæval bishops were right and the Alps are very probably horrible and grotesque when looked into closely. Nothing quite recovers them, not even the endless buzzing of bees and the swarms of flowers. What does Ruskin really think of them? No one has ever illusionised them in the same sense as that in which Cumberland or Scotch hills have been gifted with souls. The one touch of humanity that clings about them is the tinkling of cow-bells, numberless in these high pastures.

What about George Meredith? I am caught wildly in *Diana of the Crossways*. . . . What a strange, complicated, inward, subtle, mannered, intense mind his is! He hammers laboriously out the most vanishing touches of flying character. He is full of good thought on the woman question: he attracts and repels prodigiously. It is very self-willed, self-concentrated sort of work, over-crammed with allusive suggestion of thoughts, but very brilliant in bits. I should like to know what you think of the splendid picture of brimming Woman-Spirit at the end of his first volume.

My third volume of *Diana* rather disappoints. The crisis is inadequate and uninteresting in its conception, though excitingly worked.



*From Professor Stuart.*

CAMBRIDGE.

*January 10, 1885.*

. . . I feel this, that it is very important that the new bishop (of London), should be a Liberal. I mean not just a Liberal in name, but a man who sympathises with the people, and naturally himself takes up the questions that they take up. . . . I think the great East End of London is to be considered. . . . The identification of Christianity with the well-being of the people is what is so much needed, and what a chance there is for the new bishop to lead in that line in such a great centre of the people. . . .

I am so glad it has fallen to Mr. Gladstone to make the appointment.<sup>1</sup>

. . . I mean to say here (at Bolton) that a democratic people needs to be a righteous people. The effects of unrighteousness in the heart of the people are tremendously more disastrous and overwhelming under that than any other form of Government.

*From the same.*

WINCHESTER.

*Easter Day, 1885.*

. . . Easter Day is a good day to have good news upon—and surely we call that good news which we have heard before, even every Easter

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone appointed Dr. Temple.

time since we began to hear. . . . The Messiah seems to me the *chef-d'œuvre* of sacred music and it has this special greatness that the words seem to have inspired the music and not to be tacked on to it. I hope you have been having a quiet and restful time. The soul needs to feed often by the green pastures of God's quiet streams, so that His loving-kindness and mercy may follow us through the noise, battle and distraction of the world. I liked those Wednesday evenings very much and thank you for them. . . . They are an addition to the stock of those common experiences—joint possessions in the past which widen and strengthen the secure basis on which the superstructure of friendship grows.

In July, 1885, W. T. Stead, who was then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, began a crusade against social immorality, under the title of "The Maiden Tribute." As he expected, it created an immense sensation. Many supported him, others disbelieved his statements, others again resented his intervention ; he was violently attacked and the most unworthy motives attributed to him. Well-known names were implicated under an easily pierced veil, and the most scathing accusations were brought against whole sections of society. In his determination to prove those in the wrong who declared that the state of things he described could not exist in this country, Mr. Stead

brought himself within technical reach of the law and, after a long trial, he and the chief witness with whom the investigation was carried out were each condemned to a period of imprisonment. There can be little doubt, however, that by the publicity given and by the awakening of public opinion much good was done and the abomination attacked received a severe and lasting check.

*From James Stuart.*

THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

*July 4, 1885.*

. . . I have written a short letter to your father in the blackest of possible ink and the largest of admissible handwriting. I saw Stead yesterday. He tells me that the *Pall Mall* articles will begin on Monday—they will last for four days, occupy each day several pages of the *Pall Mall*, and that they will be very painful but will make a great sensation. Well, he has put them off so often that I don't feel sure they will come even on Monday. As to their making a sensation, that depends on how he handles it. As to their being painful, God knows that the crimes he wishes to hinder are cruel enough to grind one's very heart to powder.

*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*

THE PAVILION, KANDY.

*January 2, 1885.*

. . . It is a very great misfortune to us Governors that we have all the disadvantages of a profession without the compensating advantages.

An archbishop must be a clergyman ; a judge must be a lawyer ; an admiral or general must be a sailor or soldier ; but the most important governments are, more usually than not, given to men who have not gone through even a year's service in exile. I do not say this is wrong. I have always maintained that it was absurd to look upon governing as a profession, and that the appointment of men not in the Colonial service to the highest posts in it was generally beneficial to the public interest. But then the *disqualification* of a profession should not attach to the said service. Unless it is one *really*, it should not be held to be a bar to employment except within its limits.

I see that *Becket*<sup>1</sup> is at last about to be published. I wonder what the public will say to it. I am inclined to think that Becket's protection to Fair Rosamond will be regarded as absurdly incongruous with his known character.

There are no books to be seen or got here, except one's own and others' scanty private

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson.

stores. Pray give me a few hints as to new books worth reading, which here means worth *buying* as well. I have not yet seen Croker's memoirs, which I should think must be interesting, especially to an old fellow like myself.

*From the same.*

S.S. "GWALIOR."

October 21, 1885.

. . . I am quite of your opinion that if women had votes there would be an enormous strengthening on the side of right and that the tone of politics would be at once raised and purified. But it seems to me that the very qualities which would make the woman's voice an ennobling one in politics might also cause their vote to be an element of danger. They would be easily swayed by generous impulses without regard either to strict, hard, bare justice or to possible results and consequences. Your father is afraid of the absence of check on rash impulse which would attend annual parliaments, . . . but what would be the impulsiveness of women? Take such a case as Egypt, where it requires the coolest reasoning to check even a man's natural feelings. Can you doubt what the result of an appeal to women on the subject of Khartoum would have been? It would have been a national misfortune, but I am not sure that it would not have been a greater national misfortune to have found the mass of Englishwomen

capable of sacrificing their instinctive impulses to a cold-blooded calculation of national advantage. So again on the very subject to which you specially refer, while I am thoroughly at one with you in thinking that women would have made the almost shameful unwillingness to legislate impossible, I am not sure that they would not have overshot the mark and insisted on such laws as were passed by Cromwell's Parliament, and such as were imposed by my missionary friends in many of the South Sea islands, which are *absolutely certain* to defeat their own ends.

But my reluctance to female suffrage is founded on the impossibility of stopping there, and my conviction, whatever be the case as regards individual exceptions, that if women to a large extent take an active part in public life and public business, parliamentary or municipal, the coarsening and deteriorating influence of constant association with selfishness, hardness, meanness and suspicion and a host of other ugly things, will work most harmfully on the female character and will in a few generations do much to deprive it of that elevating influence which *at first* would make it so powerful for good. . . .

How I should have liked to have been at Hawarden during Mr. Chamberlain's visit. I know his brother, who was with me nearly a month in Fiji, but I never saw "*the man*" to whom Professor Blackie has now devoted his idolatry.

*From James Stuart.*

GRINDELWALD.

*August 16, 1885.*

. . . I see by the newspapers that you got safely across—I thought of you all those windy days. . . . We had a small adventure after leaving you; as we walked along, we had, we found, about three-quarters of an hour to wait, so we sat down on the bank of the railway; “we” were Lady Stepney, your sister Helen, I and the poet—for he had lost his train; and Mr. Dawkins and the American went into an orchard with Alecy<sup>1</sup> and played at cricket with an umbrella and plums; then the owner of the orchard came running and took their names and told them he would prosecute them, and we signed to Alecy to get Stafford<sup>2</sup> down out of a tree where she had placed him, and with great sense she gathered up also all the portable property, such as umbrellas, etc., and came to our side of the fence and we all went off, American and all, to the train, Lady Stepney saying how awkward it would look in the newspapers: “After the departure of the Right Honble. gentleman a portion of the party broke into an orchard, etc. etc.” . . .

<sup>1</sup> Lady Stepney’s daughter Meriel; now Lady Howard.

<sup>2</sup> A boy doll.

*From the same.*

CAMBRIDGE.

September 30, 1885.

. . . I return the S. letter. But remember —while I can only again repeat that I don't approve of all Stead has done or of the method at all of this kind of "enquiry" of his—still he has much more to say for himself than Mrs. S. allows. Of course it is wrong to tempt anyone to sin; but then we must remember this is not exactly Stead's position. He says, here was a woman *wanting* to sell her child and if I had not bought it and *rescued* it someone would have bought it and ruined it. I am not saying that it is justifiable: but I think it is a considerable advance for the better on the position Mrs. S. attributes to him.

Of course one of the great troubles of this world is that we have to stick up for and defend people who are not wholly defensible—this runs in a more or less modified way through everything.

My feeling is that Stead has been the one editor who has stood up boldly for all "Women's questions"—he is the *only* editor who has had the pluck to stand by us unflinchingly, and though he has made mistakes and done many things I can't approve of, I am not going to see him persecuted and so I shall stand by him, for I believe he is attacked *really* not for what he did wrong but because of what he has done right. . . .



*From the same.*

*November 22, 1885.*

. . . Is Stead discredited in my eyes since his proofs were wanting ? Certainly he is not, and as to what I feel—I feel exactly as I have always felt, always the same, both before, during, and since the whole “ Stead ” affair. This is what I feel—I have, with some very noble, pure people, some of whom are the very salt of the earth, been for fifteen years knocking at the door of England to get certain reforms, and we have knocked and it has not been opened ; and up comes Stead and knocks it in with a club and the prison is open and the way is free and the thing, or much of it, is done. I daresay he has spoiled the paint a bit and made a horrid noise and mess and an ugly bit of work—but the thing is done and I did not do it and he did, and I thank him and am full of gratitude to him. And as to his having done evil, of course he has done some ; every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood ; murder is a terrible thing, yet in a war of freedom men fight against the oppressors and kill them, and I grieve, but there is no other way ; and women and children starve in a war of freedom and the country is barren—but there is no other way at times. So Stead has done evil ; but the evil is transitory, the good is lasting ; at any rate that is undoubtedly and certainly my view. . . .

Towards the end of 1885 Miss Mary Gladstone became engaged to the Rev. Harry Drew,<sup>1</sup> then working as curate to her brother Stephen at Hawarden. The announcement brought her some characteristic letters from old correspondents, some of whom, like Ruskin, were playfully jealous at what they regarded as a sort of infringement of their prerogative of friendship.

*From Ruskin.*

BRANTWOOD.

29th December, 1885.

DARLING MARY,—Bless you? Blest if I do: I'll give you absolution if you come and ask for it meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying Curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the best chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you if you'll come now and make it up . . . you have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa (I can tell you there'd have been a word or two more if you hadn't been in the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you

<sup>1</sup> First Warden of St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, 1894-7. Vicar of Buckley 1897-1904. Rector of Hawarden 1904-1910. See *Harry Drew: A Memorial Sketch*. By G. W. E. Russell.

had married a bishop and made *him* live in a pigstye—*à la bonne heure!*—

Ever your loving and too forgiving

J. RUSKIN.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

13 January, 1886.

. . . I couldn't answer your last letter without being disagreeable. I didn't mean and never have thought that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said that I liked them better; which surely is extremely proper of me. . . .

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

27th January, 1886.

. . . Your letter is very pretty—but women are stupid creatures after all! It really hurts a great deal more than you have the least idea (but you ought to have had an idea if women weren't stupid) to think that this is the last week of M. G.—and it's horrid to be hurt when one's as old as I am. I shan't think of you a bit. Of course I'll send you *Præterita*, but I must finish the first vol., and bind it for you. I shall write "M. G." in the first number to-day. I am sending on your letter as I did the last—to my sorella Francesca—who wrote back I ought not to quarrel with you—but women are stupid creatures!

J. R.

I've given up being St. C.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*December 28, 1885.*

. . . It is good of you to tell me from your own mouth, and I should have felt pushed out of your life sadly if I had heard the good news from any other, and indeed I am glad and send you my love and I wish you every blessed good thing that is . . . from my heart I wish you happiness. I like the whole story as far as you have told me. It sounds sweet and peaceful and good. I know you will be quite happy—it is the best news I have had for many a day—I shall never change to you or cease to remember how tenderly gentle and good you were to me when I was so ill. . . . You were an angel to me and I shall never forget it. My friendship is for you always to take as much of as you want.

I am glad you will leave that big world—it never was anything to you and yours, but it is a nightmare and a weight and a waste of time. We can do it no good, only minister a little to its jaded tastes and amuse its bored moments. Good-bye to it and welcome : it will be happy to think of you in gentle ways, out of all that. I like curates better than bishops—I like them poor and I think I should like everyone a little poor.

And I have nothing to tell you about me—only as I have said, the best thing that has happened to me lately is to-day's letter from you. I haven't been well and I work hard and

am very quiet. If ever it feels a little dull I recall days of such agony that I welcome the dullness ; it was too much suffering and I wonder I lived . . . and how nice to see you in still waters in the haven. So God bless thee. . . . To-morrow is your father's birthday. Lay my congratulations at his feet.

*From James Stuart.*

WINCHESTER.

*December 29, 1885.*

All good and joy and blessing attend you. . . . Our friendship is founded very deep down, and must to me at least always have a character peculiarly its own. I shall, if you will have me, always be your " same dear friend and brother," only you see I must claim you in return to be always my own dear sister. . . . All good and blessing then be with you in the new future that is in store for you ; and of this I am sure, that wherever you are, in poverty or in wealth, in joy or in sorrow, the graciousness of your presence will be a continual and abundant well-spring of peace to all who are about you.

*From the Rev. J. R. Illingworth.*

LONGWORTH RECTORY,

FARINGDON.

*Jan. 8, 1886.*

DEAR MISS GLADSTONE, —I was indeed glad to hear of your engagement, and to hear of it from yourself. God grant it may be a blessed

increase to you of peace on earth. When I think of what your sympathy has in time past been to me—and how much more than you can have at all imagined—I can only pray that this may be a step forward to you in that great life of sympathy, which you have been so eminently God-gifted to lead—by giving you that interior rest of the heart, that so multiplies its power of expanding over others.

Drew is much more than a vague memory to me, I can assure you, for he was a member of one of my brightest of Swiss parties in days of old, and I still cherish a photog. group of it with his melancholy, beautiful, enigmatic face.

Again and again, dear Miss Gladstone, from my heart I wish you “love—joy—peace.”

Yours most truly,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

The marriage took place at the height of the political crisis of 1886, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Feb. 2nd, the day on which Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the third time. He went down, straight from leading his daughter to the altar, to the Queen at Windsor. Under these circumstances the note of the day was simplicity; there were no invitations, no cards of admission, and no “breakfast,” as was then the fashion. The dresses of the bride and her six bridesmaids were of white muslin (costing less than £10 in all), and the flowers they carried were snow-

drops from Hawarden. But the streets from Carlton House Terrace to Westminster were thronged with crowds eager to greet and cheer the new Prime Minister, and the famous church was filled to overflowing with friends and family. To testify their regard for Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone the Prince and Princess of Wales<sup>1</sup> made known their intention of being present, and after the service, drove with Prince George<sup>2</sup> to Carlton House Terrace to see the newly married pair.

After her marriage Mrs. Drew, together with her husband, continued to live with her parents.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

THE GRANGE, WEST KENSINGTON.

*February, 1886.*

. . . This is a greeting from us all and takes you our love and desire for your happiness.

But *I* have known you best, and over and above our small round-robin of blessing I want to assure you of my most affectionate wishes and that you may be in the chief seats of the happy.

The peaceful plan of your new life is lovely to think upon and I shall often think of you.

<sup>1</sup> King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

<sup>2</sup> Now King George V.

*From the same.*

May 7, 1886.

. . . I will be 'dumb about the book,<sup>1</sup> and it shall be the surprise you want; but tell me more definitely . . . is it to be a book in which to rewrite the pretty fragments, or are the very MSS. to be bound?

I should like to think only of public things. The Manifesto<sup>2</sup> is divine. I am using measured words and I am full of hope again. Haven't I been a good politician always, even when you thought me a bad one—confess? We are going to win about Ireland gloriously: if not this year, then next year. It's coming, but I wish Laura was alive.

The last two letters from Ruskin, written later in the year, may be presented to the reader together.

*From Ruskin.*

BRANTWOOD.

2nd April, 1886.

. . . I am a little glad of a word from Hawarden again—though I'm frightfully sulky with everybody in the world except my sorella<sup>3</sup> at Florence (and *she's* a horrid evangelical, and thinks St. Paul was a wicked man before he

<sup>1</sup> A book to hold Laura Lyttelton's MSS., of which Burne Jones was to design the cover.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Manifesto.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Alexander.



18. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of St Marys, Walsby, in the County of Lincoln.

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
170	Feb. 2. 1886	Harry Drew Mary Gladstone	Full Full	Bachelor Spinster	Clerk in Holy Order —	Hawarden, Lincolnshire. 10 Great George Street	John Drew William Ernest Gladstone	Gentleman Prime Minister.

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by \_\_\_\_\_ or after \_\_\_\_\_ by me,

This Marriage was solemnized between us, { Harry Drew. } in the Presence of us, { Harry Gladstone. }  
 { Mary Gladstone. } { William Gladstone. }  
 George. Alexandra. Robert. Mrs. Balfour.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF MARY, DAUGHTER OF RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, AND THE REV. HARRY DREW.

(February 2, 1886.)

(Witnessed by H.M. George V, H.M. Edward VII, H.M. Queen Alexandra, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour.)



was unhorsed). But everybody here has gone away to London and left me in my old age. I've nothing to depend on except three ducks and the shepherd's little girl up the hill, who takes care of his lambs and piglets—and I call her Pigwiggina (I will look over the little girl class drawings, if they'd like me to), and I am teaching her to play upon four bells—A, B, C# and E—and writing beautiful tunes for her, composed of those elements.

I thought you'd have forgotten all about *Præteritas*, and wasn't troubling myself, but some are coming bound in a few days, and I'll write a "M." in one of them. The second volume is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe things in it that people never see nowadays—and it's like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie.

I am thankful your father's getting a little rest.

Has it never occurred to any of you in all your lives, I wonder, that all Parliamentary debate should be in the Tower, or the Round Tower of Windsor, and only the *outcome* of debate printed—when it's irrevocable?

If the Queen would have me for Grand Vizier, I'd save him such a lot of trouble, and come and chop twigs with him afterwards—when he's got the tree down.

Ever your

J. R.

*From the same.*

BRANTWOOD.

29th October, 1886.

. . . How often I think of you, and shall think as long as this life, whether of dream or reality, is spared to me, I am most thankful to be permitted to tell you, for my own sake ; how much more if you can really get some strength or joy from your old friend, not having forgotten nor tried to forget what you used to be to him. Of course, no one had told me of your illness, or my own would not have prevented my trying to hear of your safety ; and, indeed, what you say of these illnesses of mine is in great part true, but they are very grievous to me, and I trust yours will return no more.

I am more passionately and carefully occupied in music than ever yet. Please get well, and be Saint Cecilia again to me. I will not write more to-day, but the moment you tell me again you should like me to. . . .

Ever your loving "Aprile,"

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is with regret and melancholy that we take leave, as here we do take leave, of Ruskin. Henceforth sadness and increasing mental trouble were to wrap him like a cloud from the sight of his friends.<sup>1</sup> But two reminiscences

<sup>1</sup> See note at end of chapter.

of Ruskin may be included here. The first is from the pen of "H. S. H." :—

"I was much struck once by the effect of music upon him. One day at Hawarden he had tired himself in a long delightful talk to us about St. Ursula and his beloved Carpaccio : after tea, as dusk came on, he lay back in a big chair to rest, while M. played on to us in the dark with that magic touch peculiar to herself. We thought he would sleep, but at last he rose from his chair and walked over to the piano and hung over it until she had finished. As she ended, we waited for him to speak, but he was so moved he could find no words but "Thank you, thank you"; it was in such sharp contrast to the wonderful speech he would pour out on a matter of Art whenever he was moved, that one saw how this world of sound had never passed into expression. It had deep effect, but the effect was dumb. Afterwards as the brain trouble grew he would send for M. G.<sup>1</sup> to play to him in bad hours."

On June 1, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn dined at North End. "And she told us," wrote Burne Jones,<sup>2</sup> "of that blessed one, and how he wanted to write to M. G. about her father, and sat an hour or more, pen in hand, but could get no further than the words 'Dear Mary, I am grieved at the death of your

<sup>1</sup> It was an honour to her, greatly treasured, being a David to this Saul.

<sup>2</sup> *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones.*

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Father'—and no more would come—to him who was once a fountain of divine words."

On April 8, 1886, Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill for Ireland, which split the Cabinet and practically sent the Liberals into opposition for twenty years.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

1886.

. . . Never mind—really I believe we have won. Even if the elections go against us, I am certain we have won.

It's a splendid year—the truth has been said and can't be forgotten. They can't go back now and it's only a question of quickness or slowness. . . . But it will be done and he has lived to do it and we to see it, and the year is glorious.

I don't think I can ever like Chamberlain again. . . .

Does London society vex you really? But you have surely long ago seen how insignificant it really is—it and its pretences. It has a good side too; it's *always* wrong, and that is a clear and definite good: it almost saves the bother of thinking—you have only to listen and without hesitation or fear take the opposite side. So farewell and long live Ireland and your glorious father.

*From the same.*

1886.

. . . Is there any chance of your father's coming to London before this month's end ?

For this reason, that my friend, Verestchagin,<sup>1</sup> burns fervently to attend him if he should have half an hour in which he could visit the Grosvenor Gallery . . . and indeed I think his work would greatly interest him, and the painter too . . . will you tell me, that I may gladden or sadden that enthusiast ?

I hear you have been ill, which is sorrowful news. It was F. who told me, who has rushed through London in meteoric fashion, disturbing even the fixed stars.

Send me, prythee, a little line to your old affectionate

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

(Undated.)

. . . And if I have not written fiery letters about your father, it is not because I am less on fire—you know how entirely I am on his side and there was not the need to add my little shout.

I know it's the biggest fight of all his life and I feel sure of his victory.

Verestchagin goes away the end of this month—it was but a faint chance, I knew.

<sup>1</sup> The great Russian war painter. He went down in the *Petro-pavlosk* during the Russo-Japanese war in 1904.

*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*<sup>1</sup>

QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO.

*January 9, 1886.*

. . . As to *mere* party politics, I confess I feel every day a growing detachment from all parties and a great and increasing charity to all sides, extending retrospectively even to Dizzy himself!

My mode of reasoning is somewhat on this fashion. I see that the Government, and Mr. Gladstone especially, are assailed for infirmity of purpose, insincerity of language, crookedness of action, etc. etc., and I see (more clearly perhaps from my calm and distant standpoint than you, blinded by the dust and confused by its din) that some of these charges are plausible enough in appearance. But I *know* that they are unfounded. I know, not by any process of reasoning, but by absolute conviction, such as that two and two make four, that Mr. Gladstone's language is not insincere and that his acts have no doubleness, but I see that, had I not that knowledge, I might easily be led to think so. Now this being so, may there not be things to be said in favour of Beaconsfield and Co., of which we know nothing, and which if known would change in some degree our estimate of their actions? I am perfectly satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's declaration as to the negotiations with France, but I am as certain as that I sit here that if they had pro-

<sup>1</sup> Written just after the General Election of 1885.



ceeded from Dizzy or Lord Salisbury both you and I would have vehemently denounced them and that Mr. G. himself would not have been sparing of epithets. But we should have been wrong. Perhaps we have sometimes been uncharitable as it was.

*From the same.*

QUEEN'S COTTAGE,

NUWARA ELIYA.

*April 12, 1887.*

. . . Lord Selborne's book I have read. I should like immensely to know what Mr. Gladstone thinks of it. The strongest part of it practically is, I think, this demonstration that Church property stands on exactly the same footing as the property of any other religious body, and that logically all are equally open to attack and spoliation . . . on the whole the case he has set up is not easily to be disposed of, and I am glad of it. My twenty-five years of America and the Colonies have taught me to know the value of Establishment and the evils—growing evils—of their want or overthrow. You at home, cannot have the *slightest idea* (however vividly you fancy you can picture it to yourselves) of what a disestablished, disendowed Church really means, and I hope the day may yet be distant when England will learn by experience what is involved in so dire a calamity as the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church. But I

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hope against hope, for I do not give the Establishment thirteen years more life. . . .

We had a pleasant but short visit from the Aberdeens; only they were, as usual, in too great a hurry to "take their pleasure" in what they saw and did. We have had a great number of agreeable visitors this year. Among them young Lord Shaftesbury,<sup>1</sup> who is, I think, one of the very nicest lads I ever came across. George Leveson-Gower and his travelling friend were with us for some time, and a good many others more or less pleasant and conspicuous have looked in for a longer or a shorter time.

A month or two ago I was making a tour in the Southern Provinces and came one day to a very ancient, very picturesque and very secluded Buddhist monastery, seldom visited by Europeans. It is a sort of isolated rock rising abruptly from the wooded plain. In its clefts and on terraces cut out of the rock and overhung by huge cliffs nestle the buildings of the monastery. The monks in their yellow robes thrown over one shoulder like Roman togas, met me at the bottom and conducted me by narrow pathways, by long flights of steps cut in the rock or built against it, from terrace to terrace and cave to cave till we reached the dagoba or shrine, the bell-shaped monument on its very summit, whence we had a splendid view. There are authentic records of the foundation of this *vihare* about 200 B.C., and it was curious to reflect that similar yellow-

<sup>1</sup> Anthony, 9th Earl of Shaftesbury, b. 1869.

clad monks had chanted the same litanies and scattered the like flowers on the same spot uninterruptedly from a time when sacrifices were still being offered in the Temple at Jerusalem, when Julius Cæsar was yet unborn and the Coliseum yet unbuilt. But it is on account of the little incident I am about to relate that I tell you of my visit. In one of the numerous cave-temples is preserved in a crystal phial, resting on a golden lotus, and covered by a series of caskets richly jewelled, a small relic of a bit of one of Buddha's bones. The jewelled caskets are much too precious to be exposed to the vulgar eye and are swathed in an infinite number of wrappings of every description. These were slowly stripped off in order to show me the relic. Countless coverings were thus removed. Old silk and cotton rags, woollen bandages, tattered *chiffons* of every description, when behold we came suddenly on a whole layer of red cotton Manchester handkerchiefs, each adorned with the well-known portrait of the G.O.M. ! Was it not an odd jumble of past and present ?

*From the same.*

QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO.

*November 12, 1887.*

. . . The length of our absence from England is pretty well marked by the length of the intervals between the letters of our correspondents. At first these intervals are short ;

then they lengthen and at last there is total silence ; a slight loss very likely to those at home, but a loss to those in far away countries too great and bitter to be understood by any but those who have experienced it.

*From the same.*

QUEEN'S COTTAGE,

NUWARA ELIYA.

*August 23, 1889.*

. . . I have never been here at this season before, and never therefore till now seen all the beauty of the Alpine flora which is in this month at its height. . . . In a walk of twenty minutes within my own (small) grounds, I gathered specimens of over sixty different species of no fewer than twenty-six different orders. Orchids, red, white and yellow. Gentians of all sizes, turquoise blue, sky blue, ultramarine blue, garter blue and *sheets* of balsam (*impatiens*), white and lilac. The rhododendrons which cover the hills with colour a few months earlier have now lost their bloom, but it is more than made up for by the multitude and delicacy of the other wild flowers. In the low country wild flowers are not very common. There are some fine flowering trees and some large and showy creepers, but field flowers are scarce, and except certain lilies not generally conspicuous, even when they escape being smothered in the scrub or carefully eradicated as "nasty weeds" by the

planters. But at this elevation (6500 feet), the grass is simply covered with them.

I am very fond of this place and of the little house to which we have added so much as practically to have rebuilt it, and though its associations are sad enough, it is not *quite* so desolate as those great, empty, silent palaces at Colombo and Kandy.

*From Henry Sidgwick.*

19th November, 1887.

. . . I was glad to see your handwriting again, but ashamed to have to reveal how far I have progressed towards old age since we last conversed about novels! I do not mean that I have given up reading novels—it is not so bad as that—but firstly, I can only read what I think *good* novels, whereas in the days of my youth I used to apply to novels what Thackeray said to some grumblers about dinners: “There is no such thing as a *bad* dinner, but some dinners are better than others.” And seriously I am grieved to find, during the last year or two, that novels which the public “enthuse” about are not good to me. The great instance of this is Rider Haggard. I read *She*, but under protest and with a firm resolve not to read any more.

However, I am all the more grateful for a recommendation from any one of the few whose opinion I can trust. *The Revolution in Tanner’s Lane* I thought interesting *matter*, but bad workmanship regarded as a story. *A Village Tragedy*, on the other hand, is un-

deniably good workmanship of a certain realistic kind, but I found it wanting in charm. I suppose you read Howells still. I think both *Indian Summer* and *April Hopes* good in their way. But I have not been really enthusiastic, I mean so as to say to the *Augenblick* "*Du bist so schön*," since the advent of Tolstoi.

*From Alfred Lyttelton.*

*January 15, 1888.*

I have just come back from St. Paul's, and my brains are still dancing and my heart burning with Holland's sermon; I think on the whole it is the finest I ever heard. He never left the ancient ways, but yet illumined them with floods of new light. He was generally restrained in language, but when he broke loose we blessed the weakness of his fetters. He was rarely rhetorical, but there was a sustained eloquence throughout, an epigrammatic felicity, and a perfect cleanness, vigour and completeness in argument, almost like a great enthusiastic judge. It is impossible to summarise it, because the ideas were so abundantly lavished that we never had time to put the last into any of memory's strong cells. It takes a minute or two to carry them there and we never had one.

"The Word was made flesh."

An introduction setting forth the taunts of those who rail at the comfort and wealth and domestic happiness of modern Christians and the antagonism of these with the spirit of the

Sermon on the Mount. These are taunts having much truth in them, but embodying an incomplete view of our Lord's teaching—they are in no danger of being too effective nowadays, but yet they cannot be true or complete, or else our Lord's teaching would never have contained the glorification of civic and social life, found in the red flush of the wine at the marriage of Cana, the costly gifts of the Magi, or the home of Lazarus. Those who utter these taunts in a way are involved in the splendid and noble and pathetic theories of asceticism contained in Buddhism and Greek philosophy. The conversion of one who, seeing in bodily presence sickness and age and death, abandoned everything to prepare himself for these—the beautiful, brave and pure words of Socrates, consoling himself with the thought that death, which was imminent, would for ever rid the spirit of the body which is its impediment—these are but noble illustrations of the half-guessed truth. Our Lord's Incarnation is the glorification of all that is human, the raising of the dignity and splendour of life and earthly things.

Then, for fear we should go away too content with our case, there came a passage redressing the balance for asceticism, which was strong enough for St. Francis and human enough for St. Peter. If that was not a noble sermon, I never heard one, or shall hear one.

It was useless to try and give you the barest outline, and possibly publication would spoil it, so intense was the spirit of him, dear old

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fellow, diffused by his yearning voice and passionate, lightning-quick gestures. Yet I trust I may never forget it.

A. L.

*From James Stuart.*

HOTEL DU NORD,  
COLOGNE.

*August 25, 1888.*

Well, here I am in Cologne and it is Sunday, and I have been at the Cathedral, and heard the beautiful music, and the prayers there which are so bound up in the music, and now I have an hour to wait for the train, so I may as well occupy it in writing to you my first impressions of *Robert Elsmere*. . . .

Well, in the first place as to Robert Elsmere himself I have not got over, and shall never get over, his really forcing Catherine to marry him. I think he had no right to insist so. He drove her to decide there and then. I don't think any man has a right to do that. That is the way we might expect one to deal with an enemy ; but surely not with a friend. I don't like it at all. It goes against my whole feelings of tenderness, considerateness, everything else you like—it is not fair. He thought there—on the top of that ghostly hill where he went with her—only of himself. He had known Catherine for about three weeks—how could he know all the complications of her life and what right had he to dictate, or if not to dictate, to force her hand so to speak ? . . . He is not fair to that woman ; and I doubt if he is fair to any



woman; I doubt it too because he is Mrs. Ward's creation and she obviously is not. She always keeps picturing the snow-white arm, etc., as the attraction to men—doubtless it often is, but I don't think she should make it so to some of the men she is endeavouring to describe.

I am a good deal out of patience with her—perhaps that is not exactly the word—but at any rate I do not admire her, not on account of this, in which perhaps I may be misjudging her, but because she comes forward in this book to bring before the world some of the deepest problems and to deal with them *ex cathedra* to a certain extent, and yet she seems never to have even comprehended the problem she is dealing with. I have marked passage after passage in which she misses the point till the little row of figures giving the pages which I have marked on the fly leaf has run all from the top to the bottom of the page. She never seems to me to have really hit on the need which Christianity supplies or the great craving of the human heart which accompanies that need. . . . Your father hit that at once as the point of omission. It is glaring, painful, grievous. It is the very first thing the Holy Spirit is sent to us to do, "to convince us of sin." Surely here is exactly the difference between the Christian religion and all others—miss this out, and you can class half a dozen of them together, and this, in fact, is exactly what she does do. I do think it is in this omission, this misconception, this blindness of hers that the whole trouble lies. . . .

So the book is unreal to me—it is a picture painted by someone who has never seen the scene. But, on the other hand, as a picture of what occurs when what is there drawn is all that is understood by Christianity it is good, and I think both useful and instructive; and surely it drives us back, as everything ought to do, upon Christ's own words, and ought to remind us that, travel over the ground and develop our own thoughts as we like, we have, for every one, to come back to preach Sin to them; and that as our sermons should be always full of an endeavour to work the work of the Spirit of God, so they ought not to forget that the first step of that work is "to convince of sin." . . .

And now for the second point. She misses the great craving of human nature for *certainly*. Perhaps that may be corrected before the end of the book is reached, but still it seems to me, judging from "Grey's" utterances, what things for Robert are coming to is some very vague creed full of good works but all uncertain, and that that is to be what the world is to grow through to a better state. Now that vague creed may satisfy the University teacher, but it won't and does not satisfy the world at large; we want to rest on a certainty and we will unfailingly turn to the religion which offers us that. . . . The difficulties felt by the characters of the book are a little too much the Oxford (and Cambridge) difficulties for the book to much affect the current of thought, I think. If it shows the powerlessness of such a

Christianity as it represents, it will, I think, do good in stimulating the preaching more carefully of the omitted points. . . .

*From Charlotte M. Yonge.*

(Undated.)

For reading for young servants, no book was ever quite equal to the *Conversations with Cousin Rachel* which I believe Masters still publishes. It may here and there seem rather antiquated, but the solid part is of all times. Then there is a little book called *Girls* published by Skeffington, and one by Lady Barker published by Hatchard. . . . As to fiction, servant girls in their teens seem ready for anything, and the less it is about servants the better they like it. I hardly know what specially to recommend. Esmé Stuart's *For Half a Crown* (National Society) is a great favourite ; *A Promise Kept* is very good. The National Society has published my *What to Lend* and you will find a list there.

Miss Yonge's catalogue of reward books would probably read strangely nowadays, but a shop girl told Christabel Coleridge that of the two books which had done her most good one was *The Daisy Chain*, the other was Miss Broughton's *Cometh up as a Flower*.

*From Henry Sidgwick.*

CAMBRIDGE.

December 20, 1888.

. . . A letter of yours lies before me which

—from the position chiefly—I conjecture I did not answer *on paper*. I say this because, on reading the article<sup>1</sup> it enclosed, I wrote quite a long letter to you in spirit: but probably owing to the imperfection of my organism in respect of spiritual communication that did not arrive.<sup>2</sup>

I was much interested to see your development of my remark about men and women, which was no casual observation, but the expression of a conviction of long growth.

As regards the difference between the sexes in respect of intellectual creativeness, I think there is some force in the argument that the very first rank of thinkers, savants and artists (excluding poets from artists) does not include any women. But considering how very few there are and how very few women have had adequate opportunities for such work, I still am inclined to ask for suspension of judgment on this point. In a hundred years more, if things go on as they are doing in the direction of equalisation of opportunities, we shall know more about it. After all, the really creative *men* are so few, that even granting they are and will be all men there is hardly any practical deduction to be drawn from it.

I remember a Russian friend of mine once told me he did not really sympathise with the movement for opening academic education to women, because he did not think they worked from pure, unadulterated love of knowledge.

<sup>1</sup> An article by Mrs. Drew on "Men and Women."

<sup>2</sup> Professor Sidgwick was much engrossed in endeavouring to substantiate the truth of psychic appearances and communications.

I said I did not know this to be so, but granting it, I asked what percentage of academic young men had this characteristic in his experience. He was a very honest controversialist, so he answered after reflection "Perhaps two per cent." And he admitted that Universities could hardly be kept up for the select residuum only.

I have read no novels lately of any merit worthy remembrance, except one very queer book called *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by G. Bernard Shaw. It can be bought in the market for one shilling, but I hardly recommend it—unless you feel that you would be refreshed by something odd in conception and queerly imperfect in execution, yet with *force*. The man is a red-hot socialist, but the book is not so in any marked way.

*From Kathleen Lyttelton (Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton).*

*August, 1888.*

. . . Well, we had a brilliant time abroad. Saw and heard a great deal, with most delightful company, and laid in much health by long walks. We had two most splendid days in beautiful Innsbruck, going and coming and, except that we left our luggage behind us and have not got it yet, there was no flaw in the sky whatever. Bayreuth was wonderful experience. My own impression is that every Christian should see "Parsifal." . . . I won't say there were not one or two things that jarred, for there were, especially in the last act, but the main scene in the Hall of the Grail I

thought absolutely beautiful and impressive in the best sense. It was very tenderly and reverently done and the fact that Parsifal himself is looking on the whole time (he stands perfectly motionless in the front of the stage) immensely increases the idea that the whole thing is a kind of vision. . . . I was quite stunned and speechless after it, and the hour's interval before the exciting second act was a great relief. Then the moment at the end of Act II when Parsifal makes the sign of the Cross with the Holy Spear and the garden falls into ruins, is one of the most dramatic I know anywhere. Act III is a distinct falling off to my mind. . . .

We were a good party, all very happy together. It is such a delicious place too, altogether they were three of the happiest days I ever spent in my life. We had a good time in the mountains, miles up one of the valleys, a most primitive little place, but comfortable. We had an Oxford man with us—scientific, ritualistic, musical, literary, yet somehow too simple and straightforward to be the perfection he ought to be with all those qualities. It sounds a strange fault to find, but I am sure you would have agreed with me.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*(Undated.)*

I broke off work and went to Browning's funeral under protest—for I hate that beautiful heaven<sup>1</sup> to be turned into a stonemason's yard

<sup>1</sup> Westminster Abbey.

for anyone. No one is good enough to spoil that divine citadel, and I am sick of dead bodies and want them burnt and scattered to winds. It wasn't impressive—no not a bit. People said to me "How impressive"; and I said "Yes, indeed"—one has to in the world—but it wasn't, it was stupid. No candles, no incense, no copes, no nothing that was nice. Now they have got these churches they don't know what to do with them—placards saying "Seats for the Press," "Mourners," all about.

And the procession—so poor and sorry! A canon 4 feet high next one of 9 feet high—surplice, red hood like trousers down the back—you know them all. I would have given something for a banner or two, and much I would have given if a chorister had come out of the triforium and rent the air with a trumpet. How flat these English are—most people are. And when a coffin covered with a pall is carried on the shoulders of six men it looks like a big beetle. But I spent the time looking at the roof and its groining and the diapered walls and wanted a service one day in praise of the church, and wondered who had built it and why his name was forgotten, and thought how only the church mattered at all and I wanted to push people, and wasn't in a holy frame of mind I assure you.

Why couldn't they leave him in Royal Venice?

*From Lady Ribblesdale.*

*August, 1889.*

Our yachting was a huge success in spite of

the first week of bad weather. We went first to Havre, then to St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, a little mediæval kingdom in the sea—but you have probably seen it. Then the Scilly Isles—trails of rock which have gone astray and lost themselves in a jewelled sea they discovered all for themselves; for I have never seen sea the least like it. It is streaked bright green and blue and is transparent as glass, and such a waving world beneath, weird webbed fingers, great shining brown tongues with yellow frills, bunches and bootlaces, all swaying and alive! You could see every tiny shell at the bottom of the deepest water. We bathed off the warm rocks, among the seagulls and cormorants, the chief inhabitants of the Scillies, and jumped off boats into the clear, cold, blue and green water. G. refused at first to bathe with the men, and poor P. had to leave all the fun A., H. C., and I were having, to *éloigner* himself with G. However, thanks to our demoralising society, the next time she bathed with us—the eighth wonder of the world—for she had never forgiven L. for having bathed within three miles of a telescope. P. says I have done wonders for her. From being the most awful prude she has become quite free and easy in her views.

I took a header off the top of the bulwark—about 14 feet—A. was the only *man* who did it. I was very proud to have beaten P. and H. C., who declined to do it that day.



*From Sir Arthur Gordon.*

*September 9, 1889.*

. . . I like what you say of Tolstoi. The remark you make as to the source of the power of his analysis of character is, I think, both original and true. There is also much truth in your recognition of the essential identity of human nature as human nature whether in man or woman, but I am not satisfied that but for accidental and removable causes, human nature would establish the same characteristics both in man and woman. . . . Whether there is or is not anything in the nature of a man's mind to prevent his "staying at home," i.e. minding the babies, darning the clothes and cooking the dinner, there is that in the nature of his body which, so long as men are men, will as effectually prevent his devotion to these domestic and sedentary occupations as similar reasons will prevent women from working as navvies or dock labourers.

My great objection to women taking the place hitherto occupied by men in industrial and public life is that (in my humble judgment) they would become so roughened and coarsened by the process that they would altogether lose that salutary purifying and elevating influence *which they now exercise* and which I am quite ready to admit they would *at first* exercise yet more powerfully. But if human nature be one and the same in men and women, a race of women who had for generations been acting as men would inevitably be just as hard and selfish

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as men, and I venture to think even more unscrupulous . . . at best it seems to me you would give children *two fathers* and this would be a very poor substitute for a mother's care and sympathy.

Nor am I a believer in the perfect duality you advocate. If two perfectly equal intelligences and wills unite they will almost certainly clash. The reserved doctrine of ultimate submission on the one side is a great secret in the preservation of harmony.

And now I am afraid you will think I have expressed myself without that deference which we old-fashioned folk still think due to ladies and as roughly as if you were already the female leader of a political faction in the twenty-second century. . . .

Living so near to Liverpool as you do, you must have felt some interest in the Maybrick trial. To me it is chiefly curious as showing a decided alteration in the tone of public sentiment. Fifty years ago, a woman who was reasonably suspected of murdering her husband and who was certainly guilty of being false to him, would have commanded so little sympathy that it might have been almost difficult to get fair justice done her. Any notion of sentimentalism about the interesting young lady, any presentation to her of bouquets by ladies, any public demonstration against the judge who tried her, would have been said to be "so very French : such things are happily impossible in England."

## NOTE TO CHAPTER VI

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF RUSKIN

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS

Ruskin passed the last years of his life under a strong sense of failure. The world, he thought, had been too many for him. The materialistic ideals he loathed had overcome him. He, so it seemed, must be content, like St. Augustine, to "count for nothing." But it has proved otherwise. There is indeed a certain scientific order of critics who delight in seconding the view that Ruskin failed and who assure us that his influence is in fact extinct. They have been doing this for thirty years and with what result? They pass, Ruskin remains. The persistent and secret vitality which seems to nourish his fame is the more remarkable in that the body of his criticism is fatally vulnerable to attack. The truth of his power, as any one will see who looks carefully about him in the world to-day, is that far from treating art as a mere æsthetic product he invariably treated it as the expression of the life of its own nation and time. It is possible to conceive of art as something exquisite, cultured, almost exotic, appreciable only by the elect. But it is possible also to conceive of it as something common, a popular inheritance and the natural and inevitable product of all healthy labour. In this case the critic will look less for beauty than for vitality. Art will appear to him, not as an affair of technique and pattern, but, much more, of human passions or impulses which animated its creators, or dwelt broadcast as conviction and deep-lying belief,

among the humanity of the age. The value of art, not to critics and connoisseurs but to working men and women, will be the subject of his thought. Briefly he will adopt the creative rather than the critical standpoint ; for the great creative epochs invariably approach art from this point—as a thing not separable from life, or having rule of its own at all, but rather as a natural consummation to all sincere and genuine labour, while the critical epochs are content to analyse the results achieved, and enjoy with pensive deliberation the subtle savour of æsthetic emotions.

The human life behind the art, expressing itself through the art, was Ruskin's concern. He cannot be touched or encountered by any weapons of the art critic. That is what is indeed to the latter so dreadfully perplexing. Again and again during the last quarter of a century has Ruskin been riddled to a sieve with criticism, and again and again his reputation, emerging from the ordeal, passes serenely on, not in the least degree the worse for the encounter. The truth is his assailants attack him for things that are of no consequence. It signifies little if, or to what extent, his judgments are wrong. What signifies is the point of view he adopts, and which he invites his readers to share with him. He is the greatest of the champions of the vital as opposed to the æsthetic estimate of art. Life and art are to him absolutely indissoluble. They cannot be considered apart. They have no separate being. Life vitalises art ; art ennobles and dignifies life. Separate them and life is degraded, art sterilised. Thus the first tenet of the Ruskinian philosophy is to restore the connection between the two. It is idle to discuss the merits or rules of art until it is once more vitalised by being

used as an expression of the life of the nation. Then and not till then the stifling atmosphere of the clique and the coterie will be dispersed. Then and not till then the robust vitality and general interest which attaches to a subject of universal importance will flow into it. This is the long and short of Ruskin's philosophy, or at least of all his philosophy that lives and counts. And it is enough. Events are more and more tending to verify his position. His disciples are every day growing in numbers. No Victorian's place and influence are more secure.

## CHAPTER VII

1890-1897

Birth of Dorothy Drew—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Illingworth—Professor Sidgwick—Some literary criticisms—Burne Jones's baronetcy—A letter from Lahore—The Socialist movement—Mr. Gladstone in the *New Review*—Burne Jones and the Hawarden window—"Recessional."

**M**RS. DREW'S daughter, Dorothy, was born on March 11th, 1890.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*March 13, 1890.*

DEAR MRS. DREW, — WHAT GOOD NEWS YOU HAVE SENT.

BUT HOW ON EARTH YOU HAD THE POWER TO WRITE LETTERS PASSES MY UNDERSTANDING.

I AM WRITING, YOU SEE, IN BIG LETTERS SO THAT YOUR EYES MAY NOT BE TIRED AND I WILL TRY AND FIND SOME COLOUR TO AMUSE YOU, THOUGH THE STUDIO IS SPECIALLY EMPTY NOW.

I AM SO GLAD, AND THESE ARE NICE DAYS TO BE BORN IN—BLUE AND BRIGHT—THE DAMSEL WILL THINK THE WORLD IS A BONNY PLACE IN SPITE OF ALL THE BAD THINGS SHE HAS HEARD OF IT.

ARE YOU GLAD IT'S A DAMSEL ?

YOUR AFFECTIONATE

E. B. J.

The next letter alludes to the Parnell divorce case, which for the time shattered the hopes of the Irish party.

*From the same.*

THE GRANGE.

December, 1890.

. . . If affairs were a good deal less bad than they are I should be in a panic, but as it is I find my spirits rising, we are in such a mess. But the weak-kneed brethren will drop off right and left and that is always good, and perhaps it means beginning again for us all. I have been in other causes where all has had to be begun again when the end was just in sight.

Ever your old affectionate friend,

E. B. J.

*From James Stuart.*

LOWESTOFT.

May 25, 1890.

. . . I am so glad to hear that the great folk liked their visit here—they have left behind them, among the inhabitants of this house at any rate, golden memories which will last a lifetime.

Sometimes one forgets—or rather lets drop into a corner of one's memory—the enormous blessing it is to know your father—and then one is reminded of one's privilege suddenly and freshly, when one sees what a "lift" it is to any people to come into close intercourse with him for three days. It so enlarges their

notion of what he really contains and of what a human being can be—they find they have got a new source of life to drink from. One then sees how great is the help of knowing him.

I never saw the force and vigour of his application to anything he takes in hand more clearly than during his visit here, where I did not so much speak with him, as I was the pleased observer of others doing so. . . . What a man is he of the motto "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

*From Henry Sidgwick.*

*9th April, 1891.*

. . . I put off answering till I had read *The Light that Failed*, which for some time I could not get in Lippincott's from my Cambridge bookseller. The rush, he assured me, had been so great that a new batch had to be waited for from U.S. When it came I read it eagerly, but finished it in a divided frame of mind. I quite recognise its force—as Thackeray allowed himself to say of *Vanity Fair*, "I assure you that this is no Small Beer"—but I feel that the handling of the subject is jerky and violent and—what is worse—there do not seem to me to be any characters in it, except the hero and perhaps Bessie. The others don't seem to me to be really characters. I ought to say that I read the second Lippincott edition which ends happily, and I might have been better pleased if I had read it with a tragic ending.



I wonder if you have read Henry James's *Tragic Muse*, and if so whether you liked it. I think the muse herself is an excellent character, quite in his best style, and I found the whole book very readable ; but he seems to be curiously unsuccessful in reproducing the conversations of English gentlemen and ladies, considering what a subtle observer he is and what opportunities he has had of watching the type.

The Rev. J. R. Illingworth, commonly called by his friends "Mr. I," was Fellow and Tutor of Keble in the 'seventies, and early distinguished for his marked philosophical and theological gifts. He was especially influenced by T. H. Green, but the quality of his thought was independent and peculiarly his own, and was greatly esteemed by many of his more notable contemporaries, including Mr. Balfour. Over younger men his influence was almost magical.

Mr. Illingworth's style was of a crystal purity, and its lucidity rendered difficult speculations intelligible and attractive. Miss Gladstone heard a series of his sermons in Keble College Chapel, and, recognising the profound impression they made, asked his leave to have them published. She placed the manuscript herself in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan, who issued the *Sermons in a*

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*College Chapel* in 1881. Since then some 200,000 copies of the nine books published by Illingworth (who was also a notable contributor to *Lux Mundi*) in his lifetime have been sold, without counting the very large American editions. In 1905 he was made Hon. Canon of Christchurch. He followed a life of study, since his health forbade a more public career, at his rectory of Faringford, near Oxford. He died in 1915, and his biography, by his widow, has since been published.

The letter which follows refers to *Sermons in a College Chapel*.

*From J. R. Illingworth.*

DEAR MISS GLADSTONE,—My little fragment has at last appeared, and I hope you will let me send you a copy as the only way I can express my gratitude for all your kind interest in its publication—or rather for being the cause of its publication, nor for that alone.

Ever yours most sincerely,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

I have just resigned my tutorship here—so the little volume marks one more page behind me.

In 1891 Mr. Illingworth had accepted an invitation from an American university to

deliver a course of lectures, but was eventually obliged to cancel his acceptance. He had, however, prepared the lectures, and sent them to Mrs. Drew, inviting her opinion whether he should publish them. Not feeling competent to advise him, Mrs. Drew asked Mr. Balfour whether he would read the MSS. and give his opinion.

*From A. J. B.*

*19th May, 1891.*

. . . There is nothing I should like better than to look through Mr. Illingworth's essays and to give my opinion (whatever that may be worth) on the question of their publication. I have not seen him now, with the exception of one brief glimpse at Manchester, for some years and have only heard casual scraps of news respecting him. . . . It seems to me almost impossible to doubt that the essay on "Comparative Religion" would be valuable. It has hardly been touched from Mr. Illingworth's point of view, and it is "crying out" for reasonable treatment from the orthodox standpoint. No one should be able to do it more effectively and I am glad indeed to think he has taken it in hand.

I don't think you need mind your faith having faltered in —'s success. It has always been and still is in my opinion a toss-up whether his genius will float his amazing business incapacity, or whether his business

incapacity will sink his genius. . . . It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth.

The MSS. was accordingly forwarded to Mr. Balfour, but remained for several months lost in the bottomless pit of his correspondence—he was at the time Chief Secretary for Ireland—in spite of a rain of letters and post cards begging for its return. At length Mrs. Drew sent a telegram :

“Murder. Where are Mr. I.’s papers ?”

GLADSTONE.

By return of post the MSS. reappeared, with Mr. Balfour’s amusing apology and the accompanying “observations”; the lectures were published in due course.

*From A. J. B.*

WELBECK ABBEY.

*25th December, 1891.*

. . . I am full of profoundest repentance about Mr. Illingworth’s papers : I have put them off under pressure of other more obvious, but (I admit) much less important, calls upon my time, until I am almost ashamed to talk of them or to think of them. It is melancholy indeed to find that, with advancing years and increasing responsibilities, I see no improvement in my inveterate habit of invariably

postponing from to-day everything which by any possibility can be done to-morrow: especially am I apt to fall when the thing to be done involves putting pen to paper. However, I do not see why I should weary you with my self-reproaches: especially as they never seem to lead to any improvement.

Now for Mr. Illingworth . . . the MS. I have here I now return with some observations, not of a very interesting kind, which if you think it worth while (which I do *not*) you may send to Mr. I. himself.

How I envy him his easy facility of style! Without a slip and without a correction, he glides along through one faultless sentence after another, and when I compare his clean MS. with my own blotted reams (each line a full inch from the other, with all the intervals filled in with illegible corrections), I feel that he ought to set seriously to work and produce a *magnum opus*.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S "OBSERVATIONS."

*January, 1892.*

I think the essay of very great interest and well worth publication. If in point of style it errs at all, it errs assuredly on the right side, i.e. in being in some parts almost too concise. Not that the argument is for one moment obscure, but perhaps too great an amount of knowledge of modern views or ancient religions is assumed in the second part to be possessed by the reader. However, this

is a very trifling matter which, without modifying the substance of the essay, could be put right by a few notes and references.

On the whole the second part, dealing with the comparative history of religions, interested me even more than the first part, dealing with the nature of the personal experience on which theistic religion is founded. I do not say it is better or more original, but only that it happens to chime in with certain speculations in which I have recently been indulging. The view taken by Mr. Illingworth is that there are degrees of revelation, of which the Bible exemplifies only one, the highest: the Bible itself exhibiting as between its different parts, similar variations of degree. This view is in my opinion the only possible one, but it is evident that both in itself and in the conclusions that may be drawn from it, it conflicts violently with certain current theological opinions. So far as I know, there is no satisfactory theory of Inspiration in existence, and I am sure that no such theory can be constructed which would not give great offence to much genuine religious opinion. Mr. Illingworth seems to me to have touched some of the most important questions connected with such a theory with great felicity. I wish he would work it out in detail. The chaotic condition in which that question now is is strikingly illustrated by the difference of opinion which arose between theologians in such close general agreement as Canon Liddon and the

authors of *Lux Mundi*, and yet it seems to me clear that no thoroughly coherent view of revealed religion is possible until the various problems there raised are worked out in some systematic fashion.

I know nobody who would do it better than Mr. Illingworth, and though I do not think it is a task which, when completed and given to the world, would add to his peace and comfort I am sure it would be one of great value to the cause of true religion. I am convinced that the crudities, inconsistencies and in some cases absurdities of popular notions on this subject do more to prevent educated opinion accepting Christianity than any other difficulties which the progress of criticism and of knowledge have raised in connection with Biblical interpretation. And I am also convinced that a reasonable theory worked out by a man of Mr. Illingworth's temper—religious and intellectual—would be to increase, not to diminish, the sense of the Divine origin of religion.

The characteristic in Mr. Balfour's temperament which delayed the return of the Illingworth papers is illustrated in a gracious aspect by a story which Mr. Wyndham told Mrs. Drew of the time when he was secretary to Mr. Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1888, John Mandeville, who was convicted in connection with the "Plan of Campaign,"

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died shortly after serving a term of imprisonment in Tullamore gaol. The circumstance was hotly commented on in the press by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt who, in language far beyond that of ordinary controversy, brought every sort of accusation against Mr. Balfour and practically charged him with personal responsibility for Mr. Mandeville's death. Some months later Wyndham invited Mr. Balfour to dinner: "I want you to be very forgiving, and to come and dine with me to meet Wilfrid Blunt." He received the following answer:—

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I don't know if I am very forgiving, but I do know I am very forgetting, and, not having the least idea to what you refer, I can only say I shall be delighted to dine with you to meet Wilfrid Blunt.

Yrs.,

A. J. BALFOUR.

*From H. S. H.*

. . . Yes, I have read *The Market-Place*.<sup>1</sup> What a book! relentless to the very end in the triumph of deceit and fraud and immense cleverness, and without a page even of mis-giving on the part of the hero, who in the last page finds all to his mind after a short period of ennui. Even his chilly wife falls in love with him, after he had (of course unknown to

<sup>1</sup> Harold Frederic.



her) seriously contemplated another murder. The first was not technically a murder—but it amounted to one. . . . “They are in no fear of death, but are lusty and strong.” I have no doubt it is a career painfully not rare as far as the business part goes—not that I understand half of that, only I gather it is all overreaching and chicanery and robbing poor people, but I do think a man with so much evil on his conscience, and the shadow of contemplated murder into the bargain, ought surely to be given some *mauvais* moment and doubtful fits of remorse. . . . I had to get into Miss Burney’s funny, clever, vulgar *Evelina* as an antidote.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*August 21, 1892.*

. . . This is actually me writing to you, though I am not sure if you are back at Hawarden, and it’s a sort of business letter—prythee observe that it is dated—it was no trifle to find that date, for to ten days or so I never know how any month goes on.

It is a subject I do want you to mention to your father and to bring before him at a fitting moment. It regards the appointment of a new Director to the National Gallery, which I learn from Sir Henry Layard may probably take place before long, Burton having done his work finely and being full of years and deserving rest. I want to say, if it is

any use my doing so, that I believe Poynter, whose name has from time to time come up in connection with the idea of a successor to Burton, is so admirably fitted and equipped for the post that I should like your father to be aware of the fact. . . . He is a good man of business, has a great knowledge of ancient art—indeed I think he has no superior in that science—and of modern too, with a very wide sympathy for good work of all times and schools; moreover he is a most conscientious fellow and laborious and painstaking beyond words in all that he does.

I know Layard, who is Senior Trustee, and Lord Carlisle have a very high opinion of his fitness, knowing both the place and the man.

It is a most serious matter to creatures like me, of whom there are probably too many, who shall be the next chooser of treasures. . . . Layard told me he himself had no idea that Poynter would take the place if it were offered, and that unless he would come forward in the matter it might be assumed he was indifferent to it—but he will never come forward—it wouldn't be like him.

*From H. S. H.*

. . . I picked up *The Redemption of Edward Strachan*<sup>1</sup> yesterday and read it in the Underground (the greatest physical sin I can commit) and so forgot myself that I shot round

<sup>1</sup> W. H. Dawson.

to Paddington instead of getting out at Gloucester Road for Putney Bridge! . . . It is powerful and absorbing, and it thrills.

What I should say is that it is every man's plain duty just now *not* to omit the qualifying mercies. We have exhausted our powers of anguish and indignation and we are left with the sense of impotence which paralyses or maddens. We must face the thing with all such seriousness as action requires, and that involves counting up all our resources. And they are more than this book allows. He is still in the condition one is in at the start — looking on — watching the horrible thing, touching its first chill. Go deeper, it betters; there is more doing than you think at first, there is more joy and relief than you could deem possible. The children of the slums! How they leap and dance! The intense affection of the wild girls for those who help! The churches: they are not all shut and dismal. In Hoxton itself five at least I know, open, warm, with a multitude of tender happy kindnesses moving round them. . . . It is *so* bad, the evil case, that we must keep our eyes on the good. I have had a cousin living in quite as bad a yard as Edward Strachan, in the wildest bit of Charterhouse, and those most within tell a different tale: they are the least despairing.

*From George Wyndham.*<sup>1</sup>

*October, 1892.*

. . . Your suggestion of Ruskin<sup>2</sup> is most ingenious and attractive. . . . But the precedent might prove embarrassing. It would largely obviate the necessity of appointing a man for his "poetry" during the lifetime of other poets. Unfortunately Ruskin has recently published a volume of weak and early verse.

I am very glad to know you like the little book; the outside falls short of my wishes and indeed of my directions . . . but the inside is all gold.<sup>3</sup>

If only R. B.<sup>4</sup> were alive to solve the question of the day! I must say that in *my* judgment Swinburne's claims are immeasurably superior to those of any Englishman now living. Against it can be urged that in *Poems and Ballads* first series he published one or two poems open to censure on the ground of the subjects chosen, though above reproach in treatment and form. On the other hand he has referred to those poems as sins of his youth and has written many noble volumes since. Again it is said truly, but not widely, that years ago he drank. But again on the other hand, he has for more than ten years

<sup>1</sup> See Chap. IX, p. 300.

<sup>2</sup> As Laureate.

<sup>3</sup> A specially bound pocket selection from *The Ring and the Book*, *Pompilia*, *Caponasacchi*, and *The Pope*.

<sup>4</sup> Browning.

lived the life of an anchorite in a little Putney villa. Such a complete recovery from what with him was a nervous disease, is remarkable if not unique and speaks well for his will power and self-control. Please read in the volume I send you, published two years ago, the “ Sea-mew,” the “ Jacobite’s Exile,” the threnody on Inehbold, and the “ Commonweal,” his Juvenile Ode, and then consider whether any can touch him as a poet. I believe that in the long run Public Opinion will be more shocked by his neglect than by his recognition.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

1893.

. . . Angela and the man child are with us now, for Margaret and her husband are in Scotland, and a fine time I am having; a disciplined time it is—few of my failings pass unnoticed—but the comment upon them is tempered with mercy always and I get on very well.

I am beginning to work again now. A brief malady I have had, but it has weakened me a good deal and somehow I have had more disheartenment from my destroyed picture than such an old thing ought to have felt—but perhaps you don’t know that one of my pictures has been destroyed, and still it makes me sick to think of or speak of.

It was “ Love among the Ruins.” I wonder if you remember it? About five or six weeks

ago it was entirely destroyed in a luckless half-hour of folly and carelessness—and it had taken many a month to make. Phil left his visits and merry-makings to be with me and comfort me in a way that touched me deeply, and this much good came out of the calamity, that I felt him drawn nearer to me than ever.

Every day for a month past I am face to face with the ruin, trying to remember what it was, and have begun afresh—and that pacifies me a little—on a new canvas.

And for Loton,<sup>1</sup> it rains pots and every kind of hardware all the summer through—huge deep green jars from Seville, fascinating little owls from Yorkshire, mottoed plates from the Welsh border—never a week without a new pot. What a wonderful woman is the Lady of Loton—how does she know things? No one tells her. She never travels, no one can inform her, for no one knows a hundredth part of the strange things she knows.

This time it's pots and a van is always at the door and the hall is always full of hay with unpacking her gifts.

At the beginning of 1893 Burne Jones began to make sketches for a portrait of Mrs. Drew's daughter Dorothy, then aged three years. It was painted as a surprise for Mr. Gladstone.

<sup>1</sup> The home of the Hon. Lady Leighton.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

. . . I hope you can stay for a week—she is so young that I can hope for no more than watching her and setting down what I can remember. For your sake and for your father's most blessed sake, I should like to do it well—don't hope too much, it may be a failure—I ought to say it will be most likely a failure. I suppose it must not be too late, and that winter and fog are bad for Dossie always. Tell me what is the time you could best come? The latest week that would be safe.

Six months and I have done no manner of work, and now that I begin to work again, I wonder where my cunning has gone—for to-day I drew like a child—it will come back I suppose, but everyone says it takes a year to mend after such a sharp attack of influenza, that means six months more—the Lord help me.

I heard this morning from Lady Leighton—telling me much that I wanted to know. I think no week goes without a budget from her, and I cannot say what delight she gives or how bright and brilliant and full of the most delightful wit and charm her letters are—but you know them longer than I do. I would have them all bound and clasped with a silver clasp, except that she wants them all destroyed.

But if they were stored away, deep in the

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earth for two hundred years, what a feast it would be for the finder.

. . . It's a darling baby—that's the truth—and with a little help from her, if she is just short of being a whirlwind or a windmill, I may make shift to get some resemblance. Expect little and that will help me.

Yesterday of course was useless, there was time for nothing only to make a sketch or two which showed me what not to do. I should like to please him, I should. On Monday I met him out at dinner. He was, as he always is, gracious and kind to me and I wanted to talk to him but hung back. It is always like the Pool of Siloam whenever I meet him and someone steps in to talk to him before I can. Also I feel shy, as if I hadn't anything good enough to say to him.

A baronetcy was conferred on Burne Jones, on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, in 1894, but some reference was made to the subject before it was formally offered.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

. . . You shall give me friendly advice. Slowly the conviction grows in me that such things are not for me and belong to another sort of world—yet pageant is bonny, and to be honoured is sweet. The Order of the Holy Ghost for instance might make a man live



THE GRANGE.

49. NORTH END ROAD.

WEST KENSINGTON. W.

My dear Mrs Drew

What a day!!! What  
a morning - & you left me to  
it & neither came to help  
nor sympathize



"DOROTHY DREW."

As Sketched by Burne Jones in a Letter to her Mother (1894).

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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finely, but only Emperors alone may have that.

. . . Yesterday G.<sup>1</sup> said she wanted to be no hindrance to anything that our son might prize. It is a brief time, of necessity, in which it could affect me: a long time, please God, in which Phil would be affected by it, and if to maintain an honour that has been done to me would be any incentive to him, as it well might be, it would prove a great future, and I would sooner receive honour from your father than from any living man.

*From the same.*

*February, 1894.*

. . . A day or two ago came a letter from your father telling me of that honour and accompanied with such kind, delightful words about his own part in the matter that I feel inexpressibly comforted in heart about my work ever since. It is something for me to remember that he could write so generously about my efforts—pretty downhearted I often am at what feels constant failure, but I want you to assure him from me more fully than I could do in the pompous little note which I sent him how comfortable his words are to me and how I shall cherish them.

For me to sit down and write a semi-official letter is wellnigh impossible, and I posted the stiffest little note that has ever been penned,

<sup>1</sup> Georgina, Lady Burne Jones.

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—all the time wanting to say what is easier to say to you.

. . . In the papers vague things are said. Last night Mr. Harry Cust disported himself mightily and sold off his editions, for in large type in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was printed how a dissolution was to be expected any moment, and people were fighting in the streets—punching each other angrily—even the vendors of evening papers were once seen in angry conflict, and as you hadn't written to me I couldn't contradict it.

Day after day I still work restoring the image of "Love in the Ruins," and heavy uphill work it is, but I begin to see the end now. . . . But the chief purpose of this letter is that you may tell your father how delightful a remembrance for me always his letter will be, and how it has cheered me, who rather wanted cheering, for it has been a grievous month in many ways.

. . . Everyone who has seen the Dossie beginning is pleased, but they laugh too much, as if she wasn't a serious subject.

In March, 1894, Mr. Gladstone resigned his fourth Premiership.

*From the same.*

1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—All this is so sudden—my own little twopenny plans had been arranged with the idea of working on Dossie

about a month to come. . . . How flat public things will seem now and dull—dull. You once said I was a good politician, but I am not—all my politics are personal and now I resign too.

. . . I am ready for Dossie to-morrow. Of course the pet can't endure me very long—she will be at the end of her patience, but I should like her two hours every morning that you are here.

What shall we do about fogs? Sometimes it is a fog here and quite clear in Westminster. At any rate if the weather is not too bad for her to journey it would be best to let her come, for I could watch her and make notes for helping my memory. . . . I need the prayers of the congregation.

She is a restless darling, of course, and I need the delight of her company for days to learn her by heart, for she will never sit still one minute. . . . I should like to be lucky with it.

. . . What a sky!!! What a morning, and you left me to it and neither came to help nor sympathise. . . . In the main I must do from memory a sort of impressionist work, and you will be horribly disappointed and I shall suffer exceedingly, but this is the only way. She is so full of life that it abates not for a single moment and I have settled upon a simple action and will keep to it now . . . you won't want it when it's done, but it is at least a proof of friendship.

The Duke of Northumberland is quite right. I hate pictures travelling—I asked only because I was asked to ask. People should go and see pictures, lazy things, and not have the world's treasures brought to them—they would care a thousand times more for a treasure if they would hunt for it. . . . The world's treasures ought to be stationary, but they ought to be public.

“ Well, and how are you ? ” said the painter, extending his right hand of welcome while he held a lighted Havannah in his left. Oh yes, she shall come and shall see dear little Dossie . . . and I will be very polite. . . .

. . . It was a dear visit and very memorable<sup>1</sup>—every moment of it I shall remember.

*From P. W.*

LAHORE.

*January, 1894.*

. . . I cannot thank you enough for your dearest best letter, nor tell you what a pleasure it was. Thank you for remembering me and thinking about me and for understanding what it all was. That going away—the people—the train—the leaving—even the milk-cans and the newspapers at the station : each a separate little agony—*everything* hurting. But that is gone ; directly one can be much with the great Spirit, Nature, nothing matters and nothing hurts and one is in her arms all

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone visited Burne Jones in his studio.

day long on the sea. Such sunsets we had, wonderful opal days and such waves and seas. And at night, a great white path up the waters that seemed the wonderful way of the great ship to something unimaginable. And the flying fish and the funny porpoises and the lovely phosphor, it was all perfect and beautiful and *great*. Do you remember in darling Hans Andersen's story of the Nightingale: where the thoughts and feelings of the poor old Emperor are told, when he heard the *real* little brown bird sing, after the jewelled artificial one was broken and he didn't mind about anything or think of anything more; he just lay and listened and was happy. Because he felt that was the Real—the true, and knew he had come back to it. I think that must be the meaning of those words I have always loved so: “and underneath are the everlasting arms.” *Underneath*, that is what is so beautiful and it is so wonderful to have felt them close round.

Have you ever been to this beautiful country? You would love it so. It is very enchanted, and sometimes I am living in an Arabian Night's Tale and sometimes in the old Scriptures, and often, very often, in fairy tales. For there are Blue Birds here, the real Fairy Bird, only think! And night shuts down like a great curtain on the Bay and the stars quiver as well as shine. I have just come back from a week “in camp.” The animals are “Nuriele” (I doubt the spelling),

the most beautiful little mountain sheep, like deer. And I went out for the livelong day, stalking, and lived in the mountains and saw eagles—great eagles and the cattle upon a thousand hills. This *is* the land of the Bible, and you see the Woman by the Well and the unmuzzled ox treading out the corn and the people selling near the Temple.

And we used to come home when it was quite dark, after walking over boulders and rocks ; small Stonehenges prostrate. . . . The people are so nice too—up here in the Punjaub, quite a different race, and not to be compared with those in the South ; great strong Sikhs, fierce and splendid, and so courteous and hospitable, with a beautiful way of saying things, talking in poetry : listen to this—Mr. C., who was shooting on the mountains, having seen no game, pointed his rifle at a great brown hawk that was sailing over the “Nullah.” And he felt his arm held by the Shikarri, who whispered, “Né Sahib,” then, in the language, “He too is a hunter.” Then again, some lady was being carried in a dhoolie or litter, and they carried her so well she said to them, “You go so swiftly, you carry me running as deer” ; and they looked round so pleased and said, “And why should we not run as deer, since we carry the Chumbali-flower.” That is a kind of lotus—or sacred flower.

The city at Udaipur is called “The City of Sunrise,” for the Rajah of that state is



descended from the sun. Isn't it all beautiful ?

At Delhi we saw the great Mahommedan mosque, and it is most beautiful to watch the Mahommedans praying. It is not kneeling, it is *prostration* in the Presence of God—and all with a beautiful dignity. The proportions of the mosque are splendid. It is so wide and big ; a great open Praying Court and huge sky-pointing minarets. But that which is the most beautiful is the sight of the entrance. Up great flat steps, so broad it might almost be the Gate Beautiful, and there on the ground are the countless pairs of shoes ; old shoes, new shoes, embroidered shoes and little shoes—all silently expressing the feet that brought them, and went in.

The Hindu's religion is terrible and makes one shudder ; the dreadful painted stones in shrines, the daubed red paint and hideous gods. But Mahommedanism is so big and quiet. And Buddhism too is fine when one sees the huge Buddhas holding their great Thumbs, and staring over the plains. And one thinks of the ages and ages they have sat and stared.

When we were at Delhi we went to the little English church, and there is a cross in the churchyard about which there is such a lovely story. It is a great iron cross on a large ball, and all through the Mutiny it was on the top of the church's dome. And the natives had a belief that if they could knock the cross down they would prevail over us. But not one of

the shots made it move—and now it is placed in the churchyard, all riddled and torn with bullets, but stretching its arms as wide and upright as ever. It is so wonderful to see it ; a battered, standing Cross. . . .

*From H. S. H.*

LEEDS.

1895.

. . . We had a great talk with some labour leaders here one night.

The talk confirmed me in my belief that far beyond the actual Independent Labour Party the influence of the newer Socialism has withdrawn from the older Liberalism its *moral* inspiration, so that no prophetic force moved under the traditional watch-cries.

It is strange how repugnant to the new temper is the particular political outfit of familiar Radicalism. The shift of interest from political and social and economic issues has thrown the Radical out of gear. His sturdy individualism, his glorification of the industrial movement, clash with the first instincts of the new men. His Puritan severity, his middle-class complacency, his comfortable chapel-going, his suburbanism—all are against him. The new movement has in the foreground not the skilled artisan, but the outcast unemployed, the broken, the unskilled, the casual. For these the vigorous Radical capitalist has profound contempt.

Thus it comes about that the best instincts now astir tell heavily against the typical Liberal, the Sir James Kitson of the past. He is not the voice of the people, and his claim to be so irritates far more than the mere Tory who never professes it. I think it is a serious moment when the Liberal Party must admit new motives, new spokesmen, new measures, new aims.

In 1896 Mr. Gladstone consented to write for the *New Review*,<sup>1</sup> edited by Henley, in which Wyndham was deeply interested.

*From George Wyndham.*

16th June, 1896.

. . . This is indeed a day of jubilation. I dared not believe in my good fortune until your wire arrived and can hardly realise it now. S.<sup>2</sup> and I drove off to Mr. Henley at once in triumph. And the best is that the article is of such deep and universal interest. I like the saving clause in favour of the young and the true saying that every book must be a benefit or a burden. You will realise how directly the article appeals to me personally, for I think you know I am often dissatisfied with the use I make of my time. Thank you again and again for procuring me so much pride and pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> On "Verse-making and Man-making."

<sup>2</sup> Sibell, Countess Grosvenor, married G. Wyndham, 1887.

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In the autumn of 1897 Sir E. Burne Jones designed a window, now known as the "Thanksgiving Window," for the west end of Hawarden Church, intended by the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to commemorate the long married life of their parents. "A thank-offering for that long, splendid life," the artist calls it.

*From H. S. H.*

*August, 1896.*

It was delightful to see Hawarden again and your two noble old people. I have never seen him more splendid, or her more affectionate.

And as to the Window—I think Burne Jones should make you a special design—for such a moment.

I half incline now to the last four verses of the Benediction, the beautiful call to praise, travelling through all orders and degrees, until it reaches the individual souls.

Oh William! Oh Catherine!  
(with all your children and grandchildren)  
Bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever!  
Oh all ye Dossies and Flossies  
Bless ye the Lord . . .

*From E. Burne Jones.*

ROTTINGDEAN.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am here for a fortnight with Margaret and the children. It is our ancient custom and the disappointment would

be very great if I left them now—later on I would come if you think it needful. I wrote the other day to your brother and explained that it is impossible to put a central figure in a four light window, and I can see he is thinking of a picture all the time, and for that purpose an altar piece would certainly be better. A stained glass window cannot teach anything, it is at best a kind of splendid ornament, where the colour matters most, and the enclosing lines of lead next, and where the expression of faces is necessarily so rudely given that one cannot depend upon it, and must leave much to chance.

Four big figures that would fill up the lights, with drapery so designed that the colour should tell everywhere and the figures so drawn that they could be simply read at a great distance, would be far away the best. I feel sure he will be disappointed and will think the lead lines objectionable, which are part of the beauty of the work and as interesting as the lines of masonry in a wall, and the more of them the merrier and the deeper the colour looks.

It should be quite enough if four typical figures could be chosen, where symbols are easily understood. It is a very limited art and its limitations are its strength, and compel simplicity, but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window, whose excellence is more the excellence of architecture, to which it must

always be faithfully subservient. So I grow bewildered as the correspondence grows, and the face to face talk would certainly be best, but just yet I cannot manage it; and with two babies pulling at my legs that is all I can say at this time.

*From the same.*

*October.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I should have written and answered you before but I am in such distress of mind that all business is very difficult for me. I am afraid my dear Morris is drawing near to an end. . . . I cannot leave him or go away at all. From time to time I scheme the window. It is not needful for me to see the church. I remember it perfectly and it would not help, and I dare not go away.

If only we could have settled on some natural simple way of treating it, so as to make it look beautiful, it would be far on now, but I will send in a few days a new scheme.

I wanted to write too about that splendid effort for right<sup>1</sup> at Liverpool—but you would know what I thought.

And indeed days go very heavily with me at present.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Armenian atrocities.

*From the same.*

THE GRANGE.

. . . I am thinking it well over, and before the week is out I will propose some scheme or schemes.

But I am sore troubled all these days with anxiety about Morris, who is very ill. On Thursday I go to Folkestone to see him—with many a misgiving.

*From the same.*

30th December.

. . . In three or four days you will get a scheme for the window—on the chance it may do—a Nativity, going over all the lights. But I have been real bad of late, influenza they say, and as weak as we are made. I want it to reach you before your journey, and I am so vexed I did not know yesterday was that glorious birthday that I might send a telegram. I only see papers of an evening.

Your affectionate and much reduced

E. B. J.

*From the same.*

ROTTINGDEAN.

January, 1897.

. . . I am sending off by next post a scheme for the window. A blotty sketch but still something to go upon. It is a Nativity going all over the four lights, tinted, but only to

make the design clearer, not necessarily as a sign of the colour of the window, though in this subject I think the whole window will come out light in tone. You will understand and will make it clear that it is only a rough scheme. . . . I hope this is in time for you to decide before you go away. I have been utterly unfit for work for long weeks now, but I shall mend when the dry days come.

*From the same.*

*July.*

. . . A little line to say I am speeding away with the Nativity design for the window. I think it will look bonny, but the tracery part is a great difficulty, and though the kind of difficulty is one I ought to be skilful about by now perhaps I have grown stupid, for it is still a puzzle.

As to when it will be done I cannot say; it takes long and the space is big, but it is thriving now and I feel a bit pleased with it.

Do you like Ruddy Kipling's<sup>1</sup> hymn in yesterday's *Times*? I love it.

<sup>1</sup> "Recessional." Sir E. Burne Jones was Mr. Kipling's uncle.



## CHAPTER VIII

1898

Gladstone's last illness and death—Lord Acton's estimate—The Hawarden window—Death of Burne Jones—Letter from Lord Gladstone.

**M**R. GLADSTONE'S last illness became grave in March, 1895, and from then until the end the bulletins from Hawarden were watched with incessant anxiety.

*From Alfred Lyttelton.*

TEMPLE.

*March 22, 1898.*

The news quite stunned me—so impossible is it to realise what my talk with Helen here had quite reassured me upon. It was too dear of you to let me know. . . . Unspeakably sad it must be to think of the pain and suffering so nobly borne: but we must look back and onwards and not to the present so full of anguish. Thanks a hundred times, my dear, dear sister and longest tried friend, for telling me and letting me be with you in heart where I have been with you always and you with me in all the great sorrows of life.

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Perhaps you will let me know at any time when it might be possible for you to have me.

A. L.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*March 23, 1898.*

You are all constantly in my thoughts, but I do hope you are not living in a state of special anxiety. All that is said in the papers I see, but cannot tell *how* much they exaggerate. But I do not write this to ask you for any news, only for the sake of stretching out a hand in case you are troubled.

*From the same.*

*March 25.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—How good of you to write at such a time. . . . And now one's only prayer must be that the glorious life may end with as little pain as can be.

Our thoughts will be increasingly with you.

Your affectionate

E. B. J.

It is impossible in these pages to give any idea of the great volume of sympathy and devotion which flowed in from every part of the world during these last weeks, and made them, writes one very near to Mr. Gladstone, a veritable "march of triumph." But two letters may not be omitted.

*From the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.*

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

26 April, 1898.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—At yesterday's meeting of the Hebdomadal Council, the first held this term, a unanimous wish was expressed that I should convey to you the message of our profound and affectionate sympathy in the sore trouble and distress which you are called upon to endure.

While we join in the universal regret with which the nation watches the dark cloud which has fallen upon the evening of a great and impressive life ; we believe that Oxford may lay claim to a deeper and more intimate share in this sorrow.

Your brilliant career in our University, your long political connection with it, and your fine scholarship, kindled in this place of ancient learning, have linked you to Oxford by no ordinary bond, and we cannot but hope that you will receive with satisfaction this expression of deep-seated kindliness and sympathy from us.

We pray that the Almighty may support you, and those near and dear to you, in this trial, and may lighten the load of sufferings which you bear with such heroic resignation.

Believe me, dear Mr. Gladstone,

Yours most truly and sorrowfully,

J. R. MAGRATH,

Vice-Chancellor.

The Right Hon.

William Ewart Gladstone, D.C.L.

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In spite of his weakness Mr. Gladstone insisted on replying to this letter, dictated to his daughter Helen :—

HAWARDEN.

*April 28, 1898.*

There is no expression of Christian sympathy that I value more than that of the ancient University of Oxford—the God-fearing and God-sustaining University of Oxford.

I served her, perhaps mistakenly, but to the best of my ability. My most earnest prayers are hers, to the uttermost and to the end.

*From the Archbishop of Armagh<sup>1</sup> to Miss Helen Gladstone.*

PALACE, ARMAGH.

*April 29, 1898.*

There is a little message which has long hovered about my heart, but which I have hesitated to express in words.

Perhaps you will give it for me *if* you think it well and not likely to cause pain. It is this—

The old Primate of Ireland desires to send his poor benediction to Mr. Gladstone. He lifts up his hand and heart to God at the moment as if he were present with Mr. Gladstone and prays that He would bestow upon His afflicted servant perfect pardon, fulness of peace, and the grace of His Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander.

That is the whole of my message.

It is consoling to hear that Mr. Gladstone is sustained by the hope which comes from a faith unshaken, and holds fast by the Cross of Christ.

May I say to you that I remember now with respectful affection the kindness and exquisite courtesy which Mr. Gladstone always extended to me ; and that if the momentary passion of an exciting controversy in politics ever wrung from me a bitter word—yet a deep conviction has ever been with me that he is one of the few great statesmen of whom the Church may be proud ?

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM ARMAGH.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*May 5, 1898.*

. . . I am speeding that window all that ever I can. . . . I went yesterday to give it the final examination. I hope it will look fine. Some little changes there were to make, but a few days will be enough for that, and on Wednesday and Thursday I shall go again to see that they have been made. Within a fortnight I believe you will have it. A single day will suffice to set it up and there it will be.

It looked full of colour—here and there I would have had things different, but by now I have learnt not to worry about impossible perfection. I think you will like it.

## 280 SOME HAWARDEN LETTERS

Continually my thoughts are with you, and every word from Hawarden I watch.

. . . You see by the enclosed how nearly the window is finished. I am going over to see it. If only it could be set up at once—not that he will see it, alas, but I should like to think of it there—and ready.

Mr. Gladstone gradually became weaker. and on May 19th in the dawn of Ascension Day the great spirit passed.

*From the same.*

*May 24, 1898.*

DEAR FRIEND,—I can't tell if it hurts to get letters, or if it helps. At first I hadn't the courage to write, and this shall only be a brief word, but you are in my thoughts constantly.

The way the world has risen to it is wonderful. In the midst of all your sorrow your hearts must be elated—it is beautiful I think.

One day later on, let me see you, and meantime God bless you and all of you.

*From Alfred Lyttelton.*

16 GREAT COLLEGE STREET,  
WESTMINSTER.

*May 19, 1898.*

. . . We have followed every hour to the close of the great and noble life, every phase of it holding up to us an unapproachable example.

And now it is no longer of his sufferings that by God's mercy we think, but of his perfect rest and the immense void which his departure opens to you and all of us who have had the inestimable privilege of knowing him. Almost my first clear memory of you in connection with him is your opening the paper in the train, as we went from Hagley together thirty years ago, and cheering as you read out the majority in the Irish Church Bill, and ever since I have known that no day has passed for you without frequent thought of him and loving care and anxiety for him.

Of course you thought often of the inevitable and natural end, yet Uncle William's marvellous freshness and vigour made it, till a few months ago, impossible to realise. And now it remains only to think of his glorious life—every day of it full of noble purpose and achievement—and to pray that we may be the better for having been allowed to see it and to try at a far distance to walk in his footsteps.

Nothing could have been more impressive than the House of Commons to-day. The perfect silence. Arthur's changed and faltering voice. The whole building penetrated with the sense of irreparable loss; every man in black. Whatever may be said or done to-morrow, nothing can exceed the solemn pathos of the scene of his many glorious deeds.

*From Lady Salisbury.*

HATFIELD HOUSE, HATFIELD,  
HERTS.

*Ascension Day.*

MY DEAR MARY,—May I send you one line to say how all our thoughts are with you and yours ? When I think of all the old friendship and the many happy days we have spent with your dear father, the old personal love puts all the more general feeling of loss in the background.

What a grand life and what a beautiful death.

May God bless and comfort you all, especially your dear mother.

You will forgive me for writing, will you not ?

Your affectionate old friend,

G. SALISBURY.

*From Prof. Sidgwick.*

NEWNHAM COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

*May 24, 1898.*

DEAR MRS. DREW,—I do not need to write to you that you, and all at Hawarden, have been much in my thoughts and feelings during these solemn days. But I cannot forbear to tell you what deep satisfaction I have felt in the universal, unforced, unaffected recognition of the moral value of your father's example.



I feel this satisfaction not only on personal, but even more on public grounds ; it makes one more hopeful about the future of popular government, which must—it seems—be party government. For one of the worst effects of party strife is the misjudgment and misrepresentation of the motives and aims of great men which it seems inevitably to involve ; and from what I now see I feel more able to hope that this effect may only be transient ; that at any rate when evening comes the clouds will have cleared away, and the stars be seen in their places in the sky of historic memory.

Do not answer this, but believe me,

Always yours most sincerely,

HENRY SIDGWICK.

*From the Rev. J. R. Illingworth.*

LONGWORTH RECTORY,

FARINGDON.

*June 3, 1898.*

DEAR MRS. DREW, —I very purposefully have not written to you before, but—now that all is over—you will, I hope, not mind my sending you a line to say with what sympathy I have watched and followed all that has been passing at Hawarden.

My happy visits there long ago have left such a vivid and bright memory in my life that one was able to realise it all so much.

I must not say any of the commonplace

things—for the whole wonderful history is lifted so above commonplace sorrow and sympathy and into a region that I am sure must have made you all feel that you had unique and exceptional consolations.

All I will venture to say then is just to assure you that I had an acute and personal share in the great national feeling, and as much as this I thought I should like to say.

Yours most sincerely,  
J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

*From George Wyndham.*

*May 30.*

. . . Thank you for your most kind words about the Farewell.<sup>1</sup> . . . I cannot say how relieved I am to gather, I hope accurately, from the newspapers that your mother has stood the strain that she bore so nobly. It made me shiver to pass her in the Abbey. Sibell intends driving over to see you during the next day or two. I leave it to you to say whether I may accompany her. I should so much like to see *you*, and could stay in the garden, so as not to make too many in the house.

Since his death many panegyrics have been pronounced on Mr. Gladstone, but the most eloquent of all tributes to his fame had already been written eighteen years before. During a

<sup>1</sup> A valedictory article contributed by Mr. Wyndham to the *Outlook* of March 26th, 1898.

walk with Lord Acton at Tegernsee, in the autumn of 1879, Mr. Gladstone's daughter had said that she wondered how her father's reputation would stand in the eyes of later generations. Soon after Acton gave his answer.

*From Lord Acton.*

*December 14, 1880.*

You wished that you could disengage your mind from its surroundings, and learn the judgment of posterity ; and I said that, if you chose, you might hear it at once. . . .

Hereafter, when our descendants shall stand before the slab that is not yet laid among the monuments of famous Englishmen, they will say that Chatham knew how to inspire a nation with his energy, but was poorly furnished with knowledge and ideas ; that the capacity of Fox was never proved in office, though he was the first of debaters ; that Pitt, the strongest of ministers, was among the weakest of legislators ; that no Foreign Secretary has equalled Canning, but that he showed no other administrative ability ; that Peel, who excelled as an administrator, a debater, and a tactician, fell everywhere short of genius ; and that the highest merits of the five without their drawbacks were united in Mr. Gladstone. . . . They will not say of him, as of Burke, that his writing equalled his speaking, or surpassed it like Macaulay's. For though his books manifest the range of his powers, if they do not

establish a distinct and substantive reputation, they will breed regret that he suffered anything to divert him from that career in which his supremacy was undisputed among the men of his time. People who suspect that he sometimes disparaged himself by not recognising the secret of his own superiority, will incline to believe that he fell into another error of wise and good men, who are not ashamed to fail in the rigid estimate of characters and talents. This will serve them to explain his lofty unfitness to deal with sordid motives, and to control that undignified but necessary work, his inability to sway certain kinds of men, and that strange property of his influence, which is greatest with multitudes, less in society—and least at home. And it will help them to understand a mystery that is becoming very prominent, that he formed no school, and left no disciples who were to him what Wyndham, Grenville, Wellesley, Canning, Castlereagh were to Pitt; that his colleagues followed him because he had the nation at his back, by force more than by persuasion, and chafed as he did by the side of Palmerston.

Some keys, I imagine, will be lost, and some finer lines will yield to the effacing fingers: the impress left by early friendship with men who died young, like Hallam, or from whom he was parted, like Hope Scott; the ceremonious deference to authorities that reigned in college days under a system heavily weighted with tradition; the microscopic subtlety and

care in the choice of words, in guarding against misinterpretation and in correcting it, which belonged to the Oxford training, which is a growth of no other school, which even in such eminent men as Newman and Liddon is nearly a vice, and is a perpetual stumbling-block and a snare for lesser men—these are points, appreciable by those who know him, that must be obscure to those who come after us. They will wonder how it was that an intellect remarkable for originality and independence, matchless in vigour, fertility and clearness, continued so long shrouded in convictions imbibed so early as to be akin to prejudices, and was outstripped in the process of emancipation by inferior minds. The pride of democratic consistency will aim its shafts at those lingering footsteps, as a scientific age will resent the familiarity and sympathy with Italian thought to the detriment of more perfect instruments of knowledge and of power, and that inadequate estimate of the French and German genius which has been unfortunately reciprocal.

But all the things about which no New Zealander will feel as we do, do not disturb your appeal to the serene and impartial judgment of history. When our problems are solved and our struggles ended, when distance has restored the proportions of things, and the sun has set for all but the highest summits, his fame will increase even in things where it seems impossible to add to it. Ask all the clever men you know, who were the greatest

British orators, and there are ten or twelve names that will appear on every list. There is no such acknowledged primacy among them as Mirabeau enjoys in France or Webster in America. Macaulay told me that Brougham was the best speaker he had heard; Lord Russell preferred Plunkett; and Gaskell, Canning. I have heard people who judge by efficacy assign the first place to Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, and to an evangelical lecturer, whom I daresay nobody but Lord Harrowby remembers, of the name of Burnett. But that illustrious chain of English eloquence that begins in the Walpolean battles, ends with Mr. Gladstone. His rivals divide his gifts like the generals of Alexander. One may equal him in beauty of composition, another in the art of statement, and a third, perhaps, comes near him in fluency and fire. But he alone possesses all the qualities of an orator; and when men come to remember what his speeches accomplished, how it was the same whether he prepared an oration or hurled a reply, whether he addressed a British mob or the cream of Italian politicians, and would still be the same if he spoke in Latin to Convocation, they will admit no rival. "*C'est la grandeur de Berryer avec la souplesse de Thiers,*" was the judgment of the ablest of the Ultramontanes on his speech on Charities.

There are especially two qualities that will not be found in other men. First, the vigorous and perpetual progress of his mind. Later

ages will know what in this critical autumn of a famous year is only guessed, that even now, at seventy, in his second ministry, after half a century of public life, his thoughts are clearing, moving, changing, on the two highest of all political questions.<sup>1</sup>

His other pre-eminent characteristic is the union of theory and policy. Bonaparte must have possessed the same mastery of infinite detail; and the best democrats, Jefferson, Sieyès, and Mill, were firm and faithful in their grasp of speculative principle. But in democracy that doctrinal fidelity is neither difficult nor very desirable of attainment. Its disciples embrace a ready-made system that has been thought out like the higher mathematics, beyond the need or the chance of application. The sums have been worked; the answers are known. There is no secret about their art. Their prescriptions are in the books, tabulated and ready for use. We always know what is coming. We know that the doctrine of equality leads, by steps not only logical, but almost mechanical, to sacrifice the principle of liberty to the principle of quantity; that, being unable to abdicate responsibility and power, it attacks genuine representation, and, as there is no limit where there is no control, invades, sooner or later, both property and religion. In a doctrine so simple, consistency is no merit. But in Mr. Gladstone there is all the resource and policy of the heroes of Carlyle's

<sup>1</sup> Agrarian Laws and Ecclesiastical Establishments.

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worship, and yet he moves scrupulously along the lines of the science of statesmanship. Those who deem that Burke was the first political genius until now must at this point admit his inferiority. He loved to evade the arbitration of principle. He was prolific of arguments that were admirable but not decisive. He dreaded two-edged weapons and maxims that faced both ways. Through his inconsistencies we can perceive that his mind stood in a brighter light than his language; but he refused to employ in America reasons which might be fitted to Ireland, lest he should become odious to the great families and impossible with the King. Half of his genius was spent in masking the secret that hampered it. Goldsmith's cruel line is literally true.<sup>1</sup>

Looking abroad, beyond the walls of Westminster, for objects worthy of comparison, they will say that other men, such as Hamilton and Cavour, accomplished work as great; that Turgot and Roon were unsurpassed in administrative craft; that Clay and Thiers were as dexterous in parliamentary management; that Berryer and Webster resembled him in gifts of speech, Guizot and Radowitz in fulness of thought; but that in the three elements of greatness combined, the man, the power and the result—character, genius and success—none reached his level.

The decisive test of his greatness will be the gap he will leave. Among those who come

<sup>1</sup> "And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."



after him there will be none who understand that the men who pay wages ought not to be the political masters of those who earn them (because laws should be adapted to those who have the heaviest stake in the country, for whom misgovernment means not mortified pride or stinted luxury, but want and pain, and degradation and risk to their own lives and to their children's souls), and who yet can understand and feel sympathy for institutions that incorporate tradition and prolong the reign of the dead.

Fill the blanks, deepen the contrasts, shut your eyes to my handwriting, and, if you make believe very much, you shall hear the roll of the ages.

A letter received by Mrs. Drew from F. W. Maitland, the Downing Professor of Law in the University of Cambridge, may be introduced here. In 1903 Mrs. Drew was contemplating the publication of a collection of Lord Acton's letters which she afterwards issued, and she sent the material to Professor Maitland with a request for his advice. His reply is not without bearing on the present volume.

*From Professor Maitland.*

DOWNING COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

26 April, 1903.

I have to thank you for a great treat, namely for allowing me to read Lord Acton's letters.

I found them awaiting me on my return from the Canaries. . . . I began to devour them; my delight in reading these wonderful letters was so keen that I could not stop. But as to their publication, I am incapable of advising you, so ignorant am I of modern politics and the history of our own time. . . . What I dimly perceive is that the publication of these letters will not *in the immediate future* secure for Lord Acton many friends among the generality of Englishmen. He will be seen as the champion of many opinions, all of which are for the time being unpopular. . . .

Then I cannot think that my article in the *Cambridge Review* would make a good introduction . . . though sincere, it was rhetorical; it was academic; it was specifically Cantabrigian; it was apologetic and it had an edificatory end. . . . In particular I was concerned to repel the charge made in some of the papers that Acton was a mere devourer of books who left no mark upon the world. . . . When these letters appear the accusation that will be made by the unfriendly will be of a diametrically opposite kind. . . . They would ask why if anything at all was to be said of the writer, nothing was said of his political activity, his relation to Liberalism and the Liberal party. . . .

In my humble but deliberate opinion the introduction ought to be an essay on "Lord Acton and Liberalism in Church and State." Failing such an essay, I suggest that a very

few sentences, coming from you and signed with your initials, would be by far the best of introductions. . . . I do not think you can so completely retire from the scene as you would desire, —I think men will be *ready* to say that Acton made use of Mr. Gladstone's daughter for the purpose of bringing influence on the Prime Minister.

To me, because I have seen the letters in full, such a charge would be ridiculously untrue. It is evident he took great delight in writing to you about all manner of affairs that were not political. Therefore I will ask you to preserve so far as you possibly can the intimate character of these letters. I observe that a red pencil has been drawn through many passages in which Lord Acton speaks of his family and of your family. For the sake of the general effect I hope a good deal of this matter will be retained. . . . I fear if all this be omitted the Acton who comes before the world will look somewhat non-human. People will see the great head, but will know nothing of the warm heart. If all the family news and all the pleasantries be omitted, men and women will be ready to say that these letters are lectures addressed to the Prime Minister through his daughter. The result of your self-suppression may be not only an untrue portrait of Mrs. Drew —perhaps you do not mind that —but an untrue portrait of Lord Acton. . . . You will not forget that some picture of the recipient of these letters must be drawn by everyone who

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reads them. I cannot help fearing, if you quit the scene, Lord Acton will suffer. . . .

Yours very truly,

F. W. MAITLAND.

*From E. Burne Jones.*

*June 5, 1898.*

. . . I am so glad of your letter about the window ; it has been a veritable comfort to me—there was the chance you might be disappointed.

And I was troubled all along about the delay, but this could not be helped.

After your first letter when you wanted the window, I went to see after it and watch it as it was being finished. I don't know why it was still delayed, but it did not matter ; he could not have seen it, and it was best forgotten till now.<sup>1</sup>

. . . Yes, I was near you on Saturday.<sup>2</sup> When the peal of bells rang out at the end it was almost more than one could bear . . . who thought of the bells ringing ?

Don't come to London without letting me see you, and I should like news presently about your mother.

I was really happy making that window : some bits went amiss—one cannot make all come right ; but I felt more content than I usually am with work carried out by other

<sup>1</sup> A description of the window, by Mrs. Drew, is given in a note at the end of this chapter.

<sup>2</sup> At Westminster Abbey.

hands. They tried very hard, one and all, at the works, to make it good.

Your affectionate

E. B. J.

This was Burne Jones's last letter. He died twelve days later. So the window, first imagined two years earlier, as a thanksgiving, was dedicated in Hawarden Church, in the presence of Mrs. Gladstone and her children, a few days after Mr. Gladstone's death, and a few days before Burne Jones himself passed away.

Nearly twenty years later, Mrs. Drew wrote to her brother Herbert, commenting on the tendency, noticeable more particularly in some current biographies and reminiscences, to diminish Mr. Gladstone's pre-eminence among his contemporaries. She spoke of the profound impression made upon her mind by reading one of the forty volumes of the Diaries left by her father, and raised the question whether these should not be read in their entirety by the Trustees with a view to their publication in whole or part. She received from Lord Gladstone the reply which follows, and may as an estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character appropriately conclude this chapter.

*From H. J. G.*

4 CLEVELAND SQUARE,  
ST. JAMES'.

8.1.17.

DEAREST M.,—In these days my mind tends to be over critical, and perhaps you may have thought that in the matter of the diaries I was deficient in zeal. It is, I hope, not so. His reputation public and private is our priceless possession. For this reason any question of publication should be looked at from all sides. There is a danger of exaggerating the importance of derogatory criticism and critics. After his death let it be remembered that the judgment of the nation, indeed of the world, on the life, character, action, looked at as a great whole, in spontaneity, volume and sympathy, was more than we had ever dared to expect. But there was bound to be hot reaction; a recrudescence of unfavourable comment, poisonous scandal and intellectual belittlement.

Take —— as an illustration of the first. His present views of Mr. G. date probably from the bitter controversies on the Eastern Question, when the loyalty of a young man to his own chief gave a permanent personal bias to his mind, developing on the Irish and other questions of the 'eighties. A good capable fellow, but always narrow and rather small in his political vision. These sort of men usually go to one extreme or the other when writing their biographies in the shape of reminiscences. It

suits some to praise, others to decry, their chief adversaries. Few have the true balance. This class does not count, because their writings are not widely read, nor will they influence history.

Of the poisonous type, there has been, e.g. —. But for the war we might have had to move, and I still think we ought to record sooner or later an answer to the untruths and misleading statements, obvious as many of them are.

The third category must of course be taken seriously and on its merits. It is the day of scientists, with a tendency to throw stones at the older school of politicians who knew them not. His theological views put him out of sympathy with men like Darwin and Huxley and, because he never turned his attention to science, he was less able to appreciate the immense work which science was quite quietly doing for the world. Younger political men are now at the feet of science and the near future will, I think, bring about a marked "entente." However this may be, it is inevitable that men who are coming more fully into their own, should give the rein to a form of intellectual conceit which takes pleasure in depreciating former holders of the field. Father was so supremely the chief figure till he retired that he naturally comes in more for knocks than others. And perhaps it is in the great field of science that he is most exposed to them.

So far as I can see criticism and attacks have emanated from the three sources indicated.

For very different reasons a book on the diaries would not touch those sources. The diaries are a daily record of conscience, unique in their rigidity of self-examination and introspection. There is no parallel in any diaries I can call to mind—for example, Pepys, Evelyn or Walter Scott. At present they are unknown to the public, saving some extracts in Lord Morley's Life. The justification of his public actions lies, not in the diaries, but in his public statements. In the domain of moral principle it is of course very different, but his inmost soul cannot be laid bare as an answer to scurrility. And as regards science, the explanation of an apparent want of sympathy belongs rather to deductions from the general life than to the notes of daily work, though these indeed throw much light on the explanation. Therefore for the present, at any rate, I feel rather strongly that we should let the battle be fought on his public life, rather than on the innermost thoughts of his soul. To bring these out now or soon seems to indicate a certain consciousness of weakness and an over-estimate of the more grovelling kind of attack. I have not got the one and don't wish to fall into the other. The "massive sense" has been made manifest, nor do I think it has as yet been shaken.



NOTE TO CHAPTER VIII  
THE THANKSGIVING WINDOW IN  
HAWARDEN CHURCH

BY MRS. DREW

It was his last completed work—the sunset glory that transfigures this window is thus touchingly appropriate. The subject is the Nativity, chosen as embodying the great doctrine of the Incarnation. Across the two central lights, the Virgin in long blue robe, reclines upon a manger or couch of straw. She bends in adoring tenderness over the Child clasped in her arms. A glistening group of angels stand in the background beneath the stable roof, their heads bowed, their hands folded, gazing in reverence and worship on the Divine Child. On the left are the Magi with their offerings ; on the right the Shepherds with awe-struck faces. In the foreground angels kneel in adoration, their long white garments flowing to the ground in masses of shining drapery, their heads wreathed, their blue wings folded, their whole attitude denoting worship.

The dignity and beauty of design, the absence of self-consciousness, the glory of colour, especially in the blue and blue-greens of sky and draperies, and the crimson of the angels' halos, cannot fail profoundly to impress the beholder.

One striking feature is the consummate skill with which the artist has overcome the difficulty of a central subject in a four-light window. Instead of making the design subservient to the mullions, it takes no heed of them ; the picture stretches continuously across the whole space behind the tracery. Were Hawarden Church without any other attractions or historical associations it would be well worth visiting for this window alone.

## CHAPTER IX

1898-1905

George Wyndham—His place in letters—Essay on Plutarch—On *The Red Badge of Courage*—Under-Secretary for War—The Browning Letters—Wyndham Chief Secretary—His visit to South Africa—Cecil Rhodes' Grave—The South African Commission—Tour in the West of Ireland—Sir A. MacDonnell's appointment—The Land Bill of 1903—The Dogger Bank Incident—What is Nationality?—St. Deiniol's Library—The Macdonnell Crisis—Wyndham's resignation.

TWO letters from Mr. George Wyndham have already been given. Henceforward they are very numerous, and import considerable vividness and colour into the pages which follow. Wyndham's was one of those natures which belong exclusively to their friends. No stranger had a share in him. His public speeches and published works, generally speaking, fail to transmit his influence, which indeed was that of a temperament not wholly native to our age. It belongs rather to an age like the Italian Renaissance.

Gathering round him kindred spirits at Saughton or Clouds, drawing each by ardent appreciation of his own line of reading or research, forecasting the hours they will spend

in discussion, giving tentative samples beforehand, and running over some of the old folios and editions that shall stimulate their ardour, Wyndham is the image of a sixteenth-century Florentine summoning to his villa the joyous apostles of the new culture. What interested him in the intellectual movement of his time was not so much the results achieved as the minds which achieved them. Culture, research, study he valued, not because they supplied him with facts or "material," but because they enriched his intellectual enthusiasm. The good he sought was a good of the mind. It might or might not be ever gathered between book covers or issue in any positive and concrete shape. That was a secondary consideration, if a consideration at all. But its real effect was inward and consisted in the excitement and thrill of awakened thought. That sufficed. That was the end.

The infection of Wyndham's enthusiasm was inevitable. He had the knack of surrounding all situations with a kind of vivid attraction. The scenes he conjures up in his correspondence with his friends,—the library in the old tower, the books, the chairs, the fire, the unconstrained and eager talk,—are scenes of palpably emotional delight.

Indeed the suggestion of the Florentine was in more than his culture; it was carried on

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into his manner and appearance. It has been written of him that he "brought a beautiful presence, gracious manners, and astounding power to stimulating and suggestive converse into the society of his day." His heart was not primarily in politics. Even in literature it was not dreams of accomplished works that filled his mind. His destiny was to be an incentive and a stimulus, to act upon the minds of others, not by thinking more accurately, but by thinking more joyfully. "I possess," he writes, "a power to bring happiness and their heart's desire to those I am fond of. . . . I have that power because I have no great wishes for myself. It just spills over from me to those who have been brought near me. . . . In many ways unguessed you will find that I am your friend, and a lucky friend, because of this exuberance of vitality and luck that goes altogether beyond my own needs. I have no need in me except to help my friends, and to be fond of them and to assist their happiness."

How shall we trace such an influence? "Surely he is now,"—writes a close friend in his affectionate reminiscences, printed for a few eyes only, but casting so intimate a light upon an unusual and beautiful personality,— "surely he is now, as he ever was, advancing, expanding, clutching innumerable reins of

thought, driving wide teams of ideas from sphere to sphere."

*From George Wyndham.*

1895.<sup>1</sup>

. . . You were so kind about the first beginnings of my introduction to North's *Plutarch* that I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy. The first two vols. should appear to-morrow and will I hope reach you by Thursday. There will be six in all. . . .

My first intention was to confine myself to the literary aspect of the English translation as an example of Elizabethan prose, revealing a certain debt to the French of Amyot and yet instinct at the same time with native genius. I felt, however, that some guide to Plutarch's historical maze and some slight sketch of his personality and environment were needed for those who never knew or have completely forgotten their Greek and their ancient history. I have therefore touched upon Plutarch's matter, before handling North's style.

In November, 1895, Mr. Wyndham's five-year-old only child, Percy, broke his thigh, when riding with his father.

<sup>1</sup> This letter and that which follows it belong in order of date to an earlier chapter. It has, however, been thought convenient to insert them here.

*From the same.* SAIGHTON.

. . . Many, many thanks for your *most* kind letter. He is in less pain to-day, so I hope you will still come.

The anguish of yesterday was almost more terrible than the long anxiety of getting him home and waiting for the doctors the night before. I held him with both hands for fourteen hours yesterday, for he believed that my hands helped him. But since five this morning the spasms are fewer and shorter. . . . I am delighted with the beautiful little book and delighted to possess a token from you. I want you to buy and read *The Red Badge of Courage* by Stephen Crane. I have reviewed it for the *New Review* of January with enthusiasm.

The last examination of little Percy's thigh was more encouraging than I had dared to hope.

W. E. Henley considered this review, dealing with the psychology of fear and the sensations of men in battle, to be the best and most brilliant of all George Wyndham's writings. "Genius," said Henley, banging his great hand on the table; "one does not know out of Tolstoi where one has received the same emotion and sense of reality as in George Wyndham's impressions of the reality of battle."

In October, 1898, Mr. Wyndham joined Lord Salisbury's ministry as Under-Secretary for War.



LADY GROSVENOR AND PERCY WYNDHAM.  
(Killed in Action, September, 1914.)





*From the same.*

October, 1898.

. . . I like your condolence better than most congratulations. It is more flattering. But, as you say, the die is cast : the shilling is taken. And so I must say farewell to liberty and letters.

*From L. T.*

1899.

. . . I am possessed by them (the Browning letters), and have read the whole of Vol. I twice through. Never have I felt the beauty of two such minds in closest contact with "passion in the air," yet with so much spirituality and such beautiful love. It is the loveliest love-story and has filled my heart and mind. What astonishing culture and interest in books and causes. . . . It is a rare bit of experience to me that those feelings, that marvellous self-control (the three months, e.g. of sitting by her side and hourly intercourse almost, in writing) could be behind all that ordinary mortals saw. . . . Do you think there can exist in the world letters comparable to these, between two such choice minds ?

*From A. B.*

I am boring my way slowly through Amiel's *Journal Intime*. . . . I think that is the way to read Amiel. Books that are suggestive and nothing else do leave so little behind them except a general confusion of conflicting ideas

if they are skipped, whereas, if one works slowly through them, they ignite a number of little trains of ideas—which is the delight of all suggestive literature.

It is very refreshing to find, as Kant said, a person regarding human nature as an end and not as a means : but yet one feels throughout that what was making Amiel unhappy was that he never looked at the “ means ” point of view. Certainly the question of effectiveness, and whether it may deliberately be put away as an aim, is the most difficult practical thing one has to solve.

*From Arthur Lyttelton.*

Please tell — that I never said that Browning does not accept the Gospel facts ; only that his view of truth makes him indifferent to facts at all, as far as miracles and means of producing conviction are concerned. For the rest, the Incarnation, which he holds so very strongly, is a gigantic fact of the historical sort, and Browning differs from Abbott, I fancy, in taking the Incarnation to be an end and not a means ; truth at which we arrive, not illusion by which we arrive.

*From George Wyndham.*

*March, 1902.*

. . . And now I may please myself by writing to you. That is a very poor substitute for seeing you at Saughton. There is just a

chance I may be at Eaton on Sunday week. I would stay over Monday if you held out a hope that you could come over. S. and I would meet you on bicycles.

Mr. Wyndham had become Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1900. "I like my province," he had written in December of that year, "it can be governed only by conversations and arbitrary decisions ; to be an affable but inexorable Haroun al Raschid is the only chance."

*From the same.*

*March, 1902.*

. . . The postscript to your letter stirs the deep and bitter waters of my life. It may be that I am meant to "break my heart" as a necessary object lesson to others. I can't write about that. . . . I confess that I have been depressed, for me, during the last three weeks. I had to get some things done and to prevent others from being done, with a high temperature, from my bed—that is an unusual coign of vantage in my life, and probably I magnified and distorted matters which were quite big and ugly enough in themselves.

But blessings were suddenly showered on me and mine on Lady Day.<sup>1</sup> First a telegram from my brother Guy, to say he had three months' leave. He has been through the whole war, away for three years. I have been

<sup>1</sup> His wife's birthday.

frightened at the strain this has put on my mother ; now she has three months' rest from anxiety. My boy passed his Trials, in spite of influenza, also on Lady Day. The Land Bill survived a deliberate attempt on the part of the *Times*, *Morning Post*, etc., to stab me and my offspring. This means something, and may mean a great deal. Last but not least, you wrote on Lady Day and brought back a flood of Saughton and poetry and gentleness and peace and wisdom and general pleasantness, of which my life has been wholly stripped for months.

*From the same.*

DUBLIN CASTLE,  
CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

*6th April, 1902.*

. . . Have arranged to get my questions taken Monday ; am free till 4. If you start to reach Eaton by 12, will meet you and lunch there.

Unless you cut me off by letter or wire I shall "prospect" for you along the Eaton drive between 11 and 12. The others are off to point to point races.

The following note was written at the time about this visit by Mrs. Drew :—

" We met in the drive as arranged, a gorgeous spring day. On reaching Eaton we sauntered to the Dutch Garden, one blaze of tulips, in

sunshine hot and brilliant as June. Mr. Rhodes had just died ; Mr. Wyndham, very full of him, told me every detail of his time in South Africa in 1896 : every word Mr. Rhodes said to him, their ride from Buluwayo into the Matoppo Hills and the ' View of the World.' There Mr. Rhodes chose his grave, and lay down for twenty minutes on the rock, on the very spot where his body now rests. We had a two hours' talk, then luncheon, then an hour on Ireland and to-day's politics. If he can only grow to Home Rule and educate his party, he will stand out in history as a saviour of Ireland—and England. Lord Spencer, Sir E. Grey and Lord Crewe, as Home Rulers, impress him considerably. Ireland has cast her spell upon him, but he thinks he sees his way to winning her through other channels."

*From George Wyndham.*

*9th April.*

. . . Let me tell you one more story of Rhodes.

After the South African Commission, on which I brought out facts, not to defend—for that was impossible—but to make some of his actions intelligible, I called on him by appointment for breakfast. He had been riding and was dressing. He was shy but unconventional always. So he suddenly walked in from his room *in a shirt*, his face lathered all over, a shaving brush in one hand and a razor in the other. With these precautions against any

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physical exhibition of gratitude, he said abruptly in his high voice, "Wyndham, I can't embrace you, but you know what I mean."

*From the same.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE.

*4th October, 1902.*

. . . I am full of sorrow for much that goes on here, but full of hope for much that will go on and sooner than I dared to hope. Mayo is, as you say, "a brick," and so are many on both sides if they only knew how to apprise each other of the fact. Sometimes I almost wish to be out of office, so as to speak and *write* all that is in my mind. I wished you could have been with us in the Far West the other day. I took S., M. Ebury, Lytton and secretaries by 7 a.m. train to Mallaranny in Clew Bay. They all behaved beautifully—getting up at 5.30 as of course, preserving astonishing appetite for coarse food and maintaining the temper of angels.

Sibell was a revelation to the cotters in these hovels, full of beasts and of filth. On Achill they said, "We have seen many ladies, but you are the first that has been kind to us." I took them out to Clare Island, back to Mallaranny and then at 5 p.m. steamed round Achill and anchored at 9.30 p.m.

I had effected a concentration of Chairmen, Board of Works, Fishery Commissioners, Engineers, etc. It was splendid to see them

thaw and then glow and shine. It was a day never to be forgotten, and ought to give me enough steam and guidance to get something done at last.

The next day was peerless ; an opal sea ; the sun rising, a crimson sphere, clean out of his bath, and the cone of Slievemore suspended, like Japan's Fusi-yama, high in heaven, over the faint mist. So I took a header into the Atlantic at 6.30 and swam through the opal waters. We started at 7.30 and did all we had to do, steaming across Black Rock Bay and then cruising up a creek for miles in a boat. Even the engineer became ecstatic, and one way or another, these people shall get their chance at last.

S. started with me by 7 a.m. train the next morning, and we visited Foxford for five hours on the way back. Since then I have been immersed in the Land Question here.

I have great faith and believe the time has nearly come. Archbishop Walsh wrote a Christian letter to to-day's paper, and the Landowner's Convention is beginning to help.

*From the same.*

*October 7.*

. . . Dunraven has weighed in with a fine letter on Land. The pace here is becoming delirious, so that London even with a Cabinet will seem a stagnant pool.

Nothing permanent can be done until we settle the Land and Catholic Higher Education.

I am up to my neck in both and up to my knees in the west. You ought to watch a paper here called the *Daily Independent*. It is beginning to represent the sane man.

No time now for more than thanks from the heart. I should love to see you and talk as on that spring morning in the Dutch Garden at Eaton.

I too, have been longing for Kipling—Walter Scott made Scotland.

With fervent thanks and hopes,

Ever yours,

GEORGE.

*From the same.*

PARK LANE.

22nd November, 1902.

. . . "Jog to the elbow" or not, your letter was most welcome. For it makes me write, as children say, "a real letter," in succession to many imaginary ones despatched to you during the last six weeks.

In the midst of O'Brien's uproar I wanted to tell you that the hissing and the rest of it made no shadow of difference to what I stated in my last letter, after my plunge into the Atlantic. I have a conviction—almost superstitious—that from October of this year, the change in Ireland has begun.

I hope you approve my appointment of Sir Antony Macdonnell? I took that as the text of my superstition. It was a difficult thing to get done. On one night in September I thought



I had failed. But I returned to the charge and won. The *Westminster* and all the Liberal papers are behaving very well.

S. and self go to Windsor to-day till Monday, with Arthur Balfour. This also will help.

In March, 1903, Mr. Wyndham brought in his Irish Land Bill.

*From the same.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE.

*January 4, 1903.*

MY DEAR MARY DEAR,—I am in such high spirits that I must deliberately reproduce an accident in a previous effort to spell your name. I have just read an advance copy of the Report of the Land Conference. It is full of good sense and good feeling. The dry bones can live. The sun I saw rise as I swam in the Atlantic *was* a sign.

This I know is the "hot fit." But we see more clearly when the hot fit is on us. The cold fit jaundices our eyes.

I am well aware that I am only a third or a quarter of the way on this quest. But then, how inconceivable it seemed to most people a year ago that we should ever get so far. I feel like the old woman in Pamela's village notes who saw in golden letters at the foot of her sick bed "Thou shalt not die but live," and added, "and I didn't die! I lived! I lived!"

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In the midst of all his distractions he found time to finish the preface he was contributing to the privately printed Ruskin letters.

. . . You shall have the Preface soon as a New Year Gift and thank-offering for the way we are making here.

Antony Macdonnell is a trump !

*From the same.*

*19th January, 1903.*

. . . Yesterday being Sunday I tried to reverse the engines from Land and Catholic University into your "Porch" Preface.<sup>1</sup> But the wheels slid round. To-day something of sorts did come which you shall have by to-morrow's post. I wish I could have done better. Tear it up if you are displeased : dissatisfied you must be. But the task though slight was not easy. The letters are so delicate that anything ponderous or even coherent would seem out of place. I did not scamp the work and doubt if I can improve it under present circumstances. So tear it up without a qualm, or if you, finding bad gaps, can suggest the kind of additions needed, indicate them and I will supply to specification. It is an amorphous crystal after all.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the memorial porch in Buckley Church (formerly part of the parish of Hawarden), built from the proceeds of the sale of the privately printed Ruskin letters.

*From the same.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE.

2nd February, 1903.

MY DEAR MARY DEAR,—“How you do go it!” That is a quotation from a song about a blackbird. In the rush here your letter only came to me through secretaries last night. To-day I am meditating a revised version of the Psalms. “O that my friend would write a preface that I might correct his proofs and leave him no opportunity for revision.”

I wired the printers to await my revise. . . . There is a hopeless misprint—Parsonian for Porsonian. A playful allusion to a well-known story of Porson who slipped up and sat down when trying to open his hall door and said, “D——n the laws of nature.” Otherwise all may stand, and indeed I am glad and grateful to you for liking it at all.

They have just shown me a joyous passage in to-day's *Irish Society*. “Lady M. has presented a monkey to the Zoological Gardens. It is her son who has inherited the M. millions.”

The blackbird song runs :—

O blackbird, what a boy you are—  
How you do go it,  
Blowing your bugle to a star  
How you do blow it.

So we who love Ireland will blow our bugle to a star.

The speech bringing in the Land Bill was made on Lady Day. Its success was marked and immediate both in the House of Commons and the country. It was one of his most remarkable speeches, quiet and clear-cut, yet carrying his hearers with him in electric response to his depth of feeling.

*From the same.*

PARK LANE.

26th March, 1903.

. . . I must write one word to you. Many people have telegraphed and written good wishes to the Irish Land Bill. "Many thanks" have been telegraphed to each. But in obedience to an instinct I must write to you, although there is nothing to say except that, so far, the miracles go on ; so, I *believe*, it is not a case of "asking for a sign." They rain on the hope.

Some things are eternal. I may be beaten, although I mean to win. But, if I am beaten, the wonderful unanimity remains ; the good sense and good will of so many people remain. The four Dublin papers are quite extraordinary.

We *must* pull it through and there is more to follow.

Immediately you will see a project of private enterprise by great capitalists to help in the matter of transport for Irish produce, of which I have assurance that America will *underwrite* the loan for three years.

*From the same.*

PARK LANE.

7th April, 1903.

. . . I am enchanted with the book<sup>1</sup> in its smooth green binding, and very proud to have had a hand in it.

The references to Lady Day in the preface and "why rushed the discords in but that Harmony should be prized," seem now prophetic.

The Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill took place on May 7. The following note was sent up by Mr. Wyndham from the floor of the House to Mrs. Drew, who was present in the Speaker's Gallery.

*From the same.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

7th May, 1903.

MY DEAR !—I am so glad you are here. No, I speak *after* dinner following John Morley. He will speak at 9.40 or so and I shall get up soon after 10.30.

The Second Reading was carried and the Bill passed into law. It is a measure which survives and has worked with great success for the happiness of a whole people.

<sup>1</sup> The *Ruskin Letters*.

*From the same.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE.

14th October, 1903.

... I revisited Mallaranny and recalled my "plunge" into the sea. I looked back upon the vicissitudes—greater than you know—of the Land Act, with gratitude for your sympathy of a year ago. The Cabinet crisis convinced me of the stress your father had, in his time, to face.

The undoubted and growing desire of many interests in Ireland to draw together and treat each other in a more kindly and reasonable spirit; and, though I can scarcely breathe it to you, the resurrection, in all but absolute identity, of the Irish position on Catholic University Education which your father was prevented from turning to account—all these things bring from day to day a memory of you to my mind and an increasing wish that you would make some sign of friendship.

Even if you are angry with us all politically, that would not make a difference—would it?

Anyhow your father's life is the last touch and I must write. I find from the note on p. 223, Vol. I, that you are my cousin, my fourth cousin, but still of my kin. For Sir W. Wyndham was my great-great-great and apparently yours also (he was grandfather to Lady Glynne): that is a pleasant thought. I stayed here to work on at the Land Question and to hope for another miracle over the

University Question. That seemed a plain duty. With new English universities in Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham and now Sheffield, it is madness to leave Ireland once more behind. It is odious to do so out of spite or cowardice. But perhaps one cannot have two miracles in two years.

Be very dear and write to say that, Fiscals or no Fiscals, you hope that I may do something for University education here. But do not as yet say to others that I am off again after dreams. If I fail I shall help the other side when they come in to right the ancient wrong.

*From the same.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*St. Patrick's Day, 1904.*

. . . I am little better than one of the wicked not to have answered before. . . . I always love the sight of your handwriting and I long for a talk. . . . I will not grumble in a letter, but I am rather tired and wholly overworked.

Could you, miraculously, come to London to go with me and Pamela to see the Irish National Theatre play at the Royalty on Saturday, March 26? They are new and true: all light and delight. The man and woman who act have genius. Barrie tried to get her at fifty pounds a week to act in "Little Mary." But they are wrapped up in their revival and properly contemptuous. Do come. I am sure

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we can put you up at 35 Park Lane. I am starved of friendship.

*From the same.*

15th October.

. . . I am rather tired, working all day at this Address (the Glasgow Rectorial). The subject is like Alice in Wonderland. Sometimes it suddenly grows till I feel I must write a book ; and then it suddenly shrinks till I feel I can hardly cover a postcard. . . .

I have waited until the North Sea crisis<sup>1</sup> is over—as I trust and believe it is to be. So I am here with — and — between Friday's Cabinet and another at 12.30 to-morrow. I feel as if balm had been poured all over me. —'s attitude toward imminent maternity is a pure joy. One almost expects to find haloes hung up on the hat-pegs. It makes me feel that the Family, and above all the Mother and Child, constitute the central fact and final end of human life and *politics*, as they were the origin.

Are you by chance following Oliver Lodge's pronouncements ? They interest me deeply. He is a sage in the front of modern science. A year and a half ago he was on the point of saying to me that Christianity and the Church had made Faith unnecessarily hard to thinkers. But at Babraham the other day, after Arthur's

<sup>1</sup> The Dogger Bank incident in the Russo-Japanese war, when Russian men-of-war fired on a fleet of trawlers. There is a further allusion towards the end of the letter.



address to the British Association, he said suddenly, "I begin to see that the Church was right about the Incarnation." I am not therefore surprised to find Ray Lankester and other Weissmanites pommelling him in the press for, I imagine, subconscious betrayal of this change in his lectures and addresses.

I shall try to interpolate a bit of Lord Acton in my address. The address is, I hope, suggestive, but, I know, congested. I ought to blow it to bits and build something more modest out of the débris. I do not quite agree with Lord Acton's views on nationality. But the difficulty of agreeing or even of dissenting in these matters is partly due to the fact that we all mean different things when we speak of nationality; and that the word once meant and still suggests a number of other things all differing from any one thing which any one of us may mean now.

And this is the tangled skein I am proposing to unwind! If Switzerland—as he declares—is a nationality although its inhabitants speak French, German and Italian, are most undoubtedly descended from all three, and most probably also from a non-Aryan, round-headed race which took refuge in the Alps, where, I ask myself, are we? Why is nationality to stop at Switzerland, or at France, hammered together out of Bretons, Gauls, Franks, Burgundians, Basques, etc.?

My instinctive feeling is to say that the process which produced these complex politics,

will continue to act, and that you cannot say halt at the stage of development contained in your own epoch. Things are going to proceed as they have proceeded. But—and here I agree with Lord Acton—if that be so, there must be reverence for the liberty of individuals and also for the local and traditional “patriotism” of various races. And so on. . . .

I do not think that Devolution is practicable or wise, until we have had the pluck, or the luck, or both, necessary to settle the stage in the Catholic Emancipation. After that, in conditions which we do not know, something may present itself which we cannot now foresee.

At present there is a darkness that can be felt in front of us all—a general tendency in Home politics and world politics to mistake fishing craft for torpedo-boats. “Shoot first,” is the Bismarckian message to mankind. To me it seems hysterical and carries the incidental disadvantages of reconstructing Christendom on the model of a mining-camp barsaloon.

*From Lord Stanmore.*<sup>1</sup>

THE RED HOUSE,  
ASCOT, BERKS.

16th November, 1905.

In the summer of 1892 I was at Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone was then busily employed in

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Gordon was raised to the peerage as Lord Stanmore in 1893.

removing books to St. Deiniol's Library and in rearranging them. Nearly the whole of his afternoons were devoted to this work.

One evening after returning from these labours, we had a long and intimate conversation on the future prospects of the Church of England. In the course of it, I said that it was very clear to me what was the object of his new library (about which he always spoke rather mystically, saying it "would shape itself," "time would reveal," etc.), and that this object was to make a Church centre for Wales and perhaps for more than Wales in the time to come. "You're not far out, not far out," he answered, and on a subsequent occasion when I repeated much the same thing he only slightly varied the phrase, "Not far from the mark, not far from the mark."

I do not think that he ever quite rigidly and definitely fixed in his own mind the *exact* form he wished to give to the Institution, but that he intended it to be emphatically one for the strengthening of the Church I am as firmly convinced as I well can be of anything.

I take this opportunity of sending the slight sketch of Sidney Herbert at Wilton which I mentioned to you the other day. I should like to know if it agrees with your own impressions and also to receive any criticisms you may be kind enough to make. . . . Remember any criticism, however severe or however minute, is *before* publication a real kindness and a great service, though *after* publication the very same

criticism might be vexatious. So pray be as merciless as you think fit.

The details of the MacDonnell crisis, like so much else connected with Wyndham's Irish administration, are too recent and still too much in need of explanation to be profitably entered upon here. Wyndham understood Ireland as well perhaps as an Englishman can. His susceptibility to all emotional impulses was a link between him and the Irish temperament. He had Irish—even rebel—blood, but it may be doubted if anyone who does not, in the subconscious and profounder regions of his nature, carry the records of the experience of past generations can ever fully appreciate the national question as it is understood in Ireland. Wyndham believed in the capacity of a warm-hearted and sympathetic statesmanship to settle the problem on existing lines. What happened was that the national question, taking advantage of that warmth of heart and sympathy, utilised them in the pursuit of its own course. It took Wyndham with it as far as he would go, and when his party would go no further it passed on leaving him stranded.

Characteristically he took all the blame upon himself, and though, after the high hopes he had entertained, resignation came like a knell

to him, no word of bitterness or peevish complaint crossed his lips.

*From George Wyndham.*

35 PARK LANE.

*February, 1905.*

. . . You are an angel ! S. will tell you how grateful and almost necessary to me at this moment is such a letter from such a friend. My brain is weary and I take gloomy views ; which is absurd. So I'm off for two days to Clouds to

Flee far away, dissolve and quite forget  
What Thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the *Fever* and the Fret—

P.S.—I underline *Fever* : because just at moments I have felt like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego rolled into one. But that's all nonsense. I really had nothing to do, but to say everything.

Mr. Wyndham had been terribly overstrained and his health gave cause for anxiety. He went to the Riviera in March, and his wife writes to Mrs. Drew : “ I need not tell you in what beautiful humility he has gone through this time—stern to himself, full of charity to everyone else—and ‘ in the Valley of Humiliation lilies grew.’ He was so ill, for the moment I only think of rest and health for him . . . we

have passed through a *wonderful* time, all for our great good and teaching, and out of it all there must be some blossom for Ireland. He is now striding back to health—out all day in hot, delicious sunshine, up the steep narrow paths to the little heavenly cities on the hill-tops, drinking in their history and ways and sleeping peacefully all night, not writing or reading letters or newspapers, able to rest now, and to think of other things.”

In August he came over to Hawarden and spent three or four hours at the Rectory, but in his long talk he did not reach the depths of the subject : that was not yet possible. Some day, he said to Mrs. Drew, he would tell it all, but “it was still too near and too scorching and the wounds too deep.”

In December, 1905, just before the General Election he spoke against a Liberal Irish Administration, and he writes explaining his own position on Home Rule :—

. . . “I stated my position in *advance* on the Address of 1901. It was a difficult position to assume and defend. It has *not* been made easier for me by the other party. On the contrary, it was made untenable.

I asked then, and again and again, during more than four years that the questions of Land, Education, etc., should be discussed on their own merits with a desire to make progress

and without reference to Home Rule : as I put it 'without making them stalking horses for Home Rule.' Yet most Liberal speakers and all Liberal papers have insisted that I did not mean what I said.

Finally at a moment when *nobody* believes that the Liberals can pass, or even introduce, a Home Rule Bill, the Leader of the Liberal Party quite gratuitously asserts that everything done for the benefit of Ireland is to be considered, not on its merits, but as a step to Home Rule.

Let me put it in this way : if, for what seems the Party object of proving that I and the Unionist Government were ready to work towards Home Rule, Liberal speakers persistently ignore the distinction I drew, then no course is open to me but to draw that distinction more sharply. And, believe me, there is nothing but disappointment and bitterness and delay to all progress in confusing—as I would put it—such practical questions, on which agreement is possible, with the creation of a Legislative Assembly upon which agreement is not possible.

I deplore C. B.'s speech, because I believe that it adjourns *everything* for five or ten years.

I did not mean to argue, but I care intensely for these things. It was bad enough to be murdered 'politically' as a reformer in Ireland. It is almost worse to see your Party committing suicide in a like capacity.

Fortunately I am going. And when your

Party shall have reaped in its turn its crop of savage ingratitude, I may still hope to see the parties working together for what is possible in Ireland, as they are now working together for what is possible in Foreign Affairs.

My constituents know and approve my desire to see practical work done for Ireland. They are entitled to know that I object to handing over legislation, except for Private Bills, to a subordinate Parliament. As I have stated that objection repeatedly for eighteen years, I am entitled to re-state it when it is persistently discredited by a combination of English Liberals and Ulster fanatics."

This letter was shown by Mrs. Drew to her brother Herbert, who wrote the following note, which she subsequently read aloud to Mr. Wyndham:—

*From H. J. G.*

CRANMORE.

*December 27, 1905.*

. . . I sympathise with G. W. in his complaint that our side, or a considerable part of it, had not been fair to him in reading Home Rule into all his actions and in not allowing that he dealt with Land, Education, etc., on their merits. Personally, I have always taken the line of treating the Irish question on its merits, getting as much in the way of improved government, local and imperial, as possible



and at each or any stage ready to drop more drastic proposals if the lesser measures produced that contentment among reasonable and thinking men which is essential to good government of any country. For years past, since 1895, on our side, we have argued for the less heroic policy and still so argue.

But the other side won't let us off and insist that everything we say, wish or intend, means nothing short of an independent Legislative Parliament.

And so, hammer and tongs. We not unnaturally use the policy of Gerald and of G. W. against the predominant beefsteak of the W. L.<sup>1</sup> view of Irish affairs. For that view predominates on the other side and forced on the resignation of G. W. Yet those who hold it *were* responsible for their colleague's policy, and the dialectics are directed against them and *not* really at G. W.

Whether C. B.'s speech means suicide remains to be seen. I doubt if anything can now set back the Irish clock, except folly in Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walter Long's initials.

## CHAPTER X

1906-1913

The Education Bill of 1906—*Puck of Pook's Hill*—De Morgan's novels—Mr. W. C. Gladstone at Oxford—A Motoring Letter—The Henley Memorial—The Monks of Caldy Island—Two Sonnets—A Winchester Inscription—Rectorial Address at Edinburgh—Percy Wyndham's engagement—The wedding—Some last talks and walks—Wyndham's death.

**I**N 1906 the Liberal Government's first Education Bill was before the country, and Mr. Wyndham, whose general position can be gathered from his next letter, was asked to speak on the subject at the Hawarden County School.

*From George Wyndham.*

BELGRAVE SQUARE.

*28th June, 1906.*

. . . I think I can undertake to do what you ask in September, and gladly, because you ask it.

A better Clause 4, applicable to the future ; teachers to teach and equal facilities all round is the irreducible minimum without which there cannot be peace.

I hope to bring Hugh Cecil to Saughton directly after the Session, so please be at Hawarden first and second weeks in August.

We will ride over to see you with Percy and you shall, will and must come to stay.

The idea is a few Churchmen (very few), say Masterman and Gore—some bloods for Percy — ponies — horses — books — conversation — flowers and trees.

He came over to Hawarden and spoke on the Education Bill at the County School, making a deep impression on his hearers. For many hours that day he talked to Mrs. Drew in the lovely garden of the Rectory.

*From the same.*

BELGRAVE SQUARE.

29th June, 1906.

. . . I wish I knew what the Lords will do.<sup>1</sup> I fear Devonshire and others. I am therefore certain that we ought to keep on insisting on the first solution and do nothing to complicate the approach towards it. But all this takes time to explain and I am sleepy after a long but deeply interesting day at Canterbury that stirred my heart.

General French unveiled a monument to those of my brother's regiment, the 16th Lancers, who died in S. Africa.

The Cathedral, a perfect service with the Last Post and the Réveill  on trumpets and nothing else of the pomp of war, assured me of how right it is to fight for the Church.

<sup>1</sup> On the Education Bill.

*From the same.*

SAIGHTON.

October, 1906.

. . . Perhaps it would do if the chairman of my banquet—an ex-Lord Mayor—shared the fate of the Burgomaster of Koepenich. I think I shall subscribe to a Press-cutting agency in the name of the Burgomaster of Koepenich, for I want to read and engross in an album all about him. This wholly delightful event adds one more to the good stories which have been told since the Stone Age. And it is fit for ears polite. It beats the thief in the Rhamsonites of Herodotus. It beats the Golden Ass of Apuleius. It beats *Don Quixote*, it beats Banagher. It is good to live when such things happen.

And why did not E. B. J. live to read it? But I can feel him laughing and rumpling Morris's hair, and hear the Limerick which Rossetti would have composed—perhaps not fit for ears polite. It has done me good, as the ladies say in the advertisements of Bile Beans. For I have had a bother—not of my own—lately which has disposed me to laugh at the grotesque side of the soldier “as such.” What a moral it conveys, never to do what you are told to do.

I hear that you “reneged”<sup>1</sup> at *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and were—more or less—converted by Sibell's report of my enthusiasm.

I broke out and wrote to Rudyard Kipling.

<sup>1</sup> To “reneege,” a Wyndham word, meaning to jib, to refuse.

I backed "De Aquila" but I plumped for "Maximus" and the Wall. So I was pleased when R. K. wrote back a "Thank you very much for your letter and especially for what you say about Maximus, which makes me proud as well as pleased. Yes—Gibbon was the fat heifer I ploughed with: but all those decline and fall officers are so amazingly modern, that as soon as I got him started, I went on as easily as Mr. Wegg did: they being mellowing to the organ. I swear I didn't mean to write parables—much—but when situations are so ludicrously or terribly parallel what can one do?"

That raises a question. What Rudyard Kipling does is to wrap up two perfect peep-shows into the past and—therefore—into all time in a "machinery" of children in Sussex and Puck and the rest of it.

This nearly stopped me and did stop you for a time, which is bad. It did not stop the reviewers. But it baffled them and revealed their—well, revealed what they are, and specially how many people they are *not*. But this machinery is only the "Walk up" of the showman, his "boniment" as the French say. It isn't bad "boniment" either. But the peep-shows are what I see all the time (better lighted and grouped by R. K.), and piercing through the ages with that flashing main of Eternity which is the Halcyon Home of all those sea-blue birds of the spring, who keep a careless heart as they fly over the foam flowers.

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Perhaps you will feel nothing of this. And then you will tell me so. But tell me, whether or no. And *then* I will tell you what I wrote to Kipling.

The soldiers who arrested the Burgomaster made me think of De Aquila and Maximus : R. K.'s. Mr. Wegg leads me to say that I have just finished reading *Little Dorrit* again. I can't bear to think that I must wait five or ten years—five if greedy, ten if prudent, before reading it yet once more.

What a great man Dickens is ! and how are the Tite Barnacles avenged by the Ulster party. With what avidity the *Times* returns to the vomit of the Circumlocution Office. How readily the dear stupid English folk believe in "How not to do it." How intensely they suspect and distrust anybody who does anything or might conceivably do anything : arrogating to their dear muddled heads and dear little hearts the right of scolding everybody because nothing is done, and then majestically assassinating anybody who presumes to do anything.

This they call "common sense." I have often pondered on the linguistic freak—or revelation—which led the Greeks and the French to talk of "good sense" and the English to talk of "common sense." And the worst of it is that when, now and again, an Englishman is sick of "common" sense, he does not deviate gracefully into "good" sense. He bursts out into "uncommon nonsense" and



GEORGE WANDHAM.

A MIDSUMMER DAY DREAM.

(Hawarden, 1906.)

(Great great Grandson and Granddaughter of Elizabeth Wyndham.)

MARY DEWE.





calls it paradox ; as a protest against a commercial education.

But this is our country. And I love it : as a man loves a brutal woman.

Yours affectionately,

G. W.

P.S.—But having effected a “judicial” —on my part —“separation” from my country I do not think that I would ever “marry” her again in the Registry Office of a Cabinet. I do not seek a divorce “a vinculo.” But I revel in separation “a mensâ et thoro.”

Mrs. Drew was among the earliest of the public to recognise the genius of William de Morgan's first novel, *Joseph Vance*. She wrote to the publisher an expression of her appreciation, but pleaded for a larger print in the next edition, “not having the face,” as she said, “to recommend the book to anyone over forty.” The answer she received was that it was very unlikely a second edition would be called for, but that her letter had been forwarded to Mr. de Morgan in Italy, in the belief that it would please him. On October 29th, 1906, Mr. de Morgan sent the following message : “The appreciation of and gratitude for her letter on *Joseph Vance* go without saying. Please thank her emphatically from me for the place she assigns to the book in this connection.

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There might be various definitions of 'illicit love,' and we might take different lines in some details, but there can be no doubt that in the main we should agree about the meaning—the *mainest* point being that there is a class of novel we both object to, and that our *indices expurgatorii*, though they might not be identical, would be greatly in harmony. We should continue in practical sympathy even if we quarrelled over ten per cent of our entries. I shall go for examining, so far as may be, the works among which she is so kind as to give me such a good place."

Eighteen months later, the publisher sent her a new edition of *Joseph Vance* in larger type. It was the *eighth edition*.

Earlier in that year Mrs. Drew was at Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. On that day a friend of Sir Henry's told her that such was his devotion to the works of Mr. de Morgan that he would gladly have put off dying for a fortnight if there had been a new de Morgan for him to read. In answer to Mrs. Drew's letter, relating this incident, Mr. de Morgan wrote to her :—

"Your letter of May 22nd takes its place among the two or three testimonies I have had to the worth whileness of my books—begun so late and with so complete a disbelief in them on

their author's part at the outset. That they should have contributed in any degree to the alleviation of what I have understood was a tedious and painful finish to the day's run of a man so noted and so useful is and will continue to be a constant source of happiness to their author—till his turn to go comes—perhaps after."

Mrs. Drew had the great pleasure of receiving other letters from Mr. de Morgan in which, in response to her remarks, he spoke of his characters exactly as if they were living beings. In a letter about *Alice for Short* the author writes :

"The Reverend Mr. Straker is a shocking sample of the Clergy—and I think it was he that rather set Charles against the Cloth—at least Alice said it was—I am delighted to find that in your eyes Alice has kept up the credit of Joe."

One other quotation :—

"I am not sure on the Dickens point. C. D. was always an idol of mine—but how far I am a successful votary I couldn't say. It will be the greatest pleasure to me to send the volumes and a great honour that they should be on the shelves of St. Deiniol's (Mr. Gladstone's Library). I shall send them with a sigh of regret that the lateness of my debut barred my chance of having a judgment on them from its founder."

*From George Wyndham.*

PARK LANE.

9 November.

. . . I will think over books. I took full advantage of your leave to ponder and heard yesterday from Mr. Frowde.<sup>1</sup> My life has become a scurry. When I get back to Saughton we must have a good day in the Tower as a companion picture in memory to the morning under the poplar. It is these little bits of happy serenity that shine out from the past—the day in the garden I read to you the *Wood Beyond the World*, and half a morning in S.'s garden. I have been speaking too much—to-day I broke out and went with S. to see Holman Hunt's pictures.

Silence ought to be imposed in a gallery. When I was taking in the wind-swung lilt of rose cloudlets from Magdalen Tower on a May morning, this is what I hear :

Old Lady (deaf) : " But how wonderful it is to see the way it's lasted."

Young Lady (shrill) : " Some of them are not so very old."

(Pause)—Young Lady : " It's rather pretty."

They move on to the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Old Lady : " That looks very modern."

Young Lady : " Oh, no, that was painted in 1857."

And so on.

<sup>1</sup> With reference to writing in the World's Classics series.

To-day I go to Wilfrid Blunt for two days of poetry.

*From the same.*

35 PARK LANE.

24 November.

. . . I want to tell you that the “Young Squire of Hawarden” did very well.<sup>1</sup> My Oxford Union was the third of three consecutive speeches. He was by far the best of the four speakers. Talbot was good; straight, burly and in earnest. Villiers gave a polished, fluent little discourse.

But the “Young Squire” has the root of the matter in him. He debated; put his case; came into contact with reality, and was at ease and without mannerism of any kind.

I “debated” his speech and we are embalmed together in the *Times* this morning.

The whole thing was a pleasant experience and made me wish I was twenty years younger.

*From the same.*

SAUGHTON.

15 January, 1907.

. . . We had all kinds of adventures with our motor after leaving your Hawarden haven. It could not go up hill and was not safe going down, having no “sprag,” whatever that may be. We got lunch at 3.15 and only just caught

<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. C. Gladstone in the Oxford Union debate on Education.

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the train at Chester at 6.17. The motor, which had stopped at every gradient, finished its performances by running up on to the pavement at the station. We were patient from good fellowship and brave from ignorance, with the exception of C. Adeane, who has a motor of his own and talked ominously of "sprags." The pale-faced chauffeur maintained a harassed silence. I give him the prize for patience and courage.

*From the same.*

*February 8.*

. . . Percy has joined the Coldstream Guards.<sup>1</sup> . . . This is to realise middle age with a vengeance. But I make no complaint. I like middle age, or rather enjoy many quiet things that I used to neglect and can, on occasion, enjoy all the unquiet things also.

Mr. Wyndham unveiled a tablet to Henley in St. Paul's Cathedral on July 14.

*From the same.*

*July 14, 1907.*

. . . *Reading* Rodin in St. Paul's made "my knees chatter" as Pamela says. But I wanted to honour my dead friend, and succeeded, more or less, in being monumental without being sepulchral.

<sup>1</sup> He fell on September 14th, 1914, instantaneously killed by rifle fire about twelve miles east of Soissons.

"The promise of wistful hills" is Henley. It is beautiful. "Promise" to Henley was never more than expectancy based on the goodness of the known past and unlimited possibility of the unknown future. He saw that the naked realities of life were good. Why then—he asked—should not the vague iridescent horizon enfold something better, to be perhaps unfolded?

*From the same.*

*August 28, 1907.*

. . . We went with motor, all the way, more than ninety miles to Tenby, and then took the Abbot's little steamer and set out to sea for Caldy Island to visit the Benedictine monastery that is being revived there by Dom. Aelred Carlyle. It was a divine day—the sea was sky-blue and the scenery wonderful. As we approached the shore we could see the Abbot in his black and white habit awaiting us on the sand. The tide was out and we were carried ashore by two sailors. The Abbot was perfect, and all that he is doing is right. He first showed us the guest house built of their own stone, for there are rocky cliffs on the island. Near it, on a knoll, is a ninth-century tower built by the old monks to look out for pirates. Further back is a seventh-century church. The monks were there for more than a thousand years, first Celtic and then Benedictine. The church is two cubes of stone with a Celtic arch between. Then we saw two of the Brothers at

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work in a long row of white cottages, red-roofed, which are to be let to mothers, relations and friends of the monks. The new monastery is to be built on a height near a pine wood. We had tea with the Abbot's mother and went into the old monastery buildings. The chapel is thirteenth century. It was excavated out of the ground and there is the old thirteenth-century gate-house and dovecot. There they dug up a strange stone inscribed in Latin and Celtic of the sixth century : asking our prayers for the soul of " the son of the otter." The old fish-ponds are there and the carp are in them still.

The Abbot walked us down to embark, looking exactly like a fourteenth-century picture with his tonsured head against the Mantegna rocks. He blessed us as we took leave, after a brilliant sunset and magical moonrise. We got back at 9.45. The simplicity of the new buildings and the mystery of the old are beyond admiration. It is a perfect thing.

*From the same.*

CLOUDS.

6th October, 1907.

. . . Many, many thanks for the reprint of your father's lecture.<sup>1</sup> . . .

It is evident that the reporter omitted the best passages. His chief delinquency is indicated by the sentence " The declining years of

<sup>1</sup> On Walter Scott ; delivered at Hawarden.



the great novelist and poet were *then dwelt upon at length* and Mr. Gladstone closed his reading as follows "—What an outrage ! The pathos and symmetry of the whole address are destroyed by that omission.

I am glad to hear that you are better. So am I as to my leg. But the gloom of impending speeches begins to descend on my heart. I mean political speeches ; I like the others. But political speeches, and in Scotland, are almost more than I can bear. It is no consolation that everybody on all sides, Government, Opposition, Irish, Noncons., Labour, Protectionists, Free Traders, Individualists, Socialists, Churchmen, Temperance Advocates, Brewers, Soldiers, Sailors, Railway Employees, Directors, Bankers, and " Uncle Tom Codley and all and all " seem equally disgusted with things in general. Except C. B. He " sits on a style and continues to smile."

*From the same.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*October 28, 1908.*

. . . Just because you mark your congrat. with " no answer," and more because it comes from you, I, out of a mixture of affection and perversity, write to thank you for it—leaving all the others in a stout packet, duly docketed " Congratulations *re* Lord Rectorship."

It was dear of you to approve.

*From the same.*

30 PARK LANE, W.

May 2, 1909.

. . . In order that you may "jump off" at the unique impertinence of ——'s letter, it is necessary that you should have glanced at the sonnets which elicited his outburst. Please remember, always, that the first was written immediately after the Saleeby-Monica-Eugenic-Pagan and prolific evening. It was a sardonic epitome of Wilfrid Blunt's regard for the Stone Age, as declared by birds mating in April; coupled with Saleeby's anticipation of Eugenics when the quantity and quality of human offspring will be decided by scientific rule. I had bowled them both out by asking "Why?" And, so, wrote the first sonnet. Then, after repeating it to S., I said, "This is poison; not my poison: but I will supply the antidote." So I wrote the second sonnet next day, and here they are.

#### THE GREEN-ROOM.

##### I.

"The world's a stage." To tread it we assume  
 A sex, tradition, character and part,  
 We take for granted a great author's art,  
 Dazed by the glare abolishing our gloom.  
 Bright scenery suggests fair scope and room  
 To conjure laughter or to wring the heart,  
 We laugh at what? Do any "good tears start"?  
 We guess at all except the curtain's doom.

What is the grave? A green-room where the soul  
 Puts by the properties of man or maid.  
 None has created, few can fill a rôle,  
 Most only walk and leave their lines unsaid.  
 The grave is dumb; of all parts and the whole;  
 A drawer for masks after a masquerade.

That was the poison. Then I supplied the  
 antidote.

## 11.

"The world's a stage," where Courage, Love and Fun  
 Transfigure antics into ecstasy.  
 The author bent on grinding out these three  
 Contrives a trap no mountebank may shun;  
 His tragic plot entangles everyone,  
 Till king and clown, hag, heroine all see  
 Danger for daring; sorrow, absurdity,  
 For laughter and kindness. Then the play is done.  
 What is the grave? A green-room where the soul  
 Disrobed, and clean from travesties of paint  
 Stops shuddering at "the dagger and the bowl";  
 That grim alternative seems only quaint,  
 Since Fun, and Love, and Courage *are* the whole,  
 And each "poor player" a Hero, Fool and Saint.

I had to write them out, for, otherwise, I  
 should have been obliged to say them in order  
 that you might appreciate the glorious in-  
 consequence and insolence of ——'s reply.

P.S.—Please assure Dossie that, if she likes,  
 I will write for her two sets of verses against  
 any one which "Some Miss ——" may extract  
 from me by the art of reverberating persistence.  
 I had rather be the Nile to Rhodope than the  
 rock to Miriam imitating Moses. I prefer flow-  
 ing to gushing.

*From the same.*

SAUGHTON.

*September 22, 1910.*

. . . Many thanks for the elegiac couplet.<sup>1</sup>  
It is quite beautiful, and quite untranslatable.

I have written my first attempt over the page.

Lead on, too well-beloved ; go happy part  
Of our one soul ; God calls ; but teach my heart,  
Mourning alone, to follow where thou art.

*From the same.*

*(Undated.)*

. . . You little knew what you were "in for" when you sent me that perfect elegiac couplet. You must not trouble to read all my shots at translating the untranslatable. But apart from gratitude for its evasive loveliness, I want to thank you for giving me a "whetstone for wit" "*cô's ingeniorum*" just when I needed one. Now at odd moments I sharpen and exercise my wit on "*I, nimium dilecte*," etc., instead of blunting and tiring it by mumbling the Rectorial Address ;<sup>2</sup> if that ever becomes something saner than Casauban's

<sup>1</sup> *I, NIMIUM DILECTE ; DEUS VOCAT ; I, BONA NOSTRAE  
PARS ANIMAE ; MOERENS ALTERA, DISCE SEQUI.*

An epitaph in Winchester Cathedral, inscribed by Mrs. Drew on the wall of Hawarden Church to the memory of her husband, below the tablets recording the names of the rectors of Hawarden from the eleventh to the twentieth century.

<sup>2</sup> The Rectorial Address at Edinburgh on "The Birth of Romance."

“Key to all the Mythologies”—was it?—in Middlemarch—so fortunate a result will be due to my possession of, and by, “I, nimium,” for that affords a strenuous relaxation, and that was your gift. Thanks to it the rectorial has made strides. Many pages have been rewritten that are at least intelligible and sometimes melt into lucidity. After that exordium I must tell you what has happened in my leisure, since I received the couplet.

It seemed to me that there were only two things to be done with it: either to forget its form and attempt an original English poem on its theme: or else to aim at the most literal translation compatible with the retention of an English rhythm. I have not tried the first. But who knows? That may follow the effort at translation. So far, I have tried my hand only at translation.

I have always felt that in a translation two rules must be observed. The translator must try to echo the form, e.g. he must not turn a couplet into a quatrain. If the original is a couplet, a couplet he must write. The other rule is that he must try to express all the meaning of the original and add nothing to it.

Within these limits he must seek to obey Rossetti's general injunction, viz. “not to turn a good poem into a bad one.”

All this is, of course, impossible. But that is why it supplies so excellent a whetstone for wit.

If “I, nimium” is to be translated at all,

the translation must be a compromise between a complete and exclusive rendering of the Latin's meaning, on the one hand, and a decent approach to English rhythm on the other. And that compromise must be contained in a couplet.

I am still vacillating between two alternative compromises.

If the translation is to be more literal in its meaning than English in its rhythm, it would run :—

“Go, too beloved ; God calls ; Go, our soul's happier part  
That other grief shall learn to follow where thou art.”

But if the translation is to be more English in its rhythm to English ears and more lucid in its syntax to English minds, it would run :—

“Go, too beloved ; God calls, our soul's more happy part  
What's left shall learn from grief ; I'll follow where  
thou art.”

S. prefers the last.<sup>1</sup>

I think I am right in translating “ bona ” by “ happy.” “ Bona,” of course, means

<sup>1</sup> Two other renderings of the Latin may be given here :—

Dearest, too dear, depart :  
God calls thee hence, but, part of our twin soul,  
I—mourning, maimed—must stay,  
Seeking to learn the way  
Thou goest—if so we may again be whole.

H. D. T. & M. D.

Pass hence, beloved, at the call divine  
Leaving the path we twain as one have trod—  
Pass, and the soul that still is one with thine  
Thro' grief shall learn to follow thee to God.

J. W. MACKAIL

“good.” But the word for “good” in all languages often stands for “lucky” or “happy”—which is the same, with greater dignity. Certainly in a celebrated Latin line—“O Fortunati *nimium*, sua si *bona* nôrint”—“bona” means “happiness.” The author of our couplet probably had that line singing in the back of his head, as he puts both “*nimium*” and “*bona*” into his first line.

Again, if “happy” be justifiable as a translation of the Latin meaning, “more happy” is justifiable in respect of English rhythm, for it is taken from Keat’s “Ode to a Grecian Urn.”

Probably the first course, which I have not attempted, is the best, viz. to forget the form of “*I, nimium*” and write an English poem on its theme. “*Manet sors tertia—caedi*”—i.e. “take a licking,” and leave the Latin as it stands.

*From the same.*

WHITTINGHAME.

31 October, 1910.

. . . I read three chapters of *Martin Eden*<sup>1</sup> last night and read it right through to the end to-day. It is a big book. I have marked many pages ; success did *not* come too late to M. E. If it had come a few weeks earlier he would have married the false fool ; and that would have been hell for him ; not because she was false but because she was so little in every way—mind, heart, body. When he was an awkward

<sup>1</sup> By Jack London.

sailor he mistook the absence of mind, heart and body for the presence of the soul . . . the author may have lived this in his life or in his imagination. As it seems true I incline to the belief that he lived it in his imagination. Chaucer could make Emelye, Cresseyda, and the wife of Bath; Shakespeare could make Juliet and Lady Macbeth; this creative business is done by imagination, not by suffering life. It is a protest against that suffering. What I believe to be true is that the author—at present—is under the spell of Herbert Spencer and Nietzsche. If he had read poetry instead of biology Martin Eden would not have climbed through the porthole at the end, but up to the stars and down again.

This book is a work of art and, like all works of art, has a practical value which is—mercifully—denied to manuals of common sense. I say “mercifully” because I hope they will all perish and leave the field some day to imagination and art.

The by-products of practical value are two-fold. In the first place it ought to be read by every young lady who contemplates matrimony: in the second it ought to be read by every poet who contemplates publication. The young ladies will learn what they are, and the poets will learn a great deal from the change in the author's style. At the beginning, by his Americanisms and sham culture, he disgusts—as *he meant to*; near the end and in the middle he writes the language which belongs to the



truth that transcends nationality and sex and philosophies. In the last six pages he relapses into bosh—as we all do at moments of fatigue—and relapses the more deeply because he still, doubtfully, believes in Spencer, and still, doubtfully, admires the superman.

I infer that he is still young; still so young that he can be “as sad as night for very wantonness.” If I am right, he will in middle age cry out “Hang up philosophy. Can philosophy make a Juliet?” He will never make a Juliet or a Falstaff, but he will make some people and *is* somebody. . . .

*From the same.*

SAIGHTON.

November 1, 1910.

. . . Your dear human letter is opened last of forty I found on my return to-night. S. tells me she has written about the Address.<sup>1</sup> The youths meant well: but their occasional interruptions, paper darts, and snatches of song would have beat me if I had not worked so hard at the Address that I knew it by heart and believed in it so much that I made them listen to the last part, after sparing them a good deal of the history and all the qualifications.

The only ones who really made a noise were the Officers' Training Corps. And the jolly illogical fun of this kind of business is that immediately after the Address I inspected

<sup>1</sup> The Edinburgh Rectorial. “S.’s” account follows this letter.

them in the quadrangle. They stood up like rocks and dared not blink an eyelid. To them—in *that* capacity—I was a grown man who had been a *real* soldier—*that* they respected. Romance they considered excessive. . . . Then we had a public luncheon and I made them all laugh. Then we had a General Council of the University and A. J. B. was profoundly perturbed at the suggestion to make French and German equivalent to Greek and Latin. As I discovered that the General Council has no power I felt calm. For the time being Universities and Courts of Law are not democratic, which is as much as to say the puppets of financiers and the halfpenny Press.

Then S. and I went to tea with the Regius Professor of Law. . . . Then I dined with all the professors and made them laugh again. Then I walked back to my hotel with Hepburn Millar, who wrote *The Literature of the Kailyard* and *The Bounder in Literature*. Then I had the students—three leaders—to breakfast with me at 9 a.m. on Saturday and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Then I motored back to Whittinghame and liked the “Greek Chorus”<sup>1</sup> very much.

Then I existed through the Minority Report. Last night all the others basely left me to face it alone. And I did. I don’t think Mrs. Webb has ever had quite such a conversation as I gave her—and him. And the best of it was that he saw I was laughing and liked it. I defended

<sup>1</sup> The name given by Mrs. Drew to four nieces of Mr. A. J. Balfour.

feudalism, bull-baiting and cock-fighting. I deplored their lack of sympathy with liberty. I told Mrs. Webb that, much as I liked Mr. Webb, I always see a bunch of big steel keys hanging from his girdle. Then on Sunday I played lawn tennis with the Greek Chorus in a grey suit, as a concession to the Sabbath. Then I got away and was more happy and read *Martin Eden* from cover to cover. . . .

P.S. —And all the time A. J. B. was quite delightful, a perfect host and friend.

“ S.’s ” account of it : —

“ This little line in the train. It was a day of glory, in spite of the noise, the singing and shouting galleries of students, which obliged George, with smiling good humour, to turn over heaps and heaps of pages unread. In the peroration his beautiful voice rang out and everyone around who could hear loved and appreciated every word. Mr. Balfour really loved it. To sum up —they thought it was George himself at his very highest and yet most constrained ; quiet and learned ; that it was the work of a scholar with true historic imagination. But for the silly students he was saying it all by heart magnificently.”

*From George Wyndham.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

25 April, 1911.

. . . I loved getting your letter,<sup>1</sup> it does not seem far away. Indeed I can hardly realise that my dear father has left me.<sup>2</sup> I feel his presence vividly, and constantly wake with a start to the fact that I cannot consult him. My beloved mother is "gallant and brave and unselfish." She is going to stay with me a great deal at Clouds; and I am going to stay with her at 44 Belgrave Square. This will be happiness for us both; or such happiness as there can be. I mean to live in a corner of Clouds, as I am determined not to break the continuity of my father's work there, and ought to be on the spot. But S. keeps Saughton and we shall be there sometimes.

I can realise you at Pretoria among the weeping willows. I have not read much lately as I had so many things to settle. I suppose it is good for me to be brought into contact, and almost collision, with the machinery of life. But I do not like it, except to carry out the ideas of my father and to make things as easy as possible for all the others.

My brother Guy, who was at St. Petersburg, had a very definite intimation of my father's death. He felt called to the far end of a long room, heard a rustle, and seeing the white

<sup>1</sup> From South Africa.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Percy Wyndham died on March 13, 1911.

corner of something sticking up, pulled it out and found a photograph of my father that had fallen just when he died.

*From the same.*

CHESHIRE YEOMANRY CAMP,  
EATON PARK, CHESTER.

*7th September, 1911.*

. . . I put your letter away in such safety that it has taken me six days to find it again. . . .

And now, dear Mary, it is evident to me that we must meet very soon and talk for many hours. After so many months and such happenings writing is absurd.

Owing to Army Manœuvres being cancelled I am taking my Yeomanry into camp in Eaton Park, and S. will be at Saughton 9-23rd. Is that any good? If it meant a real talk with you at Saughton and another in the Dutch Garden where I first talked "more than usual" to you, that would compensate for the terrible disappointment of not being in the manœuvres with regular cavalry and guns and General French and so forth.

After that—bar politics—I hope to make Clouds my head-quarters and have a motor! and would love to whirl you over the downs to Wells and Glastonbury.

*From the same.*

CLOUDS.

*November 15, 1913.*

. . . If I had surmised, however remotely, what I learn for the first time to-day, I would have consulted your friendship and superlative understanding of matrimonial problems. But—as things are—S. and I, alone here, in this vast, empty house, received a telegram from Percy last night asking us to await a letter by first post. I pointed out—as men will—the futility of guessing at its contents; and then—as men do—guessed away, not too cheerfully, for hours and, at last, in the same inconsequent vein, said, “Well! we must go to bed.” This morning I rushed down to grasp the letter and read, . . . “Here is rather a sudden shock for you, but it is All Right!—I am *engaged* to Diana Lister.”

S. and I have been staggering together all day under this “blessing” from the Blue. We had no idea—nor, indeed, do I think had Percy—but who knows?—that he contemplated marriage at present, or for years.

But there it is. I have never seen Diana Lister. I have heard praise of her sister, now Lady Lovat. Do write me an affectionate, indiscreet, understanding letter. Please do, dear Mary.

I have written this amazing intelligence only to my mother, sister and brother and to You the Expert. . . . But I must not pretend that I

am divulging a secret which otherwise would not leak out. I should have thought that "mum was the word" till —— had some say. But after telegrams to me—sheets—signed "Percy and Diana" and telegrams to S., signed "your loving daughter, Diana"; well, my dear, . . . further mystery at Clouds is "off." The butler has made me a speech, the housekeeper has wrung my hand, the housemaid has burst into tears, the agent has tactfully suggested that we had better postpone rebuilding the village in spite of the "Land Campaign." They are all quivering with emotion and tingling to ring the bells. They are drinking their healths downstairs.

So, reverent as I am of ancient decorum, I know that —— and I have only to "conform" to get "in front of the band" if we can.

P.S.—But tell me all you know. I know nothing.

The following note is from Mrs. Drew's Diary :—

"I wrote to him. I met him at 13 Belgrave Square two or three times in April. One special good talk on April 10. I was partly put in charge of the wedding—the St. Margaret's part, which was to be like Dossie's, and was responsible for the arranging of the altar flowers. It happened on April 17 in a glorious interval between wild storms. While 'May the Grace' was sung, they came into the vestry to sign their names. After kissing each

other, the tender lovely bridal salutation, they kissed me. The evening before the wedding we all dined at Grosvenor House. The day after the wedding we motored to Clouds.

For the first Sunday we had only Mr. Hanson. Such a heavenly motor expedition to Wells and Glastonbury in radiant outburst of loveliest spring.

Long, long talks with George, saunterings, readings, drives, the beauty of it all soaking into one.

His library just approaching completion, the books had arrived from Saughton, and he had unpacked and arranged them. We brought him a new sofa from another part of the house. Much rearranging of furniture because of settling the bridal rooms, unpacking the presents, etc. etc. We had two Georgian poets, Eddie Marsh and Rupert Brooke, the following Sunday. The chapel is nearly finished. George very proud of it, and the beautiful oak panelling and crimson damask he chose in Italy. He loves one to love it all. He loves every blade of grass. He said, 'You must come and see it in June, it's too beautiful for words in June.' And I did go to Clouds in June—but he was *dead*.

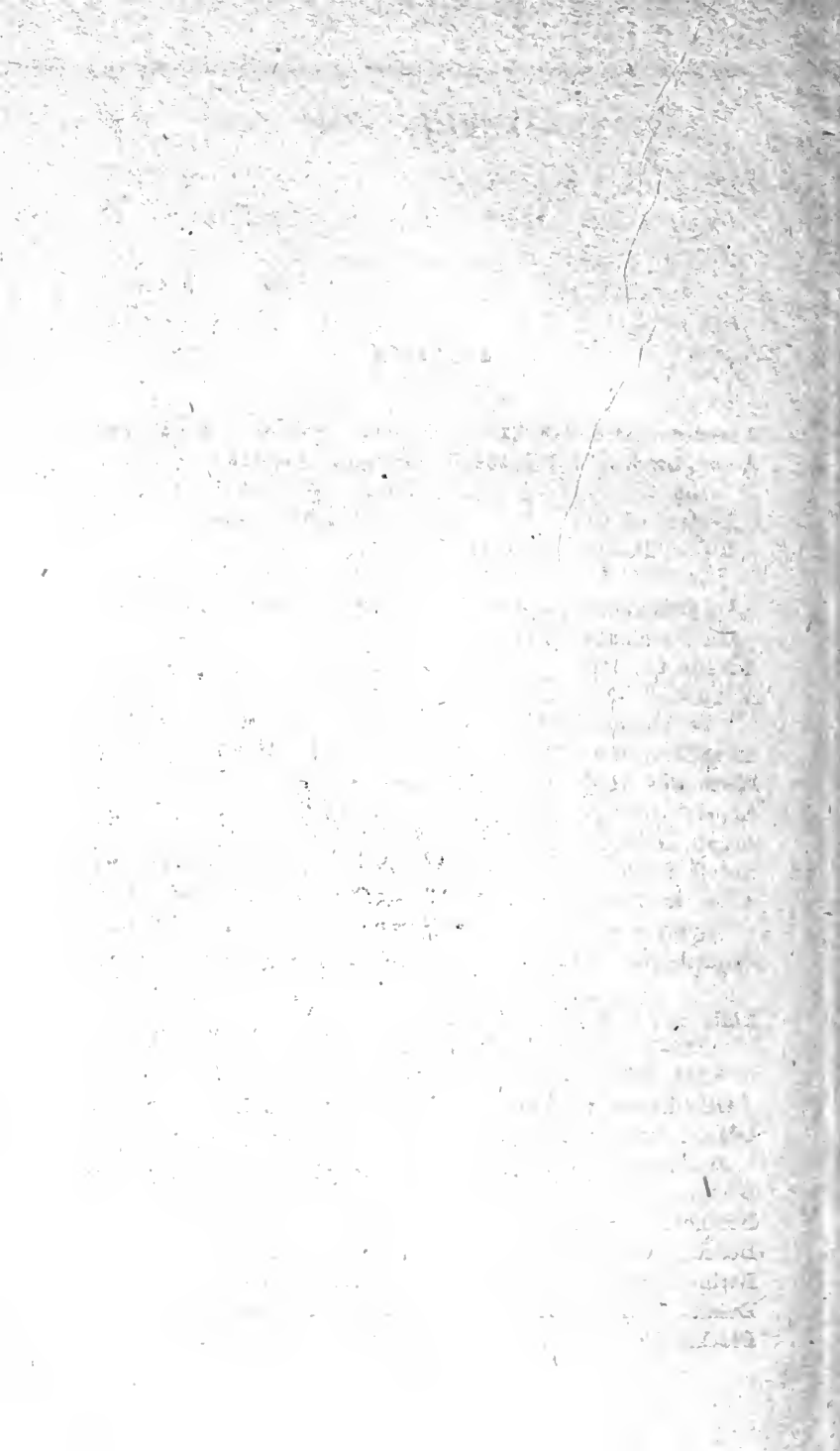
"On Monday, June 9th, driving along Oxford Street I read on a poster, 'Death of Mr. George Wyndham.' . . . I saw him last at 35 Park Lane, brimming with life, in May, the night Diana was presented. I found his arm-



chair, the one he chose at Clouds for our new home, in my room in London, on the day he went to Paris.

On Saturday, June 2nd, he was looking at pictures at the Louvre and the Luxembourg, taking his berth so as to reach London on Monday for the sale of his hunters.

That evening Lady Plymouth and her daughter dined at his hotel. He had a cold and went early to bed, a restless night ; the doctor Sunday morning at 10 a.m. The doctor found very slight congestion of one lung, no rise of temperature. Lady Plymouth came, and telegraphed the bulletin to Clouds. A restless day, considerable pain and discomfort ; the doctor sent a nurse as he had no servant. Lady Plymouth saw him two or three times, but he did not talk, it made him cough. He slept a good deal ; the doctor gave him morphia. At 10 p.m. the nurse was out of the room ; she heard him breathe or move in a way that alarmed her. She went into the room. He was dead. . . . Percy came next night and travelled with his father's body straight through to Clouds on Wednesday. The chapel was ready to receive him—just ready in all its solemnity and beauty, the oak panels he had chosen in Italy, lilies on the altar and lit candles, and the crimson Leonardo damask resting on his coffin."



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